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A Study in Time

ANNE REESE, '36

TODAY Bryn Mawr is celebrating her fiftieth anniversary. 1885-1935. For fifty years her doors have stood open to the education of women. She is proud of her age; the one thing feminine, says an eminent professor, to rejoice in the accumulation of years.

It is a pale gray morning; the sky dull and still, reflecting the tone of the buildings. Across this plain colour is splashed the gallant note of multicoloured pennants hanging from their poles on the battlemented towers. Yellow, red, green, white, and gold they make a brave showing—almost barbaric. Out from the central building winds a procession, an academic parade of worthies walking two by two, endeavouring to seem at ease in their ceremonial caps and gowns. The uniform black of their costumes has many pleasing variations in the bright coloured hoods which swing in careless calligraphic folds from the backs of these marshals, heads of learned societies, delegates from universities, masters of arts, and doctors of philosophy. Rich blues, all shades of red from crimson to maroon, an occasional green, and almost gaudy oranges appear and disappear as the walkers pass along. Most of them are wearing the quaintly ridiculous mortarboard caps, but there are several tam o' shanters of the English style.

One or two figures stand out from the rest. A scarlet silk worn casually by a little man who talks kindly to his companion as he passes. A vivid yellow robe edged with black and fastened in the front covers the elegant figure of a man with a gray-white beard, black eyebrows, and dashing black eyes. He looks like a patriarch at middle age, if such a thing can be imagined, and the illusion is carried out by his cylindrical hat. In reality he represents the University of Paris which was founded in 1252: he has come to honour Bryn Mawr on her fiftieth birthday.

The line moves on between the turreted buildings to the one with the Gothic spires. It is a pageant: it speaks of the Middle Ages—the Renaissance, perhaps. A pageant of learning, of the tradition of learning. Education rejoices in its antiquity, education is proud of its pedigree. The pennants, the costumes, the buildings breathe forth a venerable genealogy. How long ago was the first degree from a university conferred? How old is the title "Master of Arts"? How

many years have men filed in ceremony across college grounds, gay with the flags of ancient houses? The University of Paris, 1252, sends a delegate; the University of Aberdeen, 1494, is represented; a member of the University of Edinburgh, 1583, is present; the President of Harvard University, 1636, speaks. Blatant with the importance of her age, Bryn Mawr is celebrating her fiftieth anniversary. Is fifty years so long a time? Fifty years is but a sop in the maw of tradition.

Jennifer

MARCIA LEE ANDERSON, '36

IT was Hallowe'en, and the whole neighbourhood was tingling with excitement. All up and down the block small boys and girls compared notes on the festivities planned for them, or concocted pranks of their own to play upon those unfortunate houses which had no offspring to protect them.

A tall girl of twelve was the ring-leader. Her name was Jennifer; she had unruly long hair, which was always unkempt, and inquisitive blue eyes which had a proud and self-conscious glint. She was an unpleasantly independent creature, with all the obnoxious egotism of her twelve years.

Her dominant spirit ruled the small troop which she led; her next claim and greatest protection was a long tubular whistle played like a trombone. It could be made to emit the most blood-curdling and witch-evoking shrieks ever heard on the block, and Jennifer held it now as a weapon, now as a reward, over the heads of her envious playmates.

The night drew on. Lenient parents permitted their children later hours than usual; strict ones only summoned theirs in the earlier. Jennifer could not be held in check. She determined to have a costume. She put on a voluminous skirt, a great shawl about her shoulders, and she tied a brilliant red scarf around her head. The result, she decided, was striking and pleasantly terrifying, and her mother kindly did not remark on its almost pitiful grotesqueness.

Clutching the all-powerful whistle, she ran out into the dark and secret world. The stars twinkled faintly, but there was no moon. The shadows teemed with hidden mysteries, the silence loudly proclaimed them, and Jennifer glanced about with ecstatic shudders as she sped to the rendezvous behind the Butlers' barn.

There the impatient crowd was already collected: boys and girls of eight or ten, each secretly waiting for her guiding hand. Each had brought some contribution for the night's activities: soap, rotten fruit, tin cans, pins for doorbells, and twine for door-knobs.* Jennifer, with accustomed assurance, at once took her place at the head of the troop and led it forth with loud hissing commands for silence. Several heinous crimes were committed all along the block by small contingents, and still the whistle, its slender tube and plunger possessed of demons, had not been called into use. A rising murmur of discontent spread among the ranks, but Jennifer appeased them, promising to blow the whistle at the corner house, which was the end and focus of their deeds.

Arrived there at length, the boys and girls crept stealthily this way and that in eager anticipation, arranging themselves behind the bushes and at points of vantage. Jennifer, whistle in hand, crouched behind a small evergreen at the side of the front steps, and took a deep breath.

An eerie sound mounted on the trembling air and the strange shriek wailed and quavered up and down as Jennifer skilfully plied the plunger. Again she drew breath, and again all the weird mystery of Hallowe'en was distilled into the single potent cry. The really terrified children cowered behind the bushes as the third invocation began. Suddenly, unexpectedly, the door of the chosen house burst open, and the tall black figure of a man appeared on the porch.

This tangible danger sent the shameless throng scurrying in all directions. Jennifer, unable to conceal herself, was equally unable to run. She stood as if spellbound, a grotesque and lumpy figure, and the whistle dangled from her hand.

The man looked down at her, and then spoke in a gentle voice. "I'm sorry," he said, "to interrupt your revels, but you are frightening my wife. She should not be disturbed."

Jennifer looked at him apologetically, but said nothing. The man said abruptly, "She is going to have a baby."

Jennifer suddenly felt very small and shrunken. "Oh," she said. "Oh. I'm sorry. I—I mean, we won't make any more noise. I—we didn't know."

The man could not restrain a smile. "Thank you," he said, and both stood for a moment uncertainly, staring at each other. Then he turned on his heel and went back into the house.

Jennifer turned slowly away. She was thrilling all over, her mind was a confused whirl of awe and joy. The night was very black and silent, and all playfulness had left her. As she went down the walk swinging her whistle to and fro, her friends clustered around her eagerly.

"What did he say?"

"Was he mad?"

"Did he swear at you?"

Jennifer looked around, and instantly recovered her self-possession. They looked very young and small. A delicious sense of infinite wisdom and superiority came over her, and she drew herself up proudly.

"No, he wasn't mad," she said condescendingly. "Listen, don't make any more noise around here tonight, see?" She paused a moment impressively. "His wife mustn't be disturbed."

And she walked away with swift steps, inwardly relieved and longing for solitude; walked across the street and into her house, leaving the small troop to stare after her in silent wonder.

Esther

SARA B. PARK, '36

THE Jewish girl in bright red dress strides buoyantly through the crowded street. From tense and energetic shoulders her long arms swing stiffly with self-conscious precision. Her fierce hawk's eyes dilate as she looks rapidly from side to side. Her thick nose curves down sharply to an upturned ugly chin. The lips between are red and thick and moist. Jostled by the impatient shoppers, she jabs them with her bony elbows, and her dark eyes gleam malevolently. Her soft mouth curves into a wry smile, and she meets the glance of angry eyes with bold indifference. She guards herself against the curious and hostile crowd, watching, lest it discover and mock her adolescent tenderness, secretly cherished.

The Exiles

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF, '36

WE are gone, we are lost, we are leaving you now.
It is time that we went, we must say farewell.
It is time, it is time, we can face you no more.
We have failed of our oath, we have broken our vow,
Our souls are shattered and spilt on the floor.
We have nothing to say, oh nothing. We say farewell.

We have nothing to say but our farewell.
We are done, we are through, we are finished and over.
Broken, disjointed, we scatter apart,
We run, we run, from the place where we fell,
We stagger asunder, we crack in the heart.
We are old too soon, we admit it, we say we are over.

Good-bye to the great, to the fine and secure.
We are leaving your tents, we cannot walk in your ways.
Shuddering, vanishing, off we sweep.
You are free of the sick, you are free of the sick and unsure.
We stagger off on our road. We are walking in sleep.
We are seeking the end of our years, the end of our terrible days.

The Ward

MARY MESIER, '38

HER eyes ached with the glaring whiteness of the sheets, the shiny cleanliness of walls and ceiling. On all sides of her were arranged the neat white beds with the white faces of sick women, women who with their inquisitive faces and keen peering eyes searched out each other's secrets and used them, as common property, to fill their idleness. They were ready, these women, to share their pain with a neighbour if she, in turn shared hers. And all day they chatted and groaned and joked and were silent, but their silences were charged with watchfulness as each waited on the others' illness.

Their eyes met now across her bed and turned away, projecting their knowledge of her silently through the ward, making it public. Her own eyes closed and her hands tightened beneath the still covers as she lay on her back and fought their understanding. The bright light whitened beneath her eyelids and the pain of it gnawed dully and expanded inside her head till it filled her consciousness with a throbbing persistent ache.

The pain crawled through her body and held her tightly, and her hands clenched as she stiffened against it. She could not rest even in the privacy of her pain, for the silent eyes never relaxed their waiting, critical sympathy. With agonizing intensity she longed to move, to touch the bed in another place, to feel the pain in another way. Her whole body ached with the desire of change and movement and she pressed her head sideways into the pillow to force back the scream that was smothered in her throat. She must not be shamed into the admission of its strength.

She heard the heels tapping busily on the marble floor and stop beside her bed. She knew she must open her eyes but it had to be done casually, easily, for she heard the expectant hush from the other beds and knew they were waiting. They must not think her anxious. She looked up. The nurse held a glass of water in one hand and a small pill in the other, and she offered them with efficient directness.

The patient prepared for it and smiled. Even yet they must not know. If she took it she would acknowledge her need, but if she didn't know. She questioned lightly, holding it. "Another new kind of pill? Every day a new one!"

The nurse accepted her. "That'll help to make you sleep," she said.

The smile faded and the patient swallowed now hastily, without pretence. She was too tired for it to matter. Her eyes closed, and slowly the pain swam away and her body relaxed. Drowsily she tried to remember the pain and couldn't. She had exaggerated it all, then. Moving very slightly, she was comforted to feel an ache far away and very dull. She rested now, easily, and at last, she slept.

The Kylix

JULIA GRANT, '38

IT was the complete simplicity of the little kylix, as it stood in its glass case, that arrested attention. The black stem, slightly chipped, showing the potter's rosy clay beneath, arched upwards to bear the shallow, open bowl, that had brimmed with the rich men's wine in ancient Greece. The basin was smooth and pearly white, its circle broken on either side by the fragile wishbone handles. In the center, outlined in the finest black a bristle brush could draw, was a tiny figure of a girl, straining on tiptoe to pluck the topmost apple from a graceful tree. There was something feathery and springlike in the girl's covetous reach, and in the minute leaves of the little sapling. Her Attic chiton fell in too stately folds to her waist, but she had gathered up the skirt with her idle hand, so that it hung like a soft wave of linen. As she stood alone, her companion on the other side of the tree effaced by time, the whole conscious little scene, in its fastidious setting, was delicately reminiscent of a Sapphic fragment—"As the sweet apple blushed on the end of the bough, which the gatherers overlooked, nay overlooked not but could not reach."

Song

ELIZABETH D. LYLE, '37

AFTER me the sunshine,
After me the rain
Will fall upon the garden,
Will beat upon the pane;

Clouds will sail as brightly
Up the windy sky;
Nor will the morning darken
The very day I die.

Rather, briefly glowing
Round the stars like wine,
The joyous air will quiver
With life that once was mine.

Too Much Wind

MARGARET KIDDER, '36

THERE was too much wind. A torrent of solid air rushed past the children's ears and screamed in the rigging. It drove the breath from their mouths and noses and stung tears from their eyes. The boat was knocked over on its side. Water foamed and bubbled along the lee combing and the bow tore apart green masses of waves, plunging in shattering bursts of spray.

The boy was sailing the boat. He held the tiller in his right hand, the mainsheet in his left, his body bent back taut against the double strain. His big bare toes gripped the brace across the cockpit floor as he fought with the pull of the water on the tiller. The little bones of his hands pushed up in sharp, white ridges underneath the skin. The muscle of his forearm swelled out and long grooves of bone moved against each other under the smooth brown surface. His face was turned and fixed to the curve of the sail before him. His hand on the tiller and the glance of his eye responded to the force of the wind in the straining canvas, never missing a move, a part of the system of wind and sail and obeying its laws with instant precision.

Two little girls perched high on the windward rail, their eyes looking eagerly at the boy at the tiller. Their small hands gripped the edge of the deck, the knuckles white, the fingers blue with cold. Points of wet hair lay plastered against their cheeks and their clothes flapped, dank and dripping. They tried not to shiver as the stinging salt drops slashed their faces and fell in showers around them and ran off the deck in a thin film of water.

The red buoy came rapidly towards them. Its clappers dangled clanging. Clang. Clang, Clang. The wind took up the sound and carried it past them. Behind them on the moving plane of water, a swarm of boats, tipped up before the wind, bore down on them like overtaking monsters in a dream. The larger girl turned to look at them. "Oh my," she said helplessly, her voice nothing but a thin piping on the wind. "We're first. We'll be first around the red bell."

The buoy flung itself toward them on the top of a wave, clanging wildly. It heaved above them, monstrous and alive. There were brown streaks of rust on its sides but where the clappers struck the surface was raw and shiny. The boy pulled over the tiller and the buoy leaped away behind them. They rolled between moving mountains of water. The mainsheet, released, squealed as it ran through the blocks and the great sail, swinging wide out, arched and filled,

lifting the boat out of the valleys, driving it straight ahead before the full power of the wind.

"Quick." The boy pushed the tiller into the hands of the larger girl and, quick as he spoke, he and the smaller girl were up on the bow thrusting the thick, yellow varnished spinnaker pole straight out from the mast. The rolled up sail stretched like a fat white worm from the end of the pole to the top mast head. "Pull. Pull." The little girl reached up and tugged at a rope with all her strength. "There she comes!" The stops snapped and the great white spinnaker burst its chrysalis and flung out flapping loudly. The small figures of the boy and little girl caught it, tied it down, and it took form as a great, pulling circle of canvas, hollowed by the wind, alive, and jerking at the pole. The boat rushed faster forward; and the larger girl looked behind. "We're keeping our lead. We're first. We're first! We've never been first before."

There was too much wind. Dark, round clouds ran one after the other across the sky, making flashes of sunlight and shadow on the torn distance of water. As far as the ring of the horizon, white sails raced, tacking, leaning far over, white in the sunlight and grey in the shadow. The two straining sails of the children's boat swelled with the power of the gale. The bow was forced down into the waves and delicate plumes of spray rose and spread on each side of it. High combers, hissing and foaming at the top, overtook them, rolled underneath the stern and lifted the bow on their backs. Masses of shouting water ran along beside the boat. The boy struggled to control the tiller. "God," he said unemotionally, "Look at us go."

A short sea distance away the second mark, a crusted black can, dived repeatedly beneath the water. The boy began slowly, painfully striving to haul the mainsail toward him hand over hand. Tight bunches of muscle sprang out on his arms and shoulders and the little girl ran to help him. "Bring her over slowly." Then, suddenly, crack. As the boom snapped over, the boat tipped up on end and a solid stream of water poured into the cockpit and flowed back as she righted.

"Here. Sail. You take the rope." The boy sprang onto the bow behind the big sail where the spinnaker hung blanketed, shifting limply. His inadequate figure grappled with the mass and hurled the pole across to the other side. It met the wind and tore away from him leaping and thrashing like a club. The sail followed flapping madly in the violence of the wind. The thrashing canvas battered the boy's head and shoulders. The wind tore it away and slashed it back at him. The pole leaped in his arms, jerking him up in the air, and he fought it desperately shouting, "Pull in! Pull in the rope!"

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"Oh, I can't. I can't!" moaned the little girl. She pulled and strained. "It won't come." The rope tore through her hands but she kept her hold crying with pain. Big tears rolled down her cheeks and she wept out loud. Her hands held fast to the rope trying to pull and drops of blood oozed out between them. The larger girl screamed and headed the boat right round up into the wind. It fell heavily over on its side and a giant wave broke over the deck. The boy in the bow was lost in a battle of thrashing, battering, cracking canvas. The pole snapped backward whirling the sail behind it that beat at the air and tore shrilly right down the middle. The wind seized the two halves and ripped them to shreds.

"You fool! You fool!" screamed the boy. His face contorted and he wept with rage. "They're all passing us." He clutched helplessly at the waving tatters of the sail. The other boats were passing them rapidly, filling the air with their sails and noises. The little girl let the rope fall and went forward weeping to help the boy. "How did I know? How did I know?" sobbed the girl at the tiller. "You never told me not to luff."

There were still three sails behind them when they finished the course. That was better than being last; but the lovely terror that had come on the wind and the perilous waves was lost. The children could not look at each other. The boy sat at the tiller, but his glance at the sail was less fervent, his response less immediate. The two little girls perched on the windward rail without holding on. "Well anyway," said the smaller girl, sucking her wounded palms, "we were first around the red bell."

The Red-headed Young Man

AGNES ALLINSON, '37

HE danced with an air of sophistication, slowly, and in perfect time. His dress suit fitted faultlessly; it looked expensive and made to order. Whenever his eyes encountered those of someone he knew, the pupils contracted in a blaze of recognition so warm and bright that it made the beholder blink. If a whirling couple threatened to collide with his partner, he would extend the hand that held her, to ward off the blow. It was an intimate gesture, which set them apart from the crowd. Just as the music stopped, she whispered something in his ear, and his laugh of pleasure pealed forth, merry and unconstrained. The sophisticated manner was unconscious.

Tragic Conflict on the Bryn Mawr Stage

ENTRANCE

MARGARET KIDDER, '36

THERE are three ways of consciously performing before an audience. One way is to get up charades or skits, given among friends; and the success of these will depend on spontaneous, native genius, and the happy moment. The relation of the players to their audience is intimate and almost uncritical. It is all in the family. Performances of this sort are often given at this college and are almost invariably successful because, here, there is no lack of spontaneous genius or of happy moments. Take for example the Freshman shows, the Faculty shows and *The Faculty Rehearses for Cymbeline*.

Another way is to give experimental or laboratory plays. These are performances because they may have an audience; but the object of this audience is not entertainment but research. It belongs to the same guild as the players, and its criticism is impersonal. It will not feel the righteous indignation of the audience that has been cheated of its entertainment and gotten nothing for something.

There are no strictly laboratory plays given at Bryn Mawr because there is no time for systematic experiment. The serious one act plays approach them because the audience realises the players' limitations of time, equipment and experience. Its criticism takes these into account and it may be interested to see what comes off in spite of them.

The third way is to present a finished, sustained performance to an audience that desires to be entertained or taken out of itself. This audience is in a separate camp. If it is successfully entertained it will be irrationally uncritical and an enthusiastic ally. If defects in the play or presentation interfere with its entertainment it will be irrationally critical and a deadly enemy. Plays of this sort are given in professional theatres and attempted twice a year at Bryn Mawr. The Bryn Mawr audience as a whole demands to be successfully entertained. Some few people may come in a spirit of Christian tolerance willing to take what they get, and some few come, as if to a laboratory play, to see what comes off in spite of the difficulties of time and experience which are as great in proportion for the big play as they are for the "one acts." But the greater part of the audience comes to see a good play well done, and quite rightly so. This can be proved by considering the various criticisms of the plays.

There is no happy medium in pure entertainment between "charades" and a professional performance, unless it be farce which lends itself to a "charade" manner of production. A three act play which is complete and serious and of a certain magnitude is bound to be judged according to professional standards by its audience if the audience comes for entertainment and has paid professional prices for the privilege. Professional standards mean only the standards of good entertainment.

I believe that, as the situation is now, it is not possible or practical to attempt professional entertainment at Bryn Mawr. It is perfectly possible for amateurs to achieve good entertainment but no persons, however able, can do two things at once. I have seen or been concerned in five plays since I came to Bryn Mawr. Of these one was a success, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. It was, I am sure, fortuitous, charade success. The play lent itself happily to flashes of individual genius, burlesque, and overacting. Each actor caught the delight in doing his stunt and did it well. None of us had the faintest conception of the play as a whole. The scenery and costuming was done with real genius, and the whole was successful entertainment. The other plays had as good acting material, adequate scenery and costuming, one of them, *Pygmalion*, had far better direction. They took an equal amount of the players' time and energy but they were not successful.

The reasons given for their unsuccess are many: The audiences' critical reasons, poor choice of play, poor acting, bad direction, attempting the impossible; the players' excusing reasons, lack of time, bad management, lack of coöperation in the cast, an unsympathetic audience. These may all be efficient causes for failure but merely citing them will not help matters. We must consider how they might have been prevented, and that may lead us to underlying causes beyond the control of the players.

There is no excuse for choosing a really bad play. *Cymbeline* was a really bad play, but there were plenty of other causes for its lack of success. Moreover, criticism of the choice of play is often made with a personal bias. A good play, well produced, will hold its audience whether it be by Anton Chekov or George Kaufman, and it follows from this that an unsympathetic audience at Bryn Mawr is no excuse whatsoever for the failure of a play. I do not believe that our audiences come with a fixed prejudice against our productions.

There is no excuse for really bad direction. But in our plays a capable director often works under pressure of time and circumstance that prevent him from achieving his results. The same goes for poor acting. There is no excuse for attempting the impossible if what is attempted is absolutely impossible, and not a difficult problem attacked under impossible conditions. I believe that this was the reason for the defects of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *The Royal Family*, and *Pygmalion*. The remaining causes, lack of time, bad management, lack of coöperation, can also be traced to this underlying cause, the impossible conditions under which a play must be produced at Bryn Mawr.

We are speaking only of professional entertainment; and there can be no doubt that that is required of the Varsity Players Club in this college. It and the Glee Club are the only extracurricular activities that must meet this requirement. It is the peculiar nature of dramatics that a professional performance means simply a performance that will entertain a disinterested audience successfully.

Now the production of such entertainment is a tremendous responsibility, and in the Varsity Players Club this responsibility is entirely upon the undergraduates. To take a major part in a production requires time, energy, and concentrated work. The conventional rehearsal time is three weeks; or thirty hours. Rehearsals for professional plays often take no longer, but the players are practising their profession. All that is expected of them is that they concentrate their energies on the play. In Bryn Mawr, what is expected of you is that you do your college work. It is your job, supposedly the reason for which you came. It is not the sort of job that takes eight hours a day and then leaves you to your own devices.

I think no one will deny that to do full justice to your college courses you must give them all your working time. The play is supposedly a side issue. Yet it cannot be a side issue, for it must be professional entertainment and you must give it time, energy, and hard labour. It is not recreation. For three weeks or more your main concern must be the play and your college work done hastily, when the necessity arises, often late at night after the rehearsal. For three weeks only; but the Bryn Mawr academic year is shorter than that of any college I know, and the concentration of work is greater. Two plays mean six weeks out of a year of thirty weeks (allowing for vacations and examination periods), one fifth of the college year. The predicament is not serious for minor parts, attendant lords. It is not serious if your work is unimportant to you and you can set it aside without compunction. In that case, you belong at a school for professional children, not at Bryn Mawr with its opportunities for extremely interesting academic work. If your college courses are important to you the conflict is tragic. You cannot give what you want to give to your work because you are giving it to the play; or you may spoil the play by imagining that you can neglect it; and the play cannot be neglected because it must be professional entertainment.

This is the place for the fallacious statement: "We must learn to direct our own lives and to plan our time." I do not believe we are capable of directing our own lives to this extent. We can plan our time if we have time to plan. But at Bryn Mawr all our working time has been admirably planned for us by Mrs. Manning and the curriculum committee, without including dramatics. We must choose one field in which to work our hardest, we may have allied subjects, we must have recreation, and we may have hobbies. But producing professional entertainment is not a hobby or a recreation. It is responsible, exacting work. Getting up charades is a hobby, and a fascinating one. The big play entices those who want a dramatic hobby; but they soon learn their mistake. The fascination of acting and producing is irresistible. As long as it is offered few people who are dramatically inclined can resist it. Let us face the situation squarely. As dramatics is offered now it must replace academic work for one-fifth of the year for the people most concerned in it. College work must become the hobby.

Yet college work cannot become a hobby if you are to get the most out of four years at Bryn Mawr. These are the impossible conditions under which a play must be given in this college. They have, at times, been surmounted, but with tremendous effort, and I am sure that the success was not worth the blood and agony. The situation can and must be remedied. We cannot continue to dismiss serious dramatics as a recreation while demanding from it the results of hard labour.

One solution would be to give up professional plays entirely. Bryn Mawr is an academic institution. Let it admit this honestly and forbid extracurricular activities that interfere with its curriculum. Let us only have charades. Their success is undeniable. "A good time is had by all!" They are recreation, and take up time accordingly. We might also have short experimental performances. The position of dramatics would no longer be an ambiguous and intolerable one. Now, the college authorities admit the strain of producing a play, make all possible time allowances, but cannot give credit for badly done academic work.

The active interest in dramatics in the college might stand in the way of this proposal. Another solution would be to admit the producing of plays into the college curriculum. If the demand for dramatics in Bryn Mawr is genuine, and I believe it is, and if the producing of plays is an educational activity, and I am sure it is, this would be most the profitable solution. It is not a new or untried idea. Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke—all have departments of dramatics. Radcliffe, Barnard and Bryn Mawr do not. Barnard has a half way solution. The professor of Drama, in the English department, has jurisdiction over the Dramatic Club's choice of play and director, and may be consulted at any moment. Furthermore, the Barnard Dramatic Club is supported automatically by the undergraduates and charges its audience no admission. This takes the most overwhelming burden from the students, the responsibility for production; but it does not solve the problem.

A department of dramatics would make play production possible within the limits of our working time. It would make for more finished and interesting productions and avoid the inevitable mistakes of our inexperience. There would be opportunity for laboratory work and a study of those elements that make up a successful play. Such training is not only valuable to those who wish to become actors or producers. It is valuable to anyone who intends to take up work requiring poise, self-confidence, public speaking, and the handling of people. I know that acting in plays and studying them from the point of view of production helps tremendously in the courses in drama taught in this college, and in understanding the handling of plots and situations in literature.

The course would not necessarily exclude all but its members from a big play. Those sufficiently interested in dramatics to want a large part in the production would and should take the course, but the minor parts could be open to outsiders who wanted a dramatic hobby.

The admitting of such a course to the curriculum should depend upon the strength of the demand for it among the undergraduates, and the attitude that the college authorities wish to take towards dramatics. There are financial and

administrative difficulties; and such a course cannot be created overnight. It may not be advisable to offer it at Bryn Mawr. My argument is simply this. The present situation of dramatics is impossible. Let us either reduce play production to the status of an extracurricular activity, or acknowledge its importance and admit it into the curriculum. It is time for the college to take a sensible attitude towards dramatics.

EXIT

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF, '36

I HAVE never had any connection with dramatics at Bryn Mawr beyond a single appearance in a one act play and emergency service as prompter to a Varsity production and a Freshman show. It is therefore impossible that I should join issue with Miss Kidder as to the nature of the position in which those really interested in the drama now find themselves. I have no choice but to accept her conclusion that the present situation is intolerable.

I feel, however, that there are strong objections to one of the solutions which she advocates. I should be extremely distressed to see courses in the production of plays added to the Bryn Mawr curriculum. The production of plays cannot, according to Miss Kidder, be followed as a hobby. I fail to see, however, that this fact justifies its admission to our course of study. Her proposal is that as the academic work of certain students is seriously disturbed by the trials of dramatic production, they should be allowed to replace a portion of that work by work in the drama. I think that more would be lost than gained by such a substitution.

Miss Kidder has laid great stress on the fact that what is expected of the Varsity productions is professional performance. A satisfactory production must, she holds, approach this standard. It follows, I should think, that what would be required would be professional training. Miss Kidder has confused this issue by showing that students of such courses would find the work they had done useful whether or no they entered the theatre. But although an M. D. who never practiced medicine might find his knowledge useful in any one of a dozen ways, no one contends that a course in medicine is not professional training. And I think no one will disagree with me that professional training has no place in a curriculum leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, but should follow on such a curriculum or be substituted for it.

It may easily be objected that the drama is the one literary form which cannot be appreciated simply in the reading, but must be produced to be appreciated. Therefore, as Miss Kidder implies, work in production is a necessary adjunct to the study of literature. The parallel with medical training still holds. A worker in a pure science such as bacteriology sometimes finds it necessary to take a degree in medicine. Similarly, a student of literature may find it necessary to have training in play production. But such training should not be confused with purely academic work. The production of a play involves too much work in no way connected with the study of literature to be classed as a branch of this study.

Furthermore, technical training is not a part time affair. I believe that if such training were part of our curriculum the difficulties would be basically as they are now, and would have been lessened in degree, not in kind. The production of a play, if properly done, is full time work, and should be done in a school devoted entirely to the study of such production. The attempt to introduce it among other studies would lead, I believe, to a confusion greater than any we know at present.

There is a peculiar frenzy which seems to be attached to the drama. Persons concerned with it are apt to be raised to a pitch of excitement and single-minded interest which from time to time obliterates all other considerations. I have never known of a production, whether by professionals, amateurs working full time, or college students, which was not attended by this wildness. The fact that this state of mind is disturbing in an extracurricular pursuit seems to me no warrant for admitting it within the curriculum.

[The Editors will be glad to receive further communications on this subject from the readers of THE LANTERN]

Book Reviews

EUROPA, BY ROBERT BRIFFAULT

ALTHOUGH *Europa* in its five hundred pages covers in time the thirty momentous years preceding the World War; in space, most of Europe; and in action, the lives of a score of people, its subject matter can be reduced to a few urgent words: the mould of western civilization is being broken by the expanding force of the elemental life imprisoned within it. Aristocrats, artists, tradesmen, labourers in Italy, France, England, Germany, or Russia, all demonstrate in their blind or bewildered lives the dangerous shaking beneath them of their hereditary spiritual foundations. From 1890 to 1914, the cataclysm is seen increasing in scope and violence, disturbing all men, but awakening only a few. These confused men and this tottering world are Robert Briffault's *Europa*.

One of the few to recognize the power and the nature of the change working around him was Julian Bern, whom Briffault uses for both the protagonist and the chorus of his book. Through Bern's eyes, the universal catastrophe is witnessed and understood, while through the parallel catastrophe in his life, it is translated into personal terms. Brought up in the aristocratic society of cosmopolitan Nineteenth Century Rome, he absorbed unthinkingly the traditional culture of his environment. To him, the tall, lean Cardinal Calpurni possessed a timeless dignity surpassing that of royalty or genius, because his ancestors had been cardinals since the birth of Christ, and before that Roman senators and friends of Caesar. When Julian was sent away to school in England, he found there a colder, more brutal tradition, unmellowed by the Italian centuries and the Italian sun. He noticed it as he had never noticed the convention which had molded him; and yet even this began to appear strange as he remembered it or as he found it again, without vitality, in his father's letters. The customary thing, the proper thing seemed to him to cover only a little of the vast extent of life. When he looked through a microscope and saw the infinitesimal degrees of existence which swarmed imperceptibly over the earth; and again when he looked through a telescope and saw the endless space, the distant universes, in relation to which the earth itself was infinitesimal, he could not even attempt to coördinate this limitless scale of being with the feeble limits of an ancient though surviving order. Life had no limits except its own, and these could never be seen. Julian, who had wanted to see all things clearly, could discover nothing but lies fencing in

the abyss of the life he knew from a greater abyss of mystery and conjecture beyond.

Wherever Julian went, he heard people discussing: discussing people and standards, art and religion, science, politics, and social conditions. Some spoke from a circumscribed, narrow view, as if their particular ideas were the proper criterion for the whole world; some spoke carelessly, naming great things without knowing what they named; others could say only what their fathers or their teachers had said. To Julian, the inadequacy of all their terms to reality was appallingly manifest. The Prince and Princess Devidoff would relate with relish the degenerate, insane behaviour of their relatives, the Balkan royalty, or the relatives of these, the Romanovs of Russia. Only their interest in scandal or their care for family was aroused by the mention of conditions which signified the irremediable decay of an ancient political system. Even in the most private conversation, polite men and women talked of love in trite, vague generalities, or if they now and then dared to appear more knowing, they went to the other extreme and talked of filth. Few except Julian thought of analyzing it logically as a natural, fundamental urge of life, retained no less instinctively in the complex biological structure of man than in the simplest single cell. Biology, people considered an abstract study; that they themselves were biology never entered their heads. They pretended to be made of "worsted and taffeta instead of flesh and blood".

While Julian grew wiser, and people talked more frantically, the settled order of Europe continued to weaken and break. Kings became baser; tyranny increased; the people grew poorer, and their attempts at rebellion were heedlessly put down. War loomed closer every year, and at last, when least expected, came with irresistible fury. Julian could not believe that the murder of a worthless archduke would precipitate an actual conflict. If diplomats were careless of their countrymen's lives, at least their countrymen would care. Soldiers would refuse to fight, or tradespeople would refuse to support them. Human reason was not so completely entangled in an outworn system of pride and honour that it would destroy itself to save the system. But Julian was wrong. In spite of all his clear thinking, he did not acknowledge until blood was being shed to prove it, the incurable perversity of the human mind in its present state of development and the imperative need of a new beginning if life is to go on.

Europa ends with Julian staring this gloomy conviction in the face. Consequently, the reader is left staring at the same conviction, too. It is a disturbing experience, and a disturbing book; yet it is not comfortless. Although the course of life in *Europa* tends clearly towards its own ruin, life itself is shown to be

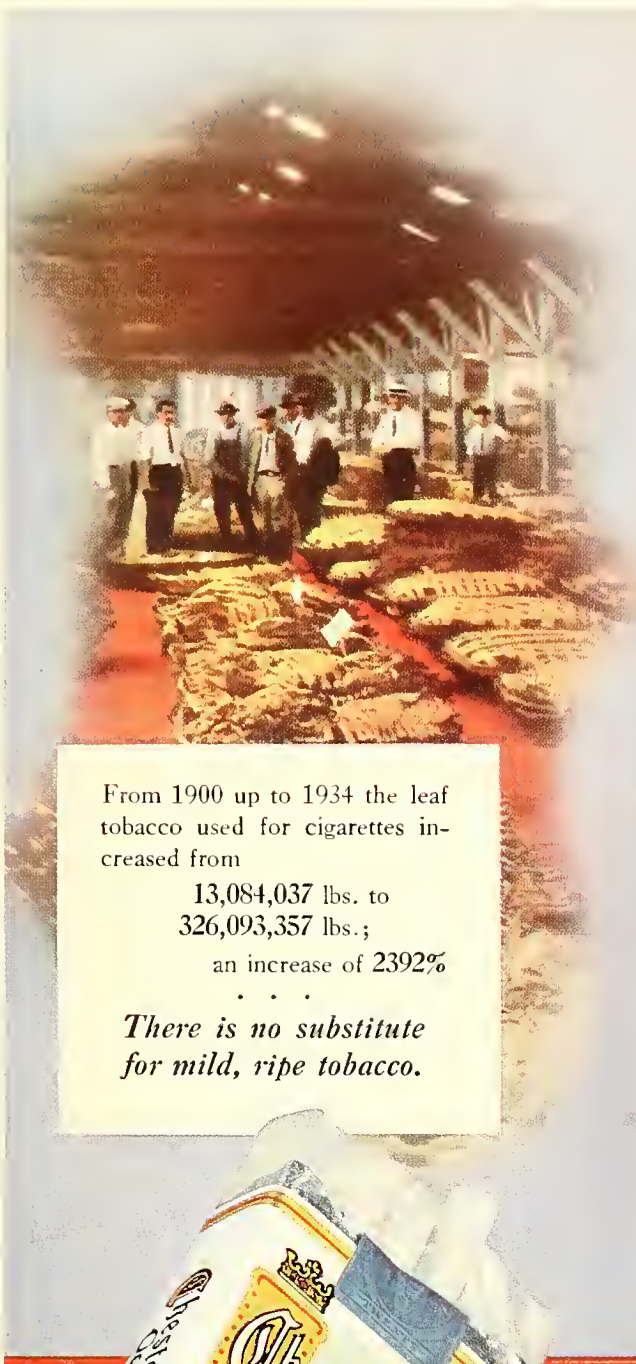
indestructible and beautiful. Only the way it has been lived is doomed to end, and only that is foolish and ugly. Where Julian found the natural vital impulse unrestrained, he found assurance and foundation for his exiled belief. No prejudice or convention could make the warm blue sky of Rome and the blue sea and the golden bodies of the Italian girls anything less than lovely for him. No matter how he reasoned that a false social order had deformed the sexual activity of both men and women, he could not fail to recognize the faith and beauty of the love he and Zena, sophisticated as she was, felt for each other. There was hope, he could not but believe, in life left to its own sure growth.

The love story of Zena and Julian occupies much of the plot of *Europa*. Although it is told with delicacy and passion, while the faults of the society in which it develops are condemned with force and indignation, the two elements are not discordant. When kept apart, one serves as a foil for the other, and when brought together, they blend to show one truth. If the indictment of traditional western civilization somewhat overshadows the fortunes of Julian and his loves, the status of *Europa* as a novel is perhaps correspondingly lowered, but not so its status as a book, a book to be read regardless of variety and species. Indeed, there are enough novels already in the market, but not by any means are there enough books speaking a plain and necessary message. The defect of *Europa* makes it all the more proper for reading.

ELIZABETH D. LYLE.

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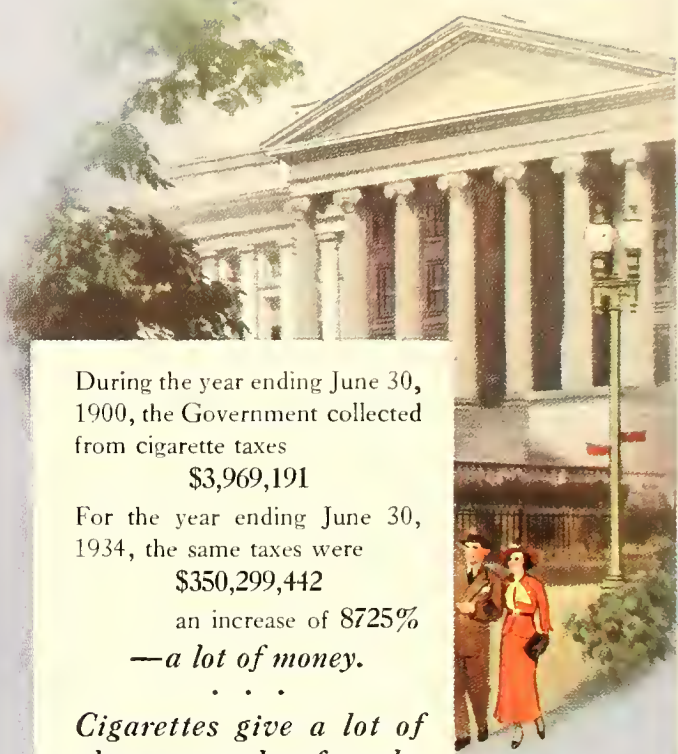


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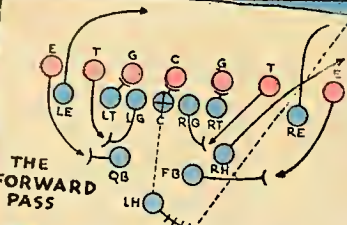


THE FORWARD PASS




LE RUNS STRAIGHT, SWERVES TO RIGHT—LT BLOCKS GUARD—LG BLOCKS TACKLE—C BLOCKS C—RG BLOCKS TACKLE—RT BLOCKS GUARD—RE RUNS DOWN FIELD, SWERVES TO RIGHT—RH FAKES BLOCK, SWERVES TO RIGHT—FB BLOCKS END—QB BLOCKS FOR PASSER—LB FADES BACK AND SHOOTS PASS TO RE WHO IS SPRINTING TO RIGHT—


WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED



THE PUNT



LE RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL—LT CHECKS TACKLE AND THEN RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL—LG, C, RG, AND RT HOLD LINE—RE RUNS DOWN FAST UNDER PUNT—RH BLOCKS TACKLE—FB BLOCKS END—QB BLOCKS TACKLE OR END—GIVING LH TIME TO PUNT



NOW—WATCH THIS PUNT FROM THE SAME FORMATION!

I DIDN'T KNOW EACH MAN HAD SUCH A DEFINITE JOB

WELL, BETTS, DID YOU LEARN SOMETHING?

DID I! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE BIG GAME!

REMEMBER, WATCH THE LINEMEN



BETTY SEES A BACK GET OFF A 60-YD. SPIRAL

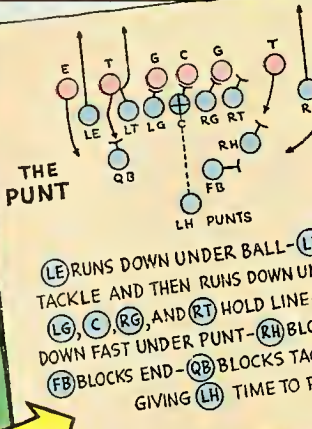
—AND

THIS IS HOW IT WAS DONE —


THE PUNT



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December, 1935

Vol. XV, No. 2

THE LANTERN

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Editorial

THE very word dignity has about it a sound of the nineteenth century, or perhaps the Edwardian era. The younger generation, at any rate, hardly considers the quality a necessary one for its own scheme of existence, in fact, we hardly ever use the word. And yet it seems sometimes that the only thing really deplorable about life in a college is that for many of us it is lacking in any dignity at all.

All that we mean by dignity in this context is a certain form of living which has a fitness and decency such that the person who practises it has no reason to feel that her daily surroundings and her commonplace actions are lowering to her self-respect. Dignity is possibly too strong a word for this elementary need of most natures, yet it appears to come closer to it than most.

And a good many of us find this quality missing from our college life for days and weeks on end. When one has a great deal of work to accomplish, the atmosphere of the halls can be felt as an actual personal affront. The noise and the grabbing at meals, the disorder of the smoking rooms and the flood of gabble which runs free in them, the constant perception of small things out of place and askew, are especially irritating to a mind already over-exercised, and usually in need of sleep. The victim soon reaches a state in which she begins to contribute something new to the *mêlée*. She begins to thrust her lamentable state on the notice of comparative strangers, to sit in the smoking room and mourn her lot to all passers by. The disorder which has offended her becomes as nothing beside the disorder of her own room, the veneer of conventional courtesy is apt to disappear, and she, in her turn, becomes a powerful source of irritation to others. Once she is drawn into the whirlpool she is apt to stay there. By midyears, all but a few superhuman beings have usually been caught.

This unpleasantness, which causes on occasion such strong longings for a return to the relatively ordered existence of family life, might possibly be cut off at the root. Such elementary and apparently unimportant practises as order in public rooms, a certain amount of respect for the privacy of others, and suppression of the more dramatic trappings of woe, would go a long way toward maintaining a comparative dignity of living in the halls.

The Old Maids

MARCIA LEE ANDERSON, '36

SHE was an old maid. That was the first and only classification ever made of her by the high school. She and her sister, who was of the same category, had taught English for years, had become fixtures of the school even more than the desks and the blackboards. Of the two I liked Miss Jane Tate better than Miss Sarah, chiefly because Miss Sarah had once kissed me. But I hated them both. Miss Sarah had a round face with round glasses and a round pathetic smile. She had always seemed helpless, and dependent on Miss Jane, at whose rigid back I was now looking.

I was in the periodical room of the university library, and had carefully avoided her effusive greeting by giving a preoccupied smile when I entered. I did my German lessons between classes here because it was light and quiet, occupied usually by unknown students; and I resented, in a most selfish way, this intrusion on my peace of mind. It was as if Miss Jane were a high school Nemesis pursuing my new college freedom. She was a tall, thin woman, her meagre black hair drawn with appropriate and uncomely severity to a knob at the back of her head. A thin straight mouth and nose, parchment cheeks, eyes of an indefinite color; over all a peculiar expression of righteous hauteur mingled with a faint sneer that was defensive rather than cunning. I wondered why she was here. It was late in June, and school had been out for three weeks. She and Miss Sarah lived together in another university town some miles away, and commuted daily to their work. And here she was, reading a newspaper which she perfectly well could have read. . . . I turned resolutely from my ungenerous thoughts, and forgot about her in the intricacies of a German sentence.

Sometime later—I do not know how long—I heard my name called loudly in the silent room, “Marcia!” It was an exclamation, a cry, and a command, all in the single word. Everyone looked up. I was embarrassed and annoyed, and got up unwillingly. It was Miss Tate, of course. I went over to her. She was staring at the outspread newspaper, and did not turn her head when I stood by her side. Only her hand moved, shot out and grasped mine in a fierce grip. I sat down, trying to make myself as inconspicuous as possible. “What is it?” I whispered.

“I didn’t know. I didn’t know,” said Miss Tate in a low tone that was pregnant with emotion by its very lack of expression. I looked at the newspaper, and saw at once what she meant. It was the report of the death and funeral of a brilliant high school boy who had graduated this June with highest honours. Miss Tate’s

head went down on the paper, her face turned toward me; she was shuddering all over, shaken with silent weeping. I was filled with curious anger. What right, what claims had she, to feel this way? Jealously I thought of my own right to sorrow. The boy's elder sister was my closest friend, and through her I had come to know him: a slender dark-haired boy of medium height, not handsome, but fine-looking and quietly distinguished, though he wore heavy glasses and smiled rarely. Four days ago he had been struck by an automobile while riding his bicycle at night along the highway. The second morning after, he was dead. I had not seen his sister, nor any of the family. I remembered calling her up one morning last week to see if she could play tennis, and her father's strained voice had answered. . . .

Suddenly I realized my hand was aching with the pressure of hers. I said awkwardly, coldly, "Can I get you some water?" and then wondered where I could get some. She signified no, and I was somewhat relieved. What a position! I could think of nothing else to say. Why did she not stop? Finally she straightened up and released my hand. She looked at the paper again and read the whole article. She was dazed.

All at once my reserve and annoyance were swept away. This was genuine. What was the matter with me, to condemn her? For the first time in my life I felt sympathy for Miss Jane, because it was the first time I had ever felt superior to her. "I'm sorry," I said, still awkward but painfully sincere.

"It's the first time I knew it. How terrible. How terrible," she repeated softly, in that odd flat tone. Her thin severe lips were piteously relaxed, her tight cheeks had become flaccid. I looked away; my thoughts were whirling confusedly in a maelstrom of conflicting emotions. I began to search, to try to understand, to realize. . . . What had it meant to have an exciting, vibrant mind alight in the dull gloom of endless routine? What had this brilliant, charming, silent boy meant to these half-starved teachers of a small-town high-school? My thoughts trembled at the edge of answers.

Suddenly Miss Jane grasped my hand again, again began to shudder violently. I looked up. There in the door, at the end of the room, stood Miss Sarah, looking about with the distracted air of the near-sighted. Her face broke into its round smile as she spied us.

"How shall I tell her? I *can't* tell her," whispered Miss Jane in an agony of new misery. She hastily folded over the newspaper. Feeling strong and young, and ashamed of feeling so, I smiled back at Miss Sarah. Her natural timidity of expression made me want to weep, it was so cruelly innocent.

"Sister, sister," said Miss Jane helplessly, first looking at her, then appealingly at me.

"How do you do, Miss Tate," I said quickly and cordially. We shook hands.

"How are you, Marcia? Sister, it's time to go now. Are you ready?" Even though she stood still, Miss Sarah seemed to bustle, and her eyes hurried like little animals behind her glasses.

Miss Jane got up without a word. Taking her sister's arm, she walked out, looking back at me with faint eyes and the dazed expression, while Miss Sarah clung to her in her usual dependent way.

I went back to my seat, and for a long time I thought of nothing but a picture of Miss Jane, driving home with Miss Sarah in their small car, saying over and over to herself in flat tones, "How shall I tell her? I *can't* tell her."

The Dot

ANNE FRED, '38

THEY had lived alone in the country for so long—just those three—that it was quite impossible to say what day the nurse had arrived. And for that matter, what exact year the mother had become mad.

From year to year she would adopt new manias and then the son would plan to give the nurse a leave or perhaps just a few days; but nothing ever came of it.

In his capacity of writer and novelist the son was very human; and he portrayed figures of love and hatred and jealousy as if he had been aware of these same things himself. But it was otherwise.

His existence in this god-forsaken country made him feel a martyr, it made him long for the life of a gay city crowd, and it made him unaware of Marie's aching heart and lonely soul.

She was a part of all that was distasteful to him: as a nurse, she catered to the whims of a raving woman and a selfish one who never could be left a minute by herself. To him Marie was a long suffering soul who only waited until the day should come when she could set out upon her way, suitcase in hand, to her home in Virginia.

Ach, it was terrible. Did he owe his mother all this? Would she never cease screaming about the dot, a dot; oh what could the sense be to all this?

And now it was time to relieve Marie again. These were the most dreaded periods in his life. It took all the courage he had to go; it took a will-power greater than that which he had given any of his most vivid characters. He was annoyed to have Marie smile at his entrance: she seemed to be trying to brace him—and that made him feel weak.

"And he was so young too, Henry. Oh did you see him at the fair. People thought he played the piano, but he only stood and laughed. Ha-ha-ha-ha. You are so melancholy, Henry, but where is the dot. Go get the dot, Henry. Do you hear. I love you, you love me. Let us be married. They don't need half so many window sashes here. I throw my arms about his neck. But where is the dot?"

This was almost the most incoherent speech his mother had attempted. Afterwards she seemed dreadfully exhausted. So Henry ran for Marie with the fear which comes only to those who are helpless in a moment of extreme significance.

Late in the evening his mother died. The doctors said her heart. Nothing which could be attributed to over excitement—just ordinary heart failure.

Marie packed that night and arranged to leave early next day with her suitcase—exactly as Henry had thought. She was free now and young again.

But so was he, so why be sentimental? He wasn't really; he had just somehow got used to Marie and felt it would be decent of him to say, "Good-bye."

In the morning he stood at the door on which a big black bow had been hung. Marie slipped by him.

"Oh, wait!" he shouted, though she was but three feet away. "I want to say 'Good-Bye';" he held out his hand and she gave him her right one. Always before she had given him her left because she had never gotten over being lefthanded. Being stronger, it now carried the bag.

"Why, what is this? Where did the mark come from; did mother do it?"

"Just a sore, Henry, one which always annoyed your mother and made her scream hysterically. I am truly sorry. It has been there since birth—just a dot. Good-bye."

And, as awful truths *do* eventually make themselves clear to normal sane people, the real sense of his mother's words pressed hot upon one another.

But Marie was out of sight.

Sonnet

ELIZABETH D. LYLE, '37

BEAUTY, I swear, although we lightly name
Thy name ineffable, whose mighty sound
Trumpets of archangels dare not proclaim;
Although we seek with bold hands to compound
From jade and ivory and purple dyes
Thy form transcendent, that the Cherubim
Cannot behold with all their hundred eyes,
Nor cover with their vast wings' shadow dim;
I swear, we yet with reverence await
Thy blasting of our rash, blaspheming lips,
Thy thunderbolt that shall annihilate
Our idols—so in that Apocalypse,
Once in the flash that blinds, we see thee stand,
And in the stroke that kills, we feel thy hand.

A Rather Pleasant Outing on the Sea

MARGARET KIDDER, '36

THE expedition was unfortunate from the start. Sir Horton's lumbago had begun to trouble him before lunch; but the fishing party had been so long planned and admirably arranged that Dr. Clough had politely but insistently prodded him out of his padded lounge chair on the terrace and into the large undecked motor boat gleaming with varnish and bright brass fittings. "You said you wanted some real man's fishing, Sir Horton," boomed Dr. Clough, "and we're taking you at your word, eh Miss Agatha?" Sir Horton glared as he fitted his bulk into an uncomfortable canvas chair in the stern. He hated to be called Sir Horton, but no one could persuade the Cloughs to do otherwise. Dr. Clough felt there was something too ordinary, too familiar about a mere Sir Henry. One might as well say Sir Tom, Dick or Harry. It had been a blow to him that a knight's daughter could not be called the honourable Agatha but he contented himself with "my guests, Sir Henry Horton and Sir Horton's daughter, Miss Agatha Horton."

This afternoon I found myself in sympathy with Dr. Clough. He was so genuinely pleased. His small, round figure was replete with satisfaction in his guests and his fishing party, and I hated Sir Horton's pink face under his white canvas hat and Miss Agatha's bony posterior unwillingly balanced on the edge of a varnished seat in the cockpit.

The discomfort on board increased when we cast anchor after two hours run straight out into open sea. Manuêlo, the Portuguese man of all work, and Bill Clough got out the fishing tackle, lines of thick rope with chain on the end, baited with quivering chunks of freshly caught cunners. We were after sand sharks. Mrs. Clough turned away and put her handkerchief to her face. She suffered from a delicate digestion and the boat was already swinging high on the slow sea swell. Miss Agatha was of sterner stuff. She grimly accepted a line and let it fall with a splash over the side. "Well, there's nothing to do now but wait. Eh, Sir Horton?" Some of Dr. Clough's assurance had drained away but his voice still boomed.

"Quite," said Sir Horton.

We all felt suddenly relieved of the burden of ordinary conversation. There was nothing to do but wait. I was excited by the feeling of the open sea, the sea that stretched away from the boat, encircling it, sparkling, hard wicked blue. Towards the East, a jagged black line seemed lifted above the edge of the horizon. "What is it, Manuêlo?"

"No Man's Land," said Manuêlo, showing white teeth in his black moustache. "She is island, a mirage. See how she looks." I remembered that No Man's Land was the furthest out of a chain of islands. It gave me no reassurance of land as I knew it, as the Cloughs knew it, land to walk on, to build on, to take tea on. It hung fantastically on the horizon, and the open sea was all around us rolling away from the boat in enormous green swells that gradually diminished and merged into the even, blue distance of water that melted and merged in turn into the mysterious rim of the horizon. The colour of the sky melted into this rim, misty and tender, but above our heads it concentrated to a fierce, heated blue, glaring with sunlight. The shiny boat with its clump of little people in the stern seemed to swing up and down, the exact centre of a great sphere of blueness.

The sun poured down on us out of the hot sky. It beat through Sir Horton's white canvas hat and made short work of Dr. Clough's panama and Mrs. Clough's parasol. Flakes of sunlight glittered in Bill Clough's black hair and shone from the brown skin of his arms and neck. I could feel the angry yellow heat around and over us, entering into us and working in our blood. Sir Horton's pink face flamed and swelled angry red. Mrs. Clough sighed and pulled a bottle of eau de cologne from her knitting bag. The rhythmic swoop upwards and back of the boat at anchor was becoming intolerable. I noticed Miss Agatha's pale, angular face become paler with a barely perceptible tinge of green. Sir Horton started and muttered fiercely into his moustache.

Dr. Clough fingered his line nervously. We had not yet had a single bite. He looked around for his son. Bill Clough was balancing on the end of the long sword-fishing pulpit that jutted out from the bow. He rose periodically high into the air and then swung dizzily downward into the mouth of the next green roller. "Bill, boy," called Dr. Clough, "better come down from there!" The sound of his voice reassured him for he turned to Sir Horton and pulled out his watch. "Well, Sir Horton, the sharks don't seem to be paying us much attention. Suppose we have some tea. About time for it, eh? We have all the fixings with us." His voice boomed proudly, "Real English tea! Manuêlo!"

Manuêlo lowered himself nimbly into the cabin hatchway. We heard the scrape of a match and the gasp of the alcohol stove. Manuêlo reappeared with a large wicker tea basket. Dr. Clough looked at it happily. A part of his arrangement was coming true. "It seems rather hot for tea," murmured Mrs. Clough, "but it's so refreshing."

"Oh, yes. Quite," said Miss Agatha faintly.

"We should have put up an awning," continued Mrs. Clough looking nervously upwards under her parasol. "Would you care for my sunshade?"

"Oh, no indeed, thanks," said Miss Agatha with grim fortitude, and her large bony hand clutched the gunwale as the boat swung upwards.

"Come on, Bill, boy!" cried Dr. Clough. "Let's set the table. Will you pour, Laura?" He chuckled, "Rather good, eh Sir Horton? High tea on the high seas." Sir Horton made no answer. "Look out. LOOK OUT!" The cockpit floor tilted suddenly and the tea basket sommersaulted down the incline with a fine crashing of china and landed at Miss Agatha's feet. "Look out what you're doing, Bill, boy!" cried Dr. Clough in agony. "Well, well, no harm done. We'll have it up in a minute. Watch that piece of fruit cake, Bill, boy! Rather an up and down tea party, eh what?" Dr. Clough's laugh fell on empty air. Miss Agatha's face became tortured, and I could hear her mutter, "Shocking taste!" as she gripped the rail more firmly. Mrs. Clough managed a sickly smile.

It was an excellently equipped tea basket, plump, juicy triangles of tomato sandwiches, bread and butter oozing in the sun and thick slices of dark, moist fruit cake. Mrs. Clough could not restrain a shudder as she refused the plates that Bill passed to her. Sir Horton simply waved him away. Manueto appeared from the cabin hatch with the steaming tea pot, his face and neck glistening with sweat. At every lurch of the boat Dr. Clough rushed to rescue the sandwiches, the spoons, the sugar. "Look alive, Bill, boy!" he called.

I found to my surprise that it was quite possible to drink the steaming hot tea. Mrs. Clough was right. It was distinctly refreshing. Its heat seemed to combat the dry parching of the sun. Miss Agatha's face reassumed its normal grey pallor and Sir Horton shook himself and yawned thoroughly. "I'm afraid it's rather dull out on the water when the fishing isn't too good," said Mrs. Clough, trying to keep the teapot steady.

"Not at all," said Miss Agatha in tones that heartily agreed.

"I don't think so!" I cried suddenly. They all turned to me for it was the first remark I had made and Sir Horton's red face examined me incredulously. "I think it's exciting just to be on the open ocean. Don't you feel," I went on unhappily, "that almost anything might happen out here, so far from the land?"

"Happen?" said Sir Horton.

"Well," said Dr. Clough, chuckling uneasily, "nothing much seems to have happened this afternoon."

"Quite," said Sir Horton.

"But," I cried, "we might see anything out here, a whale or a mermaid."

"Whales, you know, don't come this far south," explained Dr. Clough. "We might possibly see a porpoise."

But Sir Horton was pondering to himself. "Mermaid?" he rasped suddenly, "Mermaid. Oh! Mermaid!" He turned his red face full on me. "There are no such things," he proclaimed definitively. There was nothing to answer, and I tried to hide myself in my cup of tea; but Sir Horton's eyes were still on me. "Mermaids," he muttered, "mermaids! Quite."

Dr. Clough began nervously to hand round plates. Sir Horton took one sandwich. "I'm so sorry the sharks won't bite," said Mrs. Clough apologetically.

"I fancy I've let out too much of my line," said Miss Agatha. Her entire spool was unreeled and lay on the floor.

"That's O. K." said Bill Clough, "I'll tie it round this pin and it'll just drag way behind. You may get something." He and Manuêlo began to pack away the tea things.

"Don't you think, Willard," suggested Mrs. Clough, "that we might be starting back soon? I don't like the look of the sky over there." It was true. Behind the mirage of No Man's Land the sky had taken on a metallic grey sheen and thick curls of cloud were moving up on the horizon. Dr. Clough's face fell. He could not bear that his fishing party should have no result. "What about it, Manuêlo?" he called.

Manuêlo looked steadily, unwinkingly at the sky. "I think," he said, "she be all right. Good weath' till tonight, maybe tomorrow morning."

"There!" cried Dr. Clough triumphantly, "Did you hear that, Sir Horton? Manuêlo says the good weather will last all day. Let's give the sharks one more chance, eh Miss Agatha? This sun'll do wonders for your lumbago, Sir Horton." Sir Horton turned a look of indignant disbelief on him. "I think not," he said. Miss Agatha sat stiffly, martyred on her hard bench and Mrs. Clough took out her knitting with a sigh. Dr. Clough jerked his line encouragingly, thumping the heavy sinker on the bottom. Manuêlo retired up bow to sleep, his bristling black head on his arms, in the full glare of the sun.

Bill Clough and I sat on the cabin roof and looked out over the open sea. Bill lit a cigarette and I watched the slow, heavy clouds deliberately twisting and uncoiling on the eastern horizon. The sea beneath them lost its blue colour and gleamed iron gray and the shape of No Man's Land settled down into the horizon until it showed a tiny black speck obscured by masses of cloud. The sun still beat down and the greater part of the ocean's circle was still deep blue, hard and bright as crystal.

Suddenly I felt Bill's hand on my shoulder. "Look," he said, "What do you see over there?" I looked where he pointed. In the stretch of shining grey water were a number of black specks that seemed to dive and reappear regularly above the surface. "It might be porpoises," said Bill, "Gee, but they seem to be playing follow the leader."

"But it's not porpoises," I cried. "It's connected like a snake. I can see it."

"Wait a sec," said Bill, "You're crazy. I'll get the glasses." He dove rapidly into the cabin.

I watched the black specks, straining my eyes in an unaccountable excitement. They came nearer across the sea and resolved into a series of coils rising and falling rhythmically accompanied by a thin edge of white foam. "Say, Dad!" called Bill from the cabin, "What the dickens did you do with those glasses?" Dr. Clough started up from his line. "What is it, Bill, boy?" he called hopefully. "Do you see something?"

"Yes!" I shrieked from the cabin roof, "Yes! Look! It's a sea serpent!"

The four heads in the cockpit jerked upwards towards me. Dr. Clough's mouth fell open. "A What!" bellowed Sir Horton.

"Look!" I waved my arm frantically. "Just look there!" The four faces turned where I pointed. Bill Clough jumped on deck with the glasses and thrust them up to his eyes.

"Here, let me have a look, Bill, boy!" cried Dr. Clough, hopping up and down. "Give me those glasses." Manuêlo awoke and crawled down the deck. As he looked toward the east, his brown face turned grey. He crossed himself and began to jabber quick Portuguese words. "By God!" cried Bill Clough. "She's right. It's a — Gosh, what a beast!" He pushed the glasses at his father. Mrs. Clough had risen and stood looking uncertainly round her. Miss Agatha and Sir Horton stood stiff, planted, staring incredulously, as the monster approached growing steadily larger to our view.

It moved like a medieval drawing of a sea serpent, massive coils arched regularly over the surface of the sea, each one surrounded by a widening circle of ripples and frilled with white foam, a great pointed head carried high in advance, the coils undulating regularly. Still in the distance, it passed from the grey water into the sunlight and suddenly flashed so brilliantly that we turned away our eyes. When we looked again, it was nearer, a little astern of the boat. It was covered with wet and slimy scales that gleamed green and deep purple red. At its neck, the sun glittered in a bewildering rainbow of colours, gold, orange, violet. Its head was long, swaying from side to side like a snake's but with moist pink nostrils and bony protuberances like that of a horse. It was crusted with white barnacle growths and dark weedy fibres hung under the mouth. On the top of the splendid waving head was a crest stiff and scalloped like a cock's comb extending down the back of the neck, shining blood red. Under the peak of the crest was its eye, it looked like an eye, a blind, quivering oval of ice green jelly.

"By Jove!" shouted Sir Horton accusingly. "What is that thing?" There was a note of terror in his shouting.

"It—it seems to be a—a serpent," quavered Mrs. Clough hysterically.

"It is quite obviously a sea serpent, father," said Miss Agatha. "We cannot help seeing it."

"This is terrible," cried Dr. Clough. "Terrible! I never heard of such a thing. Manuelo!" he cried. "Hadn't we better start the engine. It may be dangerous."

"Si! Si!" said Manuelo shaking all over, "We must get away from him."

There was something hypnotic in the beast's slow rhythmic progress through the water. We watched fascinated and the Chuff of the engine made us jump. At the sound, the beast waved his head and suddenly pointed like a bound straight at the boat. Mrs. Clough screamed. "Don't," snapped Miss Agatha.

Deliberately, majestically, the beast reared itself up and dived down under the water leaving only a little troubled ring on the blue surface. We looked at each other with unspeakable relief. Mrs. Clough collapsed into a chair. "God bless my soul," said Sir Horton mopping his face with his handkerchief. "I imagine it might be a good idea to start back after all," said Dr. Clough. "It looks like dirty weather. Let's get in the lines, Bill, boy." Bill rose and began to wind up my line.

Suddenly we felt the boat quiver, a quick lurch jerked up the bow and threw Sir Horton heavily against Mrs. Clough. Another jerk upset the chair and the boat tipped madly to starboard, sprang back and began to tear through the water stern first. "What, what, what!" spluttered Sir Horton.

"Bill, boy!" cried Dr. Clough.

"O my God!" shouted Bill, "Miss Agatha's caught the sea serpent!" Miss Agatha's line tied to a belaying pin in the stern was taut and quivering. Bill collapsed on the reeling floor shrieking with uncontrollable laughter.

The boat stopped with a shock that jerked us off our feet and began to spin crazily round and round tipping from side to side as it spun. Sheets of water poured in over the rail and we scrambled on the floor blinded by the salt spray. "Do something!" I could hear Sir Horton's bellow. "Do something!"

"The knife, where the devil is the knife!" cried Bill. He burrowed, searching under the starboard seat among fragments of tea cups, squashed fruit cake and fishing lines.

"That's right," called Dr. Clough. "That's right. Cut the line! Cut the line!"

The boat stopped spinning and came to an even keel with water washing about the cockpit floor. I pulled myself up to search for the knife and saw the sea about twenty feet from the boat suddenly foam as if churned by a propeller shaft and the beast fling itself up in a crashing of waves and flying spray. Miss Agatha's hook was fixed in its lower jaw forcing its mouth open and I could see rows of jagged, helpless teeth. It whirled its head round and round like a top and its great coils

cracked, flapped and writhed in agony. The whitened water boiled against the sides of the boat.

"Frank!" sobbed Mrs. Clough clinging to Dr. Clough's shoulder with one hand and still holding her parasol in the other. Sir Horton glared in a fury of terror and rage. He waved his arms at the monster as if to exorcise it. "It isn't so!" he roared. "There's no such thing, I tell you. No such thing!"

"Be quiet, father," said Miss Agatha. Her long pale face shook convulsively and she began to giggle. "There is," she tittered. "There obviously is, and it's going to kill us all."

"All right!" shouted Bill Clough. "I've found it. Start up the engine again, Manuêlo!" I pummelled Manuêlo's shoulders. "Stop praying," I cried, "and start the engine. I don't know how!" Bill had climbed on the stern and was sawing at the edge of Miss Agatha's line. We watched as each strand parted, feeling the threat of the monster's anger over our heads. It made shrill, inarticulate, hissing sounds as it beat at the waves and its blind eye glared at us, suffused with a film of blood. Its long, scaly tail screamed like a whip and cracked on the surface of the water just missing the pulpit on our bow.

"Let her go, Manuêlo!" called Bill, and Manuêlo threw the engine into full speed ahead. We moved with intolerable slowness out of the sphere of the monster's wrath. It took no notice of our going, and long after we were out of the sound of its agony we could see its scales flashing and writhing under the sun in a fountain of spray.

As we entered the harbour and neared the dock, Miss Agatha rose and approached Dr. Clough. "Father and I think," she said, "that it would be best not to speak of this afternoon except as a—a rather pleasant outing on the sea. People are apt to think such curious things."

"Everyone knows such things don't exist," said Sir Horton.

"But surely we know they do now," put in Mrs. Clough with a shudder.

"That's the difficulty," growled Sir Horton, "I have unfortunately seen this thing and I am not yet quite certain what steps I shall take in the matter." He looked almost appealingly at Dr. Clough. "I think it would be better on the whole, for the present, not to mention this occurrence and I was afraid that you might feel it your duty as a man of science ——"

"Not at all. Not at all!" interposed Dr. Clough. "Science, as you know, is a study of natural facts." He gave a rather weak chuckle.

"Still," said Miss Agatha, "this is a fact now, for us."

Sir Horton's face contracted painfully. "That is what troubles me," he admitted, "that's the deuce of it all."

"And it would be so frightful if the story should get in your American papers," went on Miss Agatha.

"Quite so, quite so," boomed Dr. Clough. "I see just what you mean. It's the only sensible attitude to take. I'll make sure that Manueto doesn't do any talking. Just leave it all to me, Sir Horton. You're quite right. It was all most unfortunate and it would sound—uh—well, exaggerated. And, I'm sure," he tried another chuckle, "you'll not be likely to be bothered with sea serpents in England."

"Quite," said Sir Horton, but, I imagined, with less assurance than before.

Campanile

FRANCES FOX, '38

THE drowsy stillness of the sunbright square
Is broken by a tumult from the tower.
High swung and free, the joyous bells declare
Their vibrant greeting to the azure hour.

In glad chaotic harmony, they ring,
And all of time in tumbling tone is drowned,
And pigeons rise in clouds of whirring wings
To wheel and float upon the surge of sound.

Her Job

JEANNE QUISTGAARD, '38

IT WAS to be her first job. She was going to take the little eight-year-old French girl to walk in the park every day, and speak English with her. That would be easy. She needed the job, for the money, as well as for the self respect it would bring her. She was an American, which was what Monsieur et Madame Girond had stipulated. They wanted some one young and gay and natural, her former teacher had reported. She had found the job and recommended her. She thought she would wear no make-up; would not dress too stylishly (she had a few stylish clothes left), nor poorly, either. She would dress simply, a little masculinely, and would affect a faint, almost unnoticeable touch of assumed negligence. She must not be thought "coquette." It would be easy. She walked confidently down the street, and speculated about her future employers. They were obviously of the modern, "Americanised" Parisians. Otherwise they would have demanded a middle-aged English "Nanny."

Suddenly she was standing in the elevator, having received begrudged instructions from the concierge as to the whereabouts of the Gironds' apartment. As she had opened the door, she smelt again that odour ever-present in the concierges' "loges" in all apartment houses in Paris: the smell of clothes, just washed in chlorine, hung in the steamy atmosphere of two, or at most three, crowded rooms, of which no window was ever opened—even on a day like this—because of the superstitious and cherished fear of the "courant d'air"—even on a day like this. Spring had been announced two or three weeks ago. The chestnut trees along the Champs-Élysées were burgeoning. The number of push-carts at each corner of the wide squares and avenues had doubled—tripled, almost overnight. Narcissi, daffodils were being sold in profusion; "1 franc la botte" and "5 francs les 6." Paris was expanding, and breathing deeply. There was excitement in the air too, a little thrill of anticipation. It was the season of the famed "foires" of Paris: the "foire de Neuilly," the "foire aux Jambons," the "foire aux Pains d'Épices." She would be able to take Madame Girond's little girl to the street fair and ride on the wooden horses with her. She hadn't ridden on them for so long. She remembered the lurid colour of the hussy-pink pull-y candy, and the dirty hands that pulled it.

The elevator was one of those which had remained for two or three decades in the pre-war apartment houses of Paris, unperturbed by the increasing demands for speed. It was the kind of apartment house that is the tradition of the upper

Boulevards: Haussmann, and Malesherbes. Heavy and sombre, with a cold, oppressive stuffiness in summer.

Suddenly she was overcome by fear and a dread which she knew would paralyze her. The coming interview became an insurmountable ordeal. Why was the elevator so slow anyway? It was evil. She had made herself nervous by thinking too much on her way up. One should never think too much. One should be able to plunge into things without planning them beforehand. Her confidence was gone. She felt that her hands were perspiring. Why did the "bonne-à-tout-faire" take so long to answer the door-bell? She felt sure it was a "bonne-à-tout-faire" and she resented her. She hated clammy hands. She remembered that the French people shook hands at every turn. But if they were so traditionally French, they would not deign to shake hands with her; and if they were Americanised to the extent of having lost their snobbery, they must also have lost the superfluous habit of the hand-shake. She had always thought it was so agreeable. She liked the personal contact. But today, she tried to think that they would not extend their hands in greeting. She was being ridiculous. Why did such trivial things get stuck in her brain like that, and go around and around at a time like this?

The salon was cold. The furniture had been covered, as soon as spring was assured, with sober chintz, not faded, but grey. She thought: "They are not Americanised." It looked like a doctor's waiting-room. It was impeccably clean and neat. Heavy, useless gilt vases on ornate mahogany stands, especially built; an upright piano covered with lace; brown family photographs aligned sternly and symmetrically on a desk; a fireplace closed up; heavy moire curtains, then tulle curtains; a "vitrine," of course, placed diagonally in a corner, and full of small bibelots, china, ivory, perhaps a piece of jade, here and there—some of which had been broken and glued together again—she was terrified. Now she hoped she wouldn't get the job! Her feeling of neatness disappeared. She felt ill-groomed in her low-heeled oxfords and sport skirt. She was oppressed by the darkness of the forbidding "grand salon."

"Mademoiselle. . . ." She was ushered into Monsieur's study by the supercilious maid, who, she thought, was gloating over her discomfort. She wished she had even a "bonne's" self-assurance. She felt servile before her. She, who had been used to order her own "bonne" about when she was ten and twelve! . . .

Monsieur was exactly as she had unconsciously pictured him, of the typical "haute bourgeoisie," a man of profession. Florid outside, stern inside. But horrors! There was Madame, sitting upright beside him in a straight-backed chair, in line with him behind his desk. How neat the desk was! He said, "Bonjour, Mademoiselle." . . . Madame nodded, her hands folded on her lap like those of a chastised child. He spoke, and she who had felt so light-hearted but a few minutes ago

answered incoherently, senselessly. Tears rose in her eyes. Damn, she was facing the light. She wondered if Monsieur noticed. "Vous aimez les enfants, Mademoiselle? . . . L'après-midi de deux à quatre. . . ." Her hands were wet by now. He had finished with her. The maid seemed to sense that, and opened the door. Had she been there all the time, mocking her? Monsieur said: "Eh bien! On verra ça." She thought he was laughing at her, she hated him. Madame nodded.

She couldn't wait for the superannuated elevator. She went dizzily around and around down the thickly and sombrely carpeted stairway, with its stained glass windows on each landing, giving on to the sunless "cour." She was out in the air. It was warm and soothing after the cold stone of the dignified and proud building, which had so mercilessly drained her of her energy.

Immediately, her unreasonable fear left her. She was a fool. She observed the happy, busy people passing. At least two-thirds of them had jobs. It was nothing to be afraid of. If she could only walk right in and do it over again! It would be so easy, really easy, this time. She remembered now her unconfessed misgivings before. One must be afraid the first time one does anything, she supposed, and then one is never afraid again. She would try all over again. But what if she got this job? She had completely disgraced herself, weeping, trembling, answering as if she were no more intelligent than Madame Girond's little eight-year-old girl. She wondered if she had appeared as outlandish to them as she had felt she must have. Madame wouldn't frighten her any more; but no, she would be too mortified ever to face them again, who had witnessed her disgrace. She thought: "I will never let mother know." As fervently as she had prayed for the job an hour ago, she prayed that she would not be chosen. She began to think of the "foires" again. Mac was taking her to an American talkie Thursday night. Paris was expanding and breathing deeply. Every face was on the verge of a smile. In winter one's face is tense.

She did not hear from the Gironds. She began to forget about her shame, but when asked, she never told the reason she thought she had not got the job. Weeks later her teacher laughed at her and said: "You remember Monsieur Girond I sent you to? I saw him the other day. He laughed and said that Madame was shocked because you wore no stockings." (She had forgotten that! She had been so used to no stockings, herself!) . . . "He said he liked you . . . thought you were cute, very amusing . . . 'mais, madame Girond, vous savez . . . ' he said and laughed again. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—applying for your first job, and not even dressing properly!" She laughed. The girl laughed too, now. How foolish she had been. How strangely she had distorted and interpreted everything. She liked Monsieur now.

Miniature

SARA B. PARK, '36

IT IS an amethyst evening. Particles of dust reflect the smoky purple of a faded sky. The breathless air is tremulous, filled with fretful murmurings. It glimmers with lights unseen.

Frail branches oppressed with the weight of juicy berries nod gently. A bird cleaves the air with vibrant wing. Skimming darkly with soft whirring sounds, he alights with gyratory flickerings upon the dogwood tree. His painted claws curve fast around the quivering branch, while two leaves circle to the ground and lie there, still, with thin tips curling upward.

Sheltered amongst the foliage, the bird balances upon the bough and ruffles his sleek wing. Darkness and warmth, the hush of dying leaves hung slack from up-turned twigs, are all about him.

The skimmed milk moon floats in a watery void, and astral bodies gleam. One at a time the nebulae appear like shining pin heads in the sky. Pierced through by sudden sharpness of the amiranthine stars, the twilight shimmer falls, and melts in liquid spheres upon the pointed blades of grass.

The cool night air is still—this moment crystal. Now silver tree, and clustered fruit, the frosty drops and sleepy bird are caught, transfixed forever in the memory.

“La Maladie De L’Ideal”

MARCIA LEE ANDERSON, '36

WHEN Henri Frédéric Amiel died in 1881, his friends were left with a sense of deep disappointment. They had expected something from the brilliant and gifted Genevese professor greater than what he had given them. But later, when his *Journal Intime* was found and published by Edmond Scherer, it gave them, not exactly what they had expected, but something of greater value, the mind and spirit of Amiel, and within them, the reasons for his sterility of genius. In his *Journal*, kept over a period of forty years, Amiel appears before the reader as a man of keen mind and sensitive soul. He read widely and was an admirable critic; he had many friends and was a charming conversationalist; he was a professor of philosophy and could follow the most abstract arguments. But he was a man who preferred to be alone. He was intensely fond of Nature and its solitude, and often described it in sentences brimming with love and admiration for all of its manifestations. He was a poet who in his love and beauty escaped the sentimentality of effusiveness by his accurate, observant appreciation. Why, then, with this unique combination of qualities: critic and philosopher, scientist and poet, why did Amiel accomplish nothing in his life, create no memorial of his genius except the *Journal* which is a recreation of himself? The reason, as his friends saw, lies within the *Journal*, where he was an even more stern and understanding critic of himself than of the external world.

He lacked the forceful, the faintly brutal qualities, the strength of will, that would have realized his countless potentialities. He could never settle upon a definite course: the strain of Eastern quietude and contemplation in his soul was in conflict with a Western mind eager for action and expression. So, too, he was unable to reconcile his spiritual love of universal concepts, of infinite and ever-expanding perspectives, with his scholarly interest in the individual and finite particulars of everyday life. He never brought into sharp focus the tremendous intuitions of his soul because he could not confine them to exclusive and distinct ideas. “In my voluntary abandonment to the generality, the universal, the infinite, my particular *ego* evaporates like a drop of water in a furnace; it only condenses itself anew at the return of cold, after enthusiasm has died out and the sense of reality has returned.”

Yet this “reality” was of no use to Amiel except as the suggestion of infinite worlds. How could he reconcile one reality with another? Which should predominate? As an idealist he could not accept the realities of the world as he found it,

as an empiricist he could not accept the world as he envisioned it. The two realms were incompatible. He would like to have said that only the absolute was good, yet he could not deny the actual existence of the individual. He tried to solve the problem by saying, "the ephemeral perceives the eternal," but he knew that he could explain neither.

Thus he lived in a state of perpetual suspension, and consequently one of incurable longing. Forced by his mind to abandon illusion, that only thing which makes human life worth living, which makes purpose seem plausible, his spirit was left with a magnificent melancholy for which he could find no cure. He was, as he himself realized only too well, "the dupe of his own desires." Pervading his *Journal* and his life is a translucent atmosphere of insubstantial visions; yet by the same paradox manifest in every phase of his being, it is an atmosphere of incomparable beauty.

Land of the Midnight Sun

HULDAH CHEEK, '38

AS THE sun rolls around the horizon there is no change on the mountains but the imperceptible shifting of shadows. The sun is like burnished brass—brilliant, cold, and sharing little glory with the indistinct grandeur below. The mountains near are jagged. They are lifeless. Their harsh summits are tortured by tempests and smoothed by snow. The mountains near stretch on, and become mountains in the distance; and those stretch on, and become mountains in infinity. They never end—range on range of useless grand rock. And between two peaks rests a white yacht, on a shining sheet of water. She is an intruder, but no one disturbs her, because there is no one to disturb her. She has never been so alone; for the mountains are more dead than death, and the plate of brass in the sky is just a plate of brass. It is as if the centrifugal force of this familiar earth flung the yacht away, off into space, and now that the flinging force is spent, she has floated down from nowhere to rest on another planet, a planet of unfeeling rock and odd metallic water. She is a self-sufficient fragment of the earth, awed by monotonous, supernatural wonder.

History of the World

G. A. RAYMOND, '38

ONE day a tiny protoplasm
Had a fit, and then a spasm;
Turned around and saw a twin,
Except that brother had a fin.

And that's the way the change began
That finally developed man,
Though *ante* man, were many things,
Beasts that crawled, and beasts with wings.

And now man's come and done a lot
He built up Rome—then let it rot—
He had a war, but missed its lesson,
And now is mired in a depression.

And so, what good is man to us?
He thinks he's big, and makes a fuss.
But we live well, deep in our chasm,
For we're not proud, we're protoplasm.

Romance and Mr. Willby

ELISE LE FEVRE, '38 *

IT WAS in the early days of a remarkably unpromising summer that Mr. Willby came back to Port Lucas. He moved into the little white farmhouse that had stood empty since his wife's tragic death, and we found out from the keeper of the main store, who was also our mailman and general purveyor of news, that he had ordered the Times for weekends and holidays until November. This fact lent an undeniable air of finality to his presence, and relieved us greatly.

Fran and I were thrilled. With that uncanny ability girls possess for hearing things not intended for their young ears, we had long ago gleaned the story of Rose. She had never, so it seemed, "belonged" in Port Lucas. The tale of her restless unhappiness, of her growing hatred for the little house, of the Other Man who had come so disastrously into her life, and finally of her death by her own hand, was one than fell strangely from the smooth lips of the capable Port Lucas matrons.

And now, after ten years, her husband had come back again to the scene of such turbulent memories. The situation, as Fran and I were quick to see, held infinite possibilities. We spent hours of delighted and excited speculation upon it. Rose Willby had been our most cherished heroine since "East Lynne" had opened our eyes to the real romance of her history. After that we could see clearly just how our stuffy small town must have choked her aspiring spirit. We were sure, also, that Mr. Willby must have helped considerably in the sad business of hurrying her to her grave. In our eyes he was the embodiment of the "East Lynne" husband, and as such was unquestionably to be condemned. Yet the fact of his coming back, doubtless to grieve and repent at the spot of his bereavement, was distinctly in his favor. If—Fran pointed out this delightful possibility—he should pine and die of his remorse, it would be just terribly romantic, and in our secret hearts I am sure that we would have absolved him freely.

We got something of a shock when we finally did see him. He didn't look exactly like our ideal of a grieving husband. He didn't, indeed, look like an ideal of anything. Hair of a shade undoubtedly "mousey" clung starkly to his unextraordinary head, which in turn seemed not very well fitted to shoulders of an appalling lack of width. I was distinctly dashed, but Fran, ever resourceful, found a way to save our dream. Fresh from an onslaught of Stevenson, she revealed to my enchanted eyes the marvelous Jekyll-and-Hyde possibilities of the man. After that we used to watch his smallest gestures avidly, and we found a significance in them

that would certainly have been lost on the ordinary observer. It made us feel much happier.

As the summer wore on, however, we laboured under an increasing strain. It is not easy to maintain on a pedestal of romantic aloofness a man who daily greets you with the cheery frankness of a friendly brown spaniel. The town pronounced him a "good man," and as he persistently did nothing even faintly suggestive of a breaking heart, we found ourselves slowly being forced to accept this—for us—horrible condemnation.

But it wasn't until the garden incident that we gave him up entirely. He had come upon us one day, lost in dreams, in his garden, where we knew Rose had been wont to spend the greater part of her days. Palpitating delightedly, we waited for an outburst, and our feelings can readily be imagined when this outburst took the form of a pleased welcome and an invitation to come in for tea and cookies. That tea was the final disillusionment. Not by any stretching of the imagination, not by the most rigorous application of Jekyll-Hyde phenomena, could one possibly associate our happy little host, chatting fondly of the art of chicken-raising, with romance in any of her guises or disguises. We had, at last, to admit defeat.

Fran went away early that year, scorn of him still in her eyes when she passed Mr. Willby's house for the last time. I, too, felt that he had failed us signally, but you couldn't keep on being bitter towards such a determinedly friendly and entirely unsuspecting culprit. Also, loneliness is a great leveller, and when the last summer people drifted away with the falling leaves, I began to feel its chill touch. Very gradually, and without my knowing just how it came about, I used to drop in regularly for tea and cookies with Mr. Willby. At first I felt quite badly about it, thoroughly disloyal to Fran and to romance, the two having become somehow blurred in my mind. But soon I ceased to think of either very much. Sitting before the fire listening to Mr. Willby's patient voice (sometimes he would talk of Rose, calling her a "purty little thing," in a manner so gentle, so forgiving and so thoroughly unromantic that I knew Fran would have been horrified) I used to have strange thoughts. Once I caught myself thinking how much more comfortable it would be to have someone like Mr. Willby for a husband than a dream hero. Another time I remember thinking that Rose must have been terribly selfish, and that undoubtedly Mr. Willby had had much to endure from her. There was surprisingly a vague, indefinite something about him that made mediocrity attractive, even—even rather fine!

The news of Mr. Willby's death shook me more than I would have thought possible. He had died, as he lived, quietly and without offense, the instrument of his taking off being a ruptured appendix. I remembered with a pang the extrava-

gant death Fran and I had planned for him a few short months before. I could see that she would regard this humble departure from the world as Mr. Willby's last gesture of defiance to romance. Yes, I could hear exactly what she would say. And I was extraordinarily thankful that she wasn't there to say it.

Tragic Conflict on the Bryn Mawr Stage: ii

TUMULT WITHIN

GERTRUDE LEIGHTON, '38

I AGREE with Miss Kidder that the situation in regard to dramatics at Bryn Mawr is difficult. But I do not think the evils of the situation are as widespread as she would have us believe. The majority of people interested in plays at Bryn Mawr are not serious students of dramatics; they have no intention of becoming professionals. They take part in the plays for the amusement and companionship which they will get from them. Contrary to Miss Kidder's views, to the majority the annual excitement over the fall play, *is* recreation, although I admit it is of a particularly strenuous kind. I do not believe these people are acting in college plays because they wish to gain experience or to acquire "self confidence and poise" or "practice in handling people." They are doing it because it is a change from college work and they enjoy the excitement of showing off in the most delightful of all ways.

There are a few people, however, who do suffer all the inconveniences of cramped ambitions and pressure of time, whose cause Miss Kidder has championed most effectively. My argument is that the number of these persons is so small that it does not warrant the alarmingly drastic changes which Miss Kidder suggests. The college is not filled with talented potential actresses who are clamoring for more time to work on "laboratory" and "professional" plays and are endeavouring to gain an academic education as well. If it were, the ill-success (which Miss Kidder rightly deplores) of plays given lately at Bryn Mawr, would not concern us. The plays would then be excellent. But our difficulties would lie in an academic direction because the "peculiar frenzy" to which Miss Wyckoff refers, would rule the college whether the curriculum committee approved or not. This is not the case, however, and rightly so, because I see no reason why dramatics any more than music, should be allowed to run wild in an academic institution.

If we agree that the majority of the dramatic element in the college is interested chiefly in the recreational side of dramatics and that a very small proportion is vitally interested in experimental dramatics, how are we to provide some kind of plan for

improving the standard of Bryn Mawr productions? The question of time concerns both factions but it concerns the "recreationalists" less seriously. There is actually sufficient time in a college semester to produce a good play. Miss Kidder says thirty hours is the professional time allotted to rehearsing. If the players gave four hours of every weekend for eight weeks, a good play could be produced in that time, and I feel sure academic work would not suffer from it. The argument against this is that the players will grow stale. I have seen and acted in plays in which this prolonged method of rehearsing was used. I believe if logically and quietly carried out it is better than the hurried and frenzied scramble which usually accompanies a three-week production and which reduces the players to a state of hysteria. I have seen several plays at Bryn Mawr, and I have never once seen any signs of staleness in the acting, but all too frequently there has been a lack of confidence and an insecurity which could have been overcome if the players had been familiar with the play and with their parts for a longer period of time.

The time question is much more difficult with the "experimentalists." Because they are so interested in the whole production of the play, it becomes humanly impossible to confine thought and energy to a mere four hours a week. Brilliant ideas, notions, and corrections come continually in to the mind. While the play is in the air, so to speak, nothing else matters. It is this mental attitude which makes the balance between the play and academic work practically impossible. For these people there is no remedy, except to choose between theatrical work and academic work. Possibly some may endure an equivocal position between the two. But it seems to me unreasonable to require the college to change its ways because a few who have been courageous enough to attempt the impossible, are finding it difficult.

I would suggest then, for the improvement of the standard of productions, a longer and more leisurely period in which to prepare the play. But I would also like to point out that, contrary to Miss Kidder's opinion, an unsympathetic Bryn Mawr audience *is*, on occasion, a good excuse for the failure of the play. I refer to the dance. If we are always to have a dance after our main play of the year, we are confined to producing only one type of play. That is the light, farcical type. The atmosphere is one of gaiety and festivity and unless we produce a play which fits in with this atmosphere, it will be a failure. I suggest, then, that the dance should not be held after the fall play, except when the dramatic board feels the play would be enhanced by it.

I firmly maintain that dramatics at Bryn Mawr are quite possible for the majority on the present basis, provided the time given to the productions is properly organized over a period of several months. Half the success of a play depends upon those leisurely hours spent in discussing the interpretation and character of

the parts, long before any attempt is made to act them out. This cannot be done in a few weeks. And, therefore, the majority, the "recreationalists," must be willing to plan their time over rather a long period. As for the "experimentalists," they will always give the play its necessary spark of genius, but we would ask them to keep their enthusiasm within bounds and not to over-excite the rest of the players. As soon as both divisions of those interested in dramatics at Bryn Mawr realize that a polished play is not the result of a single frenzy, but of constant effort over a long period of time, the standard of play production will improve. A good play is quietly done.

Book Reviews

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL, BY T. S. ELIOT

A POEM written for dramatic production may bear the stamp of the poet's former work in the turn of thought and phrase, but its necessary form, and, in this case, the presentation of an historical incident, force him to shape his material in a rather more conventional and a less obviously personal manner. The interpretation of action and character, and the flavor of the poetry may be his own but there must be a certain yielding to stage convention and the perceptions of an audience. *Murder in the Cathedral* is T. S. Eliot's second published work of this kind and as it is quite successful in the reading, it should be more so in the production.

The tale of Archbishop Thomas Becket's homecoming from France following an exile of seven years, and his murder shortly afterwards in Canterbury Cathedral needs no retelling. It is a dramatic episode of the first order and Eliot has treated it as such, first, in itself alone and then as the subject of a poetic dissertation on all martyrdom. All the circumstances and characters attendant upon a martyrdom are present: the persecuted saint, his brothers of the church, his oppressors, his various temptations, all personified, and his humble congregation, here brought into the scene as a tragic chorus of the women of Canterbury. There are also the undercurrents of mistrust and bitterness, ambition and intrigue, blind faith and resignation woven throughout the poem vigorously and simply and bringing the action to its swift, inevitable conclusion. From the opening lines of the chorus, "Here let us stand, close by the cathedral. Here let us wait," when a portentous atmosphere is immediately established, until the liturgical ending, accompanied by a *Te Deum*, the progression of events is broken only by an interlude in which the Archbishop delivers a brief sermon to his congregation on martyrdom and hints at the approach of his own death.

It is rather difficult to compare *Murder in the Cathedral* with any of T. S. Eliot's former poems; there is disparity both in the form and the actual quality of the poetry. This difference may be attributed to the poem and the fact that it is intended to be a pageant, but even in the choruses, which are supplementary to the action, and in which it would be possible for the poet to show his scope, there is not the same richness of symbolism and suggestion which is found in *Ash Wednesday* and *The Waste Land*. There is not so much weaving of impression and mood. There are few literary references. The atmosphere is strongly felt from the beginning, and its surface remains smooth and is never dented by the intrusion of an obscure mood

or a new theme. In the second part of the poem, the three knights who committed the murder explain their action in plain and sudden prose which admits of no subtle perception or hair-balanced mood. Such plain-speaking, found in none of T. S. Eliot's former works, is characteristic of the whole poem, and because of this, it has perhaps not their importance. Its chief value is not as a poem but as a pageant.

BARBARA MERCHANT.

THE ASIATICS ; BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

The Asiatics is the first novel of Frederic Prokosch. It is a fictitious account of the incidents and coincidences which befell the author on a trip which started in Beirut and ended in China. It is concerned not with the geography but with the people he met on the way.

The purpose of the book is to present the oriental and the occidental philosophies and the conflict between the two ; the conflict between the eastern people and their philosophy, and the western people and theirs. He tries to show the effect on people whom he meets of the oriental longing for a sense of balance undisturbed by desire. The young ones, some of them, were seeking feverishly for something in life and not finding it. One of them, a maharaja in his teens who had never looked for anything in life, was tragically despondent. The old ones who had accepted their philosophy were waiting for death.

The occidentals struggle against destiny. They try to pull something out of life which will give it and them significance. In the end they fail. There is de Hahn, the Dutchman, who loved picnics and the milk of human kindness. He wants to know and to love men, but he finds that he can never know a man. A soul is always isolated. He wants to know and forgive the weaknesses in another. He cannot. If he finds a weakness in another's character, the other, feeling ashamed, dislikes him. Hahn died admitting that there was nothing desirable in life.

The interest lies not so much in the philosophies presented, as in the account of their emotional importance to the different characters.

The story as an adventure is exciting and dramatic. The author rarely has any money. No sooner does he earn some than he is robbed. Consequently his progress is punctuated with the sundry incidents which attend the penniless adventurer in his wanderings through an unfamiliar land. The drama depends on the skillfully built up coincidences which symbolize destiny.

The best quality about the book is not its subject matter nor its dramatic situations but the style in which it is written. The book is a series of vivid descriptions. There is no plot, nothing to hold the book together but the almost

forced coincidence of the author's meeting first one and then the other person whom he had first known somewhere else. He has sympathy for his characters and the perception of a poet. He uses imagery and metaphors a great deal. His perception of smell, sound, colour, and form is good. Describing the Bay of Bengal, he calls it "a big deep unemphatic piece of water. . . . And upon it, like fallen blossoms, the ships in the sunlight. . . ." "The fog lay over the path like a web catching the moonlight as if it were melting snow." "I sat . . . ; listening to the bubbling noises belched up by the jungle river at my side." "I saw him . . . waddling down the shrieking street . . . the hot smells rising from the road."

In spite of the obvious philosophy and the boring and repetitious accounts of sexual adventures, this book will be read for its poetic and descriptive value.

AUGUSTA ARNOLD.

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April, 1936

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Editorial

THERE is a tendency on the campus at the moment which seems to some of us rather alarming. The one thing about Bryn Mawr which has always appeared to distinguish it from most other American colleges has been its adherence to a curriculum of strictly academic work. In a time like the present, with its changing theories of education, there are many persons who feel that this restriction is a mistake, that the traditional curriculum of the liberal arts college must be expanded if college education is to have the fullest possible significance in the modern era.

But, and we say it in all the humility of our ignorance, if this change is to take place at Bryn Mawr, it is a matter of absolute necessity that it come about with some realization of its fundamental importance. If the college is to re-orient itself its entire scheme of teaching must be changed. It will not be sufficient to introduce a few new courses, as a concession to the modern temper, and cling, for the rest, to the traditional curriculum. The result, if this should come about, would be heterogeneous and confused in the extreme.

Those who desire the addition of practical work in the arts to the Bryn Mawr curriculum do not seem to us to realize what it is they are asking. They do not apparently foresee the muddle which we believe would result if they gained their requests. For such courses, while undoubtedly valuable in themselves, are not by their nature academic, and would create, by their presence in the curriculum, a Janus-headed college, facing two ways at once. There are few, if any, among their supporters, who voice the demand for a sweeping departure from tradition which would seem to us their only consistent position.

Some of us feel that this departure is not desirable, that even today a purely academic education has its value, that perhaps it is more than ever valuable today. But we should all have less quarrel with the advocates of courses in art and dramatics if they realized the full implication of their desires.

Every Door Has Two Sides

ELIZABETH BOWLES

(This is a reprint from SHOP AND SCHOOL, the magazine of the Summer School for Women Workers in Industry.)

WHAT I saw before me,
Filled me with contempt.
Was it envy, or inferiority,
Or was it just surprise?
How strange, I thought,
What pulse had stopped?
The throbbing of machines,
The yells of lot boys, I listened again,
For the mill rhythm
To which I worked.
The throbbing was gone,
The yells were gone.
Ah! The muffled thud, that was it,
The thud, I felt against my foot.
As the door swung shut behind me,
Shutting me off from the factory corridor.
That was it.
What I saw before me,
Was a color study,
A study in immaculate ivory,
Rich mahogany, and moss green,
Interspersed with heads.
Bald heads, ugly heads,
Marcelled and pretty heads.
Underneath my feet,
Was green carpet,
Soft green carpet
Running over the steps
Down to the street entrance
Like a brook
Running over moss covered rocks.

Typewriter keys babbled and tapped.
Down the middle of the steps
Ran a shiny brass rail,
Reflecting the lights
In the high white ceiling,
Two steps to the paymaster's cage.
I asked for my time.
He didn't want to know my name.
"What's your clock number?" was all he said
And pushed my envelope through the wire.
"Thanks," I said—peanuts for the monkey.
I turned to retrace my steps.
A smartly dressed stenog.
Crossed in front of me
And went in a door marked "Private."
I reached the door
Through which I had come
Just a minute before.
The glass knob yielded, and
I was back in the factory corridor.
The muffled thud,
I looked back, the door was grey,
Offset by a worn tin knob.
The maddening yells of lot boys
Pierced my ears again.
The monotonous throbbing of machines
Sounded like hammers on my brain.
I turned to go.
What I saw before me
Was a color study
Not a study in ivory,
Mahogany and green,
But one of colorless grey.
Before I reached the steps
An operator
Wearing a faded smock
Crossed in front of me
And entered a door marked "First Aid."

Would girls ever stop
Sewing needles through their fingers?
I could almost hear the nurse say it,
As I walked down the four steps
To the street entrance.
There was no green moss carpet,
No shiny brass rail,
To slide my hand along.
I stepped out the door,
And up the street.
Wondering—
Why in the hell I thanked him
When the money was mine.

Miss Pringle

LETITIA BROWN, '38

MISS Pringle shook the sticky hand of her last pupil with a sigh of relief. Having to listen to laborious waltzes and spasmodic gavottes for two hours had taxed the poor teacher's patience to the last degree. Usually she did not object to recitals but thought the brave attempts of the children to play for one another very appealing. Today, it had been different because Miss Pringle was nervous and excited. Though her meek face and the pale eyes that blinked behind a pair of silver rimmed glasses gave no sign of this state of unrest, there was a letter tucked in the pocket of her brown shirtwaist, that caused her heart to beat with unusual rapidity.

"It isn't just because the letter's from a man," Miss Pringle assured herself as she re-arranged some piles of music on the piano. Indeed, she had often corresponded with widowed fathers concerning little Alice's reluctance to count or Master Robert's tendency to be profane. Then there was cousin Theodore, the violinist, who wrote her continually about his ambitions and his failure to achieve them. But this letter was from Richard Whiting whom she hadn't seen or heard from for ten years. During that time, he had published two biographies and become well known in the literary world. Now, he had written her a note announcing that, if it were convenient, he would like to pay her a call on that very afternoon.

Of course it was perfectly convenient because Miss Pringle had no engagements. Nevertheless, she rather resented such a short notice; after all, cousin Theodore might have planned to stop off on his way to Maine and take her to "the pictures." For a moment, she wished that this had happened. The thought of confronting the handsome but arrogant author in less than an hour filled her with dread. In agitation, she looked about the room hoping some detail would distract her attention from the prospects of the approaching call. But the faded rug, the lamp shades with their scorched fringes, and even her beloved composers that hung in dignified rows on the walls, all failed to offer any diversion. The room seemed so stifling that it gave Miss Pringle a queer feeling of being trapped. She opened the window and leaned against the sill. The damp breeze that began to ruffle the gray curtains refreshed and soothed her.

As Miss Pringle stood there, the memories of the past gradually came back and drove away her present discomfort. Feeling rather romantic, she began to reminisce about the days when Mr. Whiting, then a young writer of high aspiration, had lived in the apartment above hers. He had been settled in his rooms for quite a long time before Miss Pringle had made his acquaintance. Their first meeting took place in the old-fashioned elevator, which was so small and intimate that conversation was unavoidable. Mr. Whiting had been the first to make a remark.

"Rather like a perpendicular coffin, isn't it?"

Miss Pringle had felt too much like a corpse to be able to reply. He didn't seem to mind this silence because before the elevator reached her floor, he invited her to tea. Tingling from head to foot, she had managed to breathe an acceptance. Even now, to remember this incident made Miss Pringle feel a little giddy. At the time, she had harbored a coquettish desire to telephone Cousin Theodore and tell him (although she knew he had no intentions of coming to town) that she wouldn't be at home.

This new friendship, as Miss Pringle liked to call it, which had progressed through various meetings in "the perpendicular coffin" and occasional teas, was cut short when Mr. Whiting procured a job as book critic for a newspaper in New York. Two days before he left, he had told her about his plans. Miss Pringle remembered the day very well. They were having tea together one spring afternoon late in May. She was dressed in blue dotted muslin and wore a white hat, and white shoes and stockings. Mr. Whiting began the conversation by expressing his intense dislike for white stockings.

"Other people seem to like them," Miss Pringle had said, feeling a little hurt.

"Cousin Theodore, I suppose," he had said with a touch of scorn in his voice. Miss Pringle could only nod in reply.

"Well, that's the trouble with them," he concluded with his usual frankness.

Miss Pringle remembered with a glow of pride, how at that moment, her woman's intuition warned her that Mr. Whiting was jealous. She had meant to change the subject, but before she had time to do so, he had announced his intention of moving to New York. Rather taken aback by this surprising news, she had tried to collect herself and make some congratulatory remark. This was unnecessary, however, because Mr. Whiting continued, as he usually did, to carry on a disjointed monologue.

"This may be the first step on my road to success. I'll have to work hard. There's no point in a man's settling down until he's realized some of his ambitions. Five or ten years from now, I may be famous—perhaps you'll be famous too if you keep on studying that tiddly-pom stuff."

That he should mention her work had made Miss Pringle feel very happy. She was then studying counter-point and planning to be a composer. In fact, she wanted to tell him that she had just completed a song to spring, but he was still too preoccupied with his thoughts.

"Yes, after eight or ten years, I'll probably marry some beautiful girl with milk and water ideals about authors. Maybe I'll come back here. I suppose by then you will have decided to devote the rest of your life to tuning cousin Theodore's violin."

Miss Pringle had not dared to protest because she feared that Mr. Whiting would propose. He had already begun to call her Ethel. In spite of these alarming signs, he took his departure without having made any further advances, and thereby allowed her to return to her usual placid frame of mind. After a little while, Mr. Whiting was canonized among the pleasant recollections that filled the neat pages of Miss Pringle's diary.

Any peace of mind that the music teacher might have created during this reverie was completely shattered when she realized that Mr. Whiting was not a pleasant recollection but a prospective caller. She began to make a restless tour of the room, pausing now and then to brush some imaginary dust off the piano or to straighten out a wrinkle in the rug. It was almost time for Mr. Whiting to come. She wondered if he had married "some beautiful girl" or whether—Miss Pringle could go no further but stood very still and held her breath. Suddenly, the whole situation became quite clear. He was coming that afternoon to ask her to become his wife. There could be no other possible explanation for his sudden desire to see her. Added to this, he had signed his letter "*à bientôt*" and that might mean almost anything.

"What would Cousin Theodore say?" Miss Pringle asked herself over and over again. Supposing she were to say to him that she was about to become

Mrs. Richard Whiting? Probably his glasses would steam up as they always did in moments of stress. Of course, she had no intentions of marrying Mr. Whiting, but the idea of being called upon to make a refusal made her decidedly nervous. Realizing that she must calm herself, Miss Pringle tried to think of something she might do until the bell should ring announcing the arrival of her guest. Taking a copy of the "Third Solo Book" out of a black leather music case, she opened it to the "Running Brook." Then with great care she began to mark in the expression as well as the directions for pedalling.

There was nothing very startling about Mr. Whiting's arrival. Except for the fact that a moustache now hovered over his small mouth, he had changed very little. As she regarded him, Miss Pringle thought he looked taller than ever in his well tailored suit, and feared that he would not find either of her straight-backed chairs very comfortable. As a matter of fact, he chose to sit on the piano stool and lean against the piano. Any uneasiness that she might have felt about making conversation was quickly relieved because Mr. Whiting started off in his usual rambling fashion. First, he explained why he had come. It appealed to him to return to the place from which he had started so that he might see how far he had gone.

"Rather a nice gesture, you know," he continued. "I'm quite a sentimentalist. I've always been attracted to village church yards, old scenes, old faces, and that sort of thing."

Miss Pringle listened in rapt attention. She was touched by Mr. Whiting's sentiments and felt more relieved than hurt by his apparent lack of interest in anything she might have to say. As the conversation progressed, she felt more and more at ease. Then, quite unexpectedly, her guest interrupted his idle chatter and said,

"You know, I think you ought to get married."

Miss Pringle sat up very straight and blinked her eyes. Having forgotten all about the possibility of his proposing, she was completely dumbfounded. The problem of refusing this famous author proved to be just as terrifying as the prospect of marrying him. Fearing an awkward silence, she tried to collect her bewildered thoughts and find something to say. To her surprise, Mr. Whiting continued speaking.

"Yes, there's no doubt about it; marriage is an excellent thing. It's done me a world of good."

Miss Pringle had a queer sensation that she was standing in the middle of a street, and that buildings were falling down all about her. Perhaps she would be crushed, but it wouldn't matter because Mr. Whiting would go on talking.

She was too dazed to say anything so she adjusted her glasses and tried to look alert. He paused a moment to light a cigarette.

"Is she beautiful?" Miss Pringle asked mechanically.

"Oh, yes indeed—glamorous! She's very dark and most vivacious."

The rest of the call was entirely devoted to Mr. Whiting's account of his wife. He explained where he met her, when he married her, and why there was no one like her. Miss Pringle could grasp nothing of this discourse except for a few disconnected superlatives about Eleanor's looks, her talents, and her humor.

She didn't know how long she remained sitting in the chair by the window after Mr. Whiting had left. She had a vague recollection of having said good-bye to him. He had said something about autographing a book for her. The words beautiful, glamorous, and graceful were still running through her head. They seemed like so many buzzing flies. Hoping to escape them, Miss Pringle got up and started to walk about. She stopped in front of the mahogany mirror and looked at her reflection. After standing there a while, she took off her glasses. When she saw the red rim that they had made on the bridge of her nose, she burst into tears.

Miss Pringle continued to weep for a long time until gradually Mr. Whiting's image faded into the past and took its place, once more, among the pleasing recollections of her diary.

Constancy

(IN THE CAVALIER FASHION)

ELIZABETH D. LYLE, '37

THOUGH silver as the moon, my love,
Your beauty shines; and though your eyes
Have stolen all her crystal light,
Pray, be not like her otherwise.

Her fairness is your own; then leave
To other ladies of the land
Their share in her: her fretful change.
You constant as the zenith stand.

Yea, be you constant, though this mean
Your constancy be cruel too,
Your ears turned ever from my vows,
Your eyes disdaining mine that woo.

For I am sick of wasting pain
And fruitless love, and so to you
I send my resignation, but
Be steadfast, love, reject this too.

Proletarian Literature, The Expression of a New Faith

NAOMI COPLIN, '38

SINCE the World War, and the Russian Revolution, a new form of writing has developed,—proletarian literature. Of course, long before the war, books were written that were sympathetic to the workers, and even understanding; but these were exceptions. It is only in about the last fifteen years that this type has assumed a definite organization and general style, and has spread through all fields of literature. Indeed, much of the writing, and most of the good work has been done since the depression. Altogether, there are the theoretical writings of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, and Strachey; there are a few plays like "Waiting for Lefty," "Stevedore," "Till the Day I Die," "Sailors of Cattaro," and "The Black Pit;" there is very little poetry. A good poem may be found here and there, but proletarian poetry has not taken an organized form, and unless one is willing to class Spender and Auden and Day Lewis as poets of the proletariat, there are no consistently good poets. Finally, there is the novel. Since, obviously, all of this could not possibly be treated in a paper of this type, except very superficially, I shall discuss, rather, the form of proletarian literature that I feel is most representative, and, at this time, most developed mechanically and artistically. This, I believe, is the novel. Moreover, though we must realize that proletarian literature is being written in all countries, I shall deal with only the American proletarian novel because I believe that we will understand best the problems of our own workers.

First, we should get our definition of proletarian literature. Proletarian literature, I believe, is written from the worker's point of view, entirely and intelligently sympathetic to the workers, and resulting, in the reader, in thought and action favorable to the worker. This does not mean that the books must be full of class-conscious workers, spouting Marx and the Communist Manifesto. It does mean this, though, a proletarian novel must leave you with more definite and clearer ideas about the problems of the working class, and it must either give you the solution to these problems, or force you to think of it. It cannot be merely sympathetic, nor can it be proletarian by being about workers. It must present the workers' problems as they see them, and solve them, not from above, or from the midst of Plato, but in view only of the workers' needs. It can be about any subject, so long as it is presented from this point of view, but

because it is easier to present the arguments directly, instead of by reasoning back to them, the usual subjects are factory, farm, strike, unemployed, or childhood or youth in the slums.

It is the very fact that this class of writing is not primarily literature, but sermonizing, awakening, teaching, prodding to action, that makes it so hard to criticise. No author could write a proletarian novel for the money in it, or the sheer pleasure of writing it. Nothing is farther from proletarian literature than "art for art's sake." The writer is not out to air his manner or his style, but, rather, to get across an idea, to convince somebody of something concerning the struggles of the working class, to start him thinking, reasoning it out with himself, and thus to convince him. In writing, as in all revolutionary art, as in their music, and the dance, their method of work is, develop the idea, and the technique will take care of itself. Therefore, though each of these authors certainly has a definite style, each some very good points in his technique, and some very bad, it is somehow foolish and futile to discuss them. Of course, one could say that in *Babouk*, Guy Endore uses irony—perhaps I should say, sarcasm—not subtly, but with telling effect; and that he builds up his climax with great might, and almost breath-taking force, by a style that leaps and grows like a mountainous breaker. We can say of William Rollins, Jr., in *The Shadow Before*, that he shows exceptional ability in handling words, and in giving pictures. We can say that Erskine Caldwell obviously has the ability to handle straight narrative, or that Edward Newhouse's style is like Hemingway's. But all this, when you are talking about proletarian literature, is drivel, meaningless words, if you do not recognize it for what it is, only a tool to achieve the ultimate ends of the author. Therefore, it can be discussed only in relation to the author's purpose, if and how it does or does not achieve its ends, and why.

There are certain general traditions in the proletarian novel, both in form and in thought, that bind the works together in a class, and are developing as the literature matures. First, a proletarian novel can *never* be defeatist. Though it may portray the worst conditions, and the worst sort of people; though the characters may be martyred, and the strike lost, still the author's attitude, and the general atmosphere of the book must be constructive. It must chant victory, organized power, gained knowledge, gained solutions, if not for the characters, for the reader. It must have a consciousness of general problems, all-important over individual, petty trials, and successes, worries and philosophies. It is the lack of this that keeps Malraux's *Man's Fate*, and London's *Valley of the Moon* from being proletarian novels. Then, the language is generally concise. It may be descriptive, but even in this each word carries a double load. There must

be no sentence without point, no word wasted. Only in the poorest of novels, such as *The Road*, by George Marlen, do you find this flaw. Here, the first few pages are superfluous. Gene lies under a tree. The sky is blue. The grass is green. A bird sings on a bough. All this is bad writing, somewhat in the style of a sophomore in high school. The whole first part of the love story is absolutely unnecessary. The whole book is extremely immature. It contains not only class-conscious workers that own complete sets of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, but also working-class conscious daughters of capitalists. [Vera, who becomes Gene's wife, and an active Socialist, before the war, and after the war, an active Communist.] The characters are not only subordinate to the plot, they don't exist. Indeed, the plot doesn't exist. There is merely an excuse for a plot, on which is hung straight, statistical propaganda. That work is good. Perhaps it is because so few authors have the art of making statistics, and history, and the evolution of the physical and economic worlds vital, that they are developing a subtle, more refined technique of propagandising. Marlen, however, manages to make the story of the first boss interesting, good writing. The doctor's long dissertation on the use of dope didn't sound like an encyclopædia, or leave the same lack of effect. His data become horribly alive, but not with the impressive importance of a magazine article, either. Also, in Robin's studio, when each man tells of the great revolution of his country, it all becomes burningly personal and alive. The best writing in the book, I feel, is Ducasse's story of the French Revolution, and the Paris Commune of 1871. But only in these spots I have mentioned do you forget that you are reading a book, rather poorly written, whose characters are annihilated before the importance of the idea. Of course, one of the fundamental principles of the proletarian novel is that the author, character, plot, style—all must be subordinated to the presentation of a class problem, a world problem. However, the authors have discovered that this does not forbid the characters to be human beings, and the plot to be plausible and vitally moving. Therefore, the characters in proletarian novels are growing into well-conceived, well-developed individuals, and the plots are of more importance, and are handled more artistically. In other words, the books are becoming less like pamphlets and more like novels. The authors have learned that if they wish to use the novel as their tool, to express their idea, they cannot use pamphleteering methods. They also realise, however, that because the end of this writing is so different from that of any previous novelists, their books will be fundamentally as well as superficially different from the novels of the past. Next, I suppose partly because the characters are more or less subordinate to the idea, characters are not created to be loved or hated for some special virtue or vice.

In fact, I have yet to find a "hateable" character in any proletarian novel. The point of view from which the author writes forbids it. Rather, he makes us conscious of the hateful conditions that created those perverted, ugly, repulsive characters. Finally, the author's work is to express and clarify for the people, the life and feelings and ideas of the people. He may not present a situation as his mood desires, nor may he present what he would like his people to think, or what he thinks they think. He may not place his characters in a situation that will work out to his liking; he must leave them in the one where circumstance placed them, and he may not change the course of action for the pleasure of a happy or sad ending. He may not philosophize, or shift scenery, add or take away meaning to or from a situation. The stage is set. All he can do is adjust the lens, and operate the camera. Even the angle of the camera is decided for him. In other words, the author is no longer the inventor; he is a scribe, taking down exactly what the people have told him. He is no longer the composer of his own symphonies; he is a transcriber of folk music. He must be more than a historian, because he is not trying to be impartial, to record fact merely, but to picture human affairs with an end in view, that of gaining sympathy for the working class. Therefore, because he may not make the characters dominant, neither may he make himself and his ideas the most important thing in his books, but may use himself only as a tool and his ability only as a mode of expression, towards a larger, more comprehensive goal.

All these qualities—subordination of character and author to idea and end, absence of verbiage, development of a fundamental atmosphere of strength, progress, and victory—you will find in any good proletarian novel, as well as many other qualities found in any good novel. In *Jews Without Money*, a novel by Michael Gold, for example, the language is always strikingly simple. The book itself is autobiography in which the man is not so much important in himself, as he is important as a representative of the class to which he belongs. The story is very simple—it is the struggle of a child to grow in the overwhelming ugliness of the East Side. When he tells the stories of the prostitutes, when he describes the children's horrible experience with the pervert, he has material all too capable of melodrama. But he chooses rather to tell his story quietly and naturally. He lets the power of it, and the strength of it, make their own impression on us, and does not try to add to its strength by too vividly descriptive and emotional language. He does this, not because he does not know how to use words. Only think of: "It is said that the dawn is beautiful, but where? On the roof nobody loved that hour when the feverglow appeared on the pale sky, as on a consumptive's cheek." - The same thing has

been described hundreds of times before. Mike Gold had many clichés to choose from; but he managed to be arrestingly original in his choice of metaphor.

The characters Gold creates are amazingly sympathetic. He is writing about misery—misery he himself lived in. It would be so easy for him to be cruel, bitter, harshly to probe people's rotten souls. Instead, he shows you the conditions that make them as they are. He is not trying to create hatred. Neither is he trying to create pity, that inexcusable emotion. At the end of the book you look back, and find love and compassion for even the worst characters. You do not hate Mr. Zunzer, the landlord, after Dr. Solow has told you his story. You never hate the prostitutes, or characters like Mary Sugar Bum—always drunk, finally frozen to death. And though you are extremely disgusted, even made sick, you do not hate even Reb Moisha, cruel, filthy teacher of the "Chaider" where Mike was sent, or Fifka the Miser, or the rotting corpse of a pervert that Mike and Joey Cohen meet, and with whom they have their first horrible experience. He creates, too, beautiful characters, with wonderful tenderness. He says of Reb Samuel, the Chassid: "Tall, frail, austere, there was a dignity about Reb Samuel that made every one respect him. His face, white as Siberian snow, with beard as white, was as pure and solemn as a child's. It was transparent as if he never ate. His large blue eyes were calm with spiritual certainties. He had that air of grandeur that surrounds so many old pious Jews. The world can move them no longer; they have seen and suffered all." More pictures come, more pictures of suffering humanity: Mrs. Rosenbaum, the grocery store keeper, who could not refuse her hungry neighbors food; the Italian woman who made Mrs. Gold a shawl; the prostitutes—Rose, and Susie, and Masha, the blind Russian girl; Mikey's Aunt Lena, beautiful little peasant immigrant; young Dr. Solow, who is too human and too honest ever to become prosperous; Mr. Gold, dreamer and teller of stories; Louis One Eye, made criminal as well as half blind by a reformatory; Mechel's little sister, happy, working child, killed by a truck; Mrs. O'Brien and her crippled son, Johnny; Nigger, leader of Mike's gang; Mike's mother, of whom he paints, I think, the most wonderful picture of all. It is of her he says: "Mother! Momma! I am still bound to you by the cords of birth. I cannot forget you. I must remain faithful to the poor because I cannot be faithless to you! I believe in the poor because I have known you. The world must be made gracious for the poor! Momma, you taught me that!" All through the book there is a feeling of a change, a feeling that all this misery and filth is not a necessary part of the world, that the East Side as it is today is not eternal, but that it can and will be changed. That is why Gold shows you the supreme strength and leadership of Nigger, and lets you feel that they need not have turned the boy into a gangster. That is why he wrote the book.

It was to prove that another condition can be changed, that Edward Newhouse wrote *You Can't Sleep Here*. As usual, the characters in themselves do not get very far. You learn that Gene Marsay was kicked out of high school for leading a student strike, that he knows how to think, that he loves Eileen, that he is a fine newspaper man, and that he is unemployed. Eileen Weiland is rather well off, and is fond of Gene. Connie is a mill worker from Wilkes-Barre minus a wife, a job, and a house, who quickly comprehends his problems, and soon acts on his knowledge, when Gene takes him in hand. Chuck Andor is a Communist, Tommy a city editor, and the rest, strikers, unemployed, police, and the Chamber of Commerce. There is very little chance for development of plot or character. Gene turns from a Communist sympathizer into a Communist, and that's about all.

If the characters don't get anywhere, however, the book does. It is a brilliant picture of Hooverville life, by one who lived it. The author shows clearly the problems of the unemployed, understands his life, and has definite ideas about what should be done to better these conditions. Some of the book is fairly open propaganda, but not as obvious or as naive as that in *The Road*. He just mentions revolutionary methods and results casually, in connection with a dozen other things. For instance, in the passage: "I thought, Sylvia, you dirty little darling, another fifteen years and you'll be shaking flapjacks in a coffee pot on Second Avenue with the barber's clerk from next door tickling your back with his fork, or you'll be tearing the current Clark Gable's picture out of your movie magazine to paste in a frame, or your tired eyes will shift from rheumy baby to unshaven husband and back again, or maybe you'll be a glorious girl with proud breasts and swaying hips like my Eileen. Maybe you'll win a swimming championship in the pool of a factory club in Soviet America. And you won't pose for Chesterfield ads because there will be no such thing as advertising," the propaganda is not clumsily irrelevant. Neither does it hit you painfully in the eye. The same thing is true about his one night in a flophouse. Newhouse's tale could convince anyone that such a place should not exist; but he does not sound as if he were orating from a soap-box. His style is, rather, like Hemingway, but it is more than that. It is Hemingway glorified. His sentences are simple, and there is a minimum of unusual language. There is mention of the little things that go on about him, such as Hemingway gives. But these are more alive, more important than in Hemingway's stories.

Newhouse can carry feelings as well as pictures in words. He gives us, especially well, hunger, with which the unemployed are very familiar. Nothing can make you appreciate your next good dinner, and your next good sleep more

than: "This is all wrong, I thought, you're not supposed to be upset, that's an admission of inadequacy or something. Suppose you are inadequate? Then you are inadequate. Any bright reporter knows that. Anything else you know? Yes. Sure. Eileen is beautiful. What else? South Street is broad and empty. Your knees are trembling. You're wrought up. The moon is round and grins inadequately. Get rational. Those officials never get a look-in at the real graft. Own means of production. Primitive accumulation. Differential profit. Hello, Gene, got a personal grudge against capitalism? Tired, Gene? See the nice truck? Crawl in." Except, perhaps, another passage describing his feelings after not having eaten for more than thirty-two hours. On the other hand, nothing can make you feel stronger, more determined, and more triumphant than the last few pages in which he describes the resistance of the unemployed in his Hooverville to eviction and the destruction of their shacks. There is the feeling, even in the midst of defeat of immediate purpose, of organised power, and, finally, a knowledge that you are in the fight, doing something. Newhouse's book, though it leaves you wanting to get rid of all flophouses, unemployment, and the Chamber of Commerce, does not leave you futilely hating these things, but as a good proletarian novel should, turns your face toward the future, toward the way in which these things shall be done.

Undoubtedly, Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* does the same thing, but because his subject is so very different, it is harder for him to work in his propaganda. He cannot bring class consciousness into the poor white farmers, and their negro share-croppers. He must cause your thinking by an obvious lack of this class consciousness and other qualities. He must make you think of these people's potentialities as human beings, even though he stresses the animalism in their sex-relations. Ty Ty discusses the women, especially Griselda, his daughter-in-law, in the way a racing enthusiast would discuss a horse. Buck is jealous of Will Thompson, who "wants" Griselda, Buck's wife. Will's wife does not protest when he takes Griselda into the bedroom, while her sister, Darling Jill, is thrilled. The men are jealous, but actual sex-relations are taken calmly. Only Jim Leslie, more civilized than his sisters, treats sex in a manner that is repulsive.

The story is practically nothing. Ty Ty and his sons, Shaw and Buck, mad for gold, spend all their time digging up their farm instead of farming it. There are many smaller scenes that do not really affect the action, such as the various scenes of sexual intercourse between Darling Jill and Will, and between her and the albino, Dave Dawson. The only action that changes the situation is the killing of Will by the Piedmont guards in the attempt to open the mills, the killing of Jim Leslie by Buck when the former comes to take Griselda, and Buck's suicide.

All this would leave the book as aimless and meaningless as any bit of impressionism. But by giving the characters seemingly innocent lines, by making one character comparatively civilised, at least to the extent of a conscious class allegiance, by making one person a public figure, though even very palely so, he gives his whole book meaning and purpose. Even if the fact that a lout like Pluto is candidate for sheriff does not lead to general illuminating thoughts about the whole government, it surely leaves you with a feeling of disgust. Again, there is the subtle propaganda in Ty Ty's: "Why is it, anyhow, that so many of these rich girls here in Augusta have got the diseases, son?" The rich girls! Once again, though you may not be led to definite thoughts on the pathological state of capitalist society, your point of view is shifted to that of the people, and you certainly see the situation not sympathetically with those who have wealth. The only obvious propaganda in the book, is also the most badly written part of the book. Caldwell's handling of the turning on of power in the mill is not effective. He is not at home in the mills as he is among the poor whites and share-croppers, and so the writing is not sure, is not so much Caldwell. However, it is needed to give the book its consciousness of a hope for the workers, of a driving, constructive force. The really effective part in that scene, I think, is: "There was a man with blood on his lips. He spat into the yellow dust at his feet. Another man coughed, and blood oozed through the corners of his tightly compressed mouth. He spat into the yellow dust of Carolina." Altogether, Caldwell gives a picture of people, into whose seemingly hopeless animal existence the writer injects life and hope. He makes us conscious of them and makes the solution of their difficulties important to us.

Caldwell has a hard task in trying to make the problems of the poor white vitally important to us. But in attempting to put us in sympathy with, indeed, feel brotherhood with, the negro, Langston Hughes's job is infinitely harder. Somehow, in his tale of the Kansas negro, he manages to be so tender and so full of love that we must be won over. Perhaps it is because his subject is one about which the author could be tragically bitter, especially if, like Hughes, he himself is of the oppressed race, that the absolute lack of bitterness and of hatred is so impressive, means so much. All the energy and words he could have wasted in raging, he uses in molding more truly the boy Sandy, his father Jimboy, his grandmother, Aunt Hager, Sandy's mother Anjie, Harriet, Tempy, in picturing with less rage and more truth the environment, the oppression, the stigma of lower intelligence and blacker skins. There is no loud talk about "equality for the negro race," only a picture of the inequality, told simply, only little incidents, things that happen to people, things they say. It makes you think when Jimboy,

lovable, strong, born in music, answers to accusations of unwillingness to work, that he cannot get work if he is not a union man, and that the Bricklayers' Union does not admit negroes. When the negro children, Sandy among them, are made to sit away from the other children, on the last row at school; when Sandy sees his mother slaving in another woman's kitchen, and getting the left-overs from the dinner; when Sandy and the other children clip coupons for weeks, for a free day for children in an amusement park, and are turned away at the gate because "this party's only for white kids;" when Harriet gave up her job at the country club because the white men there, though upper class, were not gentlemen—all this is stronger influence than all the lectures and sermons from above, exhorting us to be brothers. When you see Buster talking to his friends, telling them that he is going to "pass himself off" as white, and warning them not to recognize him; when you see Tempy joining the Episcopal church, refusing to recognize her family, and childhood surroundings, considering herself superior to the negroes, you realize that stronger than the ties of race are those of social and financial success, that it is not only the whites exploiting the negroes, but the negro bourgeoisie exploiting the negro worker. When Hughes shows you their physical beauty, as that of Sandy and Jimboy and Harriet, when he takes you into their church and shows their struggle for light, for spiritual understanding, and faith, when he lets you hear their music, feel the fundamental, unsurpassable, natural harmonies and rhythms of their blues songs, when he shows you Aunt Hager slaving to give Sandy an education; when, finally, he lets you listen to Jimboy speaking to Sandy about the matter of spending a Sunday school nickel for candy—how he does not threaten punishment, or act in a righteously indignant manner, but talks to his son of the highest idealism, without affectation; when, here, he lets a negro worker practice naturally what all our educators and parents in "cultured" homes sometimes talk, but seldom do, then we must not only recognise these people as equals, but bow our heads to them as our superiors. Hughes's book, I feel, does not so much make us leap up and want to "do something about it" (though it does that, too), as much as it works a revolution in our personal feelings, so that we can never seriously regard the negroes as inferior, as a race of servants, but as human beings, with the same problems, living in the same world. He makes the thick murkiness of prejudice we live in one shade lighter.

Guy Endore also treats the oppression of the negro race, in his mighty, grim, unforgettable book, *Babouk*. He, however, treats eighteenth century slavery, making his book more effective by using as much historical material as possible, and exaggerating as little as possible. The story of the slave, Babouk, master

story teller, best worker and best thinker on his plantation, and leader of the final uprising, is as mighty as near lightning, as an enormous sea. He buffets you with stark, ugly facts from all sides, till, from this rain of mental blows, your mind is so clear and quick that it sees immediately the full import of every word. The tempo in *Babouk* is very fast, but not hurried or panting. Rather, it is like one long stroke of a sharp axe. The story goes by leaving you with an undying resolve to act. It portrays a situation that demands action.

Babouk, the slave, is brought to the West Indies, after his experience with the slave taster, who spat in his face, and the shining branding iron, which, at cost of much pain, marks him beautifully. His first sight in America is the sight of three slaves being burned. These slaves were leaders of an uprising, but Babouk does not know that. He is sold to a large and extremely wealthy plantation, where he is given another brand. He tries to cross the hills to go back to his own people, who he believed lived on their far side, and is captured. Out of the kindness of his master's heart, only one ear is cut off, instead of both, as the law provides. He learns to work in the fields. He tells stories that get him into trouble. He always remains a pagan. After much suffering, he realises the proportion of whites and blacks on the island. He realizes that his people, being in the majority, could rule. He, who has felt as much as any, the lash, and other punishments, organises the rebellion, and leads it. He leads the massacre of the whites, knowing his end, and the end of all the slaves, if they fail. With the body of his master's child on a pike, he leads the slaves into the fighting; trying to protect them from the cannon, he dies. Through the book, you see the slaves drinking a potion containing gunpowder, eating dirt. You see slave communities with not enough women to go around, and you see how the masters manage it, after, of course, taking the most beautiful girls for themselves. You learn the sentiments of the mulattoes—that they should rule, having the intellects of the whites, and the physical superiority of the blacks, but feeling no brotherhood with the slaves. You see the master, feasting in the plantation house; and you see the slaves working under a boiling sun, in muck and stinking, rotten vegetation used for fertiliser. You see a bewildered revolutionary government in France, finally recognising slavery. You see suffering beyond the power of compassion, stupidity beyond belief. You must see it; Guy Endore makes you, by the way he tells it.

Guy Endore's style is one of the most compelling I have seen. It holds you at attention, every nerve taut, every muscle rigid. Every fact, every idea it presents comes as a blow. But it is not a scientifically conducted beating, it is more pure manhandling, brute strength. Part of that strength is the subject.

Part is his manner of heading each chapter with either a shockingly blind and prejudiced statement by some great doctor, clergyman, or statesman, defending slavery, or a revolutionary saying. Part is his savage sarcasm when talking about the state of the world today. Part lies in his analogies of outrages through all history, even today. Part lies in his magnificent ending, triumphant, mighty, free. The lines even acquire a rhythm. The only weakness is in the expression of the idea. Sometimes, though we know that is not his point, it seems that he is stressing the racial struggle for supremacy, instead of the struggle between exploiter and worker. Aside from this the book sweeps on with the strength of a tidal wave.

The best writing of all, however, is William Rollins, Jr.'s, *The Shadow Before*. It is undoubtedly one of the best proletarian novels ever written. Rollins has a good individual style, fine character development, and a rather well developed plot, as well as clear ideas. He does not need to use direct propaganda, because the essence of the book is propaganda. Every struggling step of the millworkers, Mickey and Doucet, every word of the different trials, every action of the racially hypersensitive Harry Baumann, of the brute bourgeoisie of the Committee of One Hundred, makes clearer to us the meaning of the class struggle, molds more definitely our sympathies with the working class.

Much of the power of the book is in Rollins's use of words, and of print. By simple repetition of one phrase he creates the boiling heat of summer, the rhythm of the mills, of the machines. There is no use trying to quote the book. The print, which is the strength of the book, could not be reproduced here. Besides, even though his style is so excellent, it is still less important than the idea. What is important is that, though we have lost the strike, though our leaders are in jail, we, the workers, have learned our importance. We have recognised a future in class consciousness, in the Union, in living in and dying for the future of the world, the future that lies in the hands of our powerful fighting class, the working class, the proletariat. Yes, I say *we* workers. When you have read that book, for days afterward you are a part of the working class, suffering its defeats, planning its strikes, realising it as the foundation of all civilisation, glorying in the proletariat of the future. Rollins knows well the meaning of the proletarian novel.

So the proletarian novel rushes on, gaining strength from each new victory of the workers, each new consciousness, written, not by the authors, but by the masses of people. The people wrote them as they wrote the negro spirituals, as they wrote jazz. No composer of music who has set his name to either of these will deny that his rhythm, his harmonies belong to the people that demanded

that he make the rhythm of their lives and minds audible, to give them form. So it is with the author of a proletarian novel. He is the voice of the worker, he gives their ideas conventional form, but he does not create the books, the ideas. He voices, at their behest, their complaints, their suffering, their demands. More than all this, he must express their great hope, their inevitable victory, their supreme strength. For to him they are life. His inspiration is their sure strength. And out of the Chicago Loop, out of the mills of the South, and out of the mills of the North, out of the ships, and the flat plains of Kansas, out of the shanties of the unemployed, out of the throbbing, moving, awakening life of the workers, he says, in literature that grows with the worker's consciousness of power, of ideal and purpose, and not impossible end, in literature that grows stronger, more lasting, more articulate, the novelist of the proletariat says with Mike Gold: "A man on an East Side soap-box, one night, proclaimed out of the despair, melancholy, and helpless rage of millions, a world movement had been born to abolish poverty. I listened to him. O worker's Revolution, you brought hope to me, a lonely, suicidal boy. You are the true Messiah. You will destroy the East Side when you come, and build there a garden for the human spirit. O Revolution that forced me to think, to struggle and to live. O great Beginning!"

Defiance

JANET THOM, '38

SOMETIMES I think
All is not lost
Once in a while
World is not ending
(All this depending
on the mood of the night)
When wet, heavy sky
Covers the stones
Covers the old and the dry.

Sometimes I think
I will have hope
When all the ghosts wander
Lost in remorse
(All this of course
because of the weather)
The spirits of old
Lost in a fog
Shiver with damp and with cold.

They have returned
Once more to walk
Lost in the quiet
Forgetting their way
(And well they might
in this terrible mist)
Let them wander by
I know my way
I am still I.

The Day of Faith

FRANCES FOX, '38

SHE was still enough of a stranger in Rome to be thrilled by it. Even now, when she stood in the silent crowd at the steps of the war monument, she was stirred at the sight of the golden horses that crowned either end of its curved white colonnade. Even though by this time she had learned to translate the confusing ruins and pillars of the Forum into history, and could say with assurance that the three broken slabs by the Arch of Septimius were the remains of the Temple of Concord, she still could not quite believe that this was her city.

It had all happened so quickly, and so like a dream. A little more than a year ago she had met Mario, and had marvelled that anyone so young and charming could already be so learned, and that anyone so different from her, by nature of his nationality and his scientific interests, could share her ideas and ideals with such surprising completeness. A year ago, she and Mario had mourned together because his year of exchange professorship in America was already half over. Six months ago they had left their wedding guests still dancing, and had sped away to the boat that was to take them to Italy—his country, and the land that she would make hers. Italy! Vague snatches from the Aeneid and Browning and long ago geography lessons merged together in her mind, and enhanced by her love, wove themselves into an image that was beautiful and poetic. Not until the last morning, when they stood together at the front of the boat and watched it slipping towards Vesuvius through the still blue waters of the bay, had she told Mario of it, and though he smiled at her fantasy, he had been strangely grave. "The land of golden hearts and of golden tongues," he had said. "Perhaps, Carissima, you are not far from wrong. There is one golden heart that is yours to hold and to keep always. And now that you are home in Italy your tongue must be golden too. You must keep it as safely locked away as you would your gold. You must not spend your words—about the state, no matter how much your heart may prompt you. That is one kind of gold that the nation does not want from you. And it would not bring us happiness."

And so, during the months that followed, she had held her tongue. She had been silent when her delight in the naive patriotism of "Viva Il Duce" scrawled upon walls, changed, with the growing tenseness of national feeling, into cold, inescapable fear. She had not cried out sharply the first time she had seen soldiers, with heavy packs on their backs, march, before their departure for Abyssinia,

in front of the white and gold war memorial. She only looked at her husband with anger and terror in her eyes when he told her the reasoning that sent all men to war; married men because it was glorious to fight for their families, unmarried men because they had nothing to lose. When Mario went to war, she waved her flag proudly with the rest, but her hand was clenched fiercely around its little staff. And so she said no word, but only clenched her hand tightly, as if she would let no dictatorial power relax her fingers, when she read the decree that all Italians were to give their golden wedding rings towards the wealth of the country.

"We are inaugurating here today the Day of Faith—a day of the Italian people's faith in the destiny of our nation." Standing by Mario's father in the long queue of people in front of the war monument, she remembered the stirring sentences, and thought how true they were, and how untrue. It seemed to her that all the women of Italy were there, and yet she knew that all through Italy women were standing in long lines, waiting for dull hours till it came their turn to give up their most treasured possessions. For it must be their most treasured possession, she reasoned, and yet they are all here. It is a day on which they confirm their faith, gloriously, unselfishly, and with the same act they deliberately throw it away. For Italians have the same word for faith and wedding ring. She had always loved the idea until today.

You strengthened faith in your nation and you broke faith with your husband. Well, it was not really as bad as that, she admitted. You did not need your husband's gold, as the state needed yours, to keep faith with him. No matter what happened, you still had his golden heart. She thought of that far-away day on the boat, she thought of their wedding, she thought, furtively, that one ring would make so little difference when it was melted in with the wedding rings of the whole country. They would make such a great pile, high as the huge gold horses on top of the white war monument, and as dazzling bright. One little gold circlet more or less would not matter, she knew, and she knew, as surely as when she saw "Viva Il Duce" scrawled on the streets and the walls, that she would give it up.

What was behind those walls that flaunted their patriotic message? They were house fronts and sheltered rooms, they were high and hid gardens, and you could never see beyond them and their salute. The grating of the chalk writing against rough stone had sent its tremor into the hearts of the people within; was it of love, or hatred, or fear? Were those hearts locked in forever by the weight of the words "Viva Il Duce" upon the walls that surrounded them? Had all the people come today because some strong hand has written the words

upon their home, or because of their own will? She supposed that it did not really make any difference. They were all here, and they had come with their sacrifice. They were all here—all but the husbands who were at war—all but Mario. And it was he, above all, that should be here. He had slipped the ring upon her finger, and he alone should take it off. She was startled to hear the woman in front of her say to her husband, "It doesn't matter about your work today. The ring that you put on my finger must be taken off by you."

So they were all the same. They were all human, and no matter how they felt about coming, there was some spirit greater than that of a temporal ruler that brought them all here together. That woman feels as I do, she thought, and all these women who have come alone feel as I do, and they are wondering, with the same fear, why they have had no word from their husbands. Even the queen is a person, even she feels sorrow.

The Queen of Italy knelt before the tomb of the unknown soldier, her small, black-gowned figure in sharp contrast to the long flight of white marble steps below her, and the shining white pillars above. Her prayer over, she rose, and spoke, and her words were at once those of a queen and a woman. The gold of her ring would mingle with the gold of all the others. There was not a person in the long line of listeners that did not feel the unity. "I am proud to be on this monument, together with the noble mothers and widows of our dear fallen, to lay on the altar of our unknown hero our wedding rings, symbols of our first joys, and of our extreme renunciation."

One first joys and our extreme renunciations. How naturally the two seemed to fall together when spoken before the grave of the unknown soldier. It was like the perfect circle of the wedding ring, and you could not tell where one ended and the other began. Why hadn't Mario written? For the thousandth time the question assailed her and she trembled at the thought of an answer. Every war was a surrender of wedding rings—every war was a breaking of faith. One was breaking faith when one permitted and sanctioned a war; faith to something that was calm and beautiful and that needed to live.

"It is the destiny of the ages." Sharply the words intruded themselves upon her thought. "Romans in the days of Cæsar gave their jewelry for the wars." Murmurs of proud assent followed the word as it passed up and down the slowly moving line. Beyond the crowd and the memorial, she knew, was the Forum—its law courts and monuments crumbled and destroyed, the Temple of Concord three broken stones by the Arch of Septimius. Would a broken temple of Concord always be the final destiny? she wondered. Would people never realize the end to which their wars lead? Would they always forget, in the glad

relief when the scythe swung upwards, the bloody swathe it would cut when it fell again? There was the Forum, and the three stones of the temple, and people only saw the glory of what had been. Why didn't they see? Why did they let patriotism blind them?

"We will receive rings of steel in place of the others," the woman in front of her said. "We will be wedded to our beloved state and share its destiny, just as we are wedded to our husbands, in wealth or in sorrow." She could see The State running ruthless hands through his great new pile of wealth. She could see him stripping the husk of sentiment and love from the golden grain of his treasure. She could see him linking all of the rings together into a strong chain, and chaining all of the people to the fate of their nation, so that, weal or woe, they could never break the bond that they had accepted. They would all be together in their fate, and yet they would be cruelly separated. Oh, why hadn't she heard from Mario?

They were at the head of the line now, but she stood with her hand clenched tightly over the finger that wore the ring, as if she wanted to impress the feel of it there forever. "Come, my dear." Her father-in-law tugged at her arm. "Take off your ring. And we will put them all, mine, and my poor wife's, and yours, together in the same urn so that they will be melted together, and be united always." And as they moved away he said, "Take comfort, my dear. Italy can have no better gold than this. The people who with one accord give the symbols of their love for their country's salvation are a great people, a very great people. And they will triumph."

She thought, it will be a better gold, and they will be melted together—but Mario's is not here. It is a better gold, and so they will buy guns and powder with it, and our three fused rings may pay for the cannon at whose tending Mario will be killed. And why do we go blindly on when we know—when we can't help knowing? We sacrifice for the destiny of our nation, and forget that its destiny is our own, and that the destiny for those of us who acquiesce against the knowledge of our hearts is loss and despair. The line of people in front of the monument was long and slowly moving. Go back! Go back! she begged them. Can't you see that you're breaking faith when you make this bond of faith? Can't you see how it will end? It's for war and destruction and death that you're making your sacrifice! It's for the murder of love that you're giving the symbols of love! Must you always ignore your own thoughts and minds? Must you always obey, and deny your own will, when the truth is as plain as if it were written in blood? It's for war—it's for death—it's for the end of love! You are mad if you cannot see it! You are all mad!

She thought that an angry yelling crowd would beat her down into darkness. But nothing happened. The proud horses on the top of the glaring white monument still shone the same sickening gold. The lines of people were quiet and there was only the insistent little sound of rings falling into the urns. Perhaps she had not screamed after all. Perhaps it was only her thoughts that still cried fiercely, impotently, You are mad! You are all mad!

The steel ring on her finger felt heavy and cold.

Sonnet

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF, '36

I KNOW why the old Theban chorus said
No word's denial when the blinded king
Yearned after his intended perishing
On high Cithæron, wished that he were dead,
Had died a child on that unkindly bed:
There was no word that they could say. Nothing
Could make the truth less true. They could not bring
One word of comfort to the wearied head.

The comfort in a lie is very great
In little sorrows. But no word can save
The soul predestined to a lonely grave
That drives apart to meet unyielding fate.
Its friends must brace their backbones and be brave:
No word can turn it from the darkened gate.

We Take Mr. Richards to Mean

ELIZABETH D. LYLE, '37

MR. RICHARDS preaches a horrifying doctrine. That is the impulsive decision of every conservative thinker when he first hears the alarming declarations that "Meanings in themselves are nothing;" that "A word taken in isolation can be neither ugly nor beautiful;" or that "Ambiguity is a necessary attribute of fluid discourse." Such dicta seem to sweep the very foundations of language away; they overturn something not only vital but holy. In the pronouncing of a word that all men can understand as the speaker thought it, there is a sacrament of communication. But when those who hear can only guess, and those who speak can only aim, at a vague and inconstant significance, speech becomes a mockery instead of a ritual.

The consequences are not actually so dire. If Mr. Richards' lectures are taken as a whole and if his scattered heretical remarks are not given undue emphasis, what he seems to be saying is neither destructive nor startling. It is not so much his matter as his manner of presenting it that shocks the mind. For although he condemns the poaching of combative discourse on fields reserved for more peaceful and scientific uses of speech, he allows that same pugnacity he condemns in others to intrude into his own arguments. Righteously indignant at theories that bind each word to one specific and invariable meaning, he launches out against them with violent statements that shake the security of language itself as well as the stupid teachings he is aiming to overthrow. When he explains himself more fully, however, he modifies the more dangerous points of his doctrine and withdraws the implications that have overshot his mark. His system reduces then to an elaborate setting forth of the common idea of connotation.

Yet a cause for alarm remains. Although the main body of Mr. Richards' beliefs can be made to bear a less terrifying aspect, the foundation of his theory loses none of its dreadfulness, for there is a yawning and perilous gap in it. Mr. Richards has never explained how meaning originally becomes attached to either words or context. He has said, "Concrete meaning is a sorting out of objects in respect to a primordial and general abstractness," but he has not accounted for the use of particular words to mediate between object and abstraction. He leaves words and their meanings apart. Yet if there were no original attachment between the two, all speech would be like a floating mass of bubbles capable of bearing no weight. Each word would be as unidentifiable and as indeterminate as a drop of

water among a thousand drops. That words are not thus amorphous Mr. Richards of course presumes in the very act of speaking; and he applies his theory to concrete examples of sentences and paragraphs with as much surety as if he had clearly demonstrated the existence of some necessary connection between words and what they stand for. Although he points out the many interpretations which are possible in each case, he does not suppose that any interpretation is possible, that the concrete object sorted out in respect to the general abstractness might be expressed by any means, provided the context were properly adjusted. Then he would be faced with the problem of establishing a basis of meaning for the context. Instead, he presupposes some principle that regulates and distinguishes, that makes speech what it is, in fact, rather than a confused and inexpressive animal sound. He does more than presuppose. While denying most emphatically a self-subsistent existence to the meaning of words, he acknowledges that such meaning has a real existence, although not an independent one. "Meanings are nothing but abstractions," he says. "They are in themselves only mathematical points." These abstractions are not the primordial generalities mentioned above. They are particular; they are a scornful epithet for the empty and isolated meaning commonly supposed to underlie every word. But mathematical points can mark location, and abstractions, even if empty, are boundaries in the mind. Without his context to fill up and animate these bodiless limits, there would indeed be no language, nor on the other hand would there be language without limits for individual words. Naturally and necessarily, speech and each word in speech have two elements which co-exist—the context or connotation that gives them life and the abstraction that gives them form. Whether or not Mr. Richards would recognize such an interpretation of his own presuppositions, or whether it is such a law at all that he presumes, it is evident that he takes for granted the validity of some law mysteriously uniting words with what they mean.

If Mr. Richards does proceed on such a basic assumption, and if his most radical declarations can be attributed to a combative spirit rather than to his real intentions, then what he calls context may be taken as synonymous with connotations. True, he derives his context from universals, while connotations are generally taken to arise from particulars, but the results are the same. Then he does not destroy the groundwork of language nor the romance and awe of it. To think that the word in one's own mouth is the very same that Shakespeare once wrote, that Dr. Johnson once pronounced in his ponderous way, or that Keats once loved, is to think a thrilling thought that is the life and essence of all speech. Speech is a chain linking mind to mind, a bond by which weak thoughts are guided and with which strong thoughts can lead. Yet the links of such a chain could

never be formed from isolated atoms of meaning given in bare definitions. The word as it is in the dictionary is not Shakespeare's word. That which he used includes him in it; he is part of its context; but the dictionary does not mention him in its explanations at all. Whenever a man speaks, he must indeed imply certain mathematical points of definition, but the body and vitality of what he is saying is dependent upon how he has spoken before, how he has heard other men talk, how he has read and written the phrases which he now employs again. Consciously or unconsciously, the abstract meaning of every word is flavored, extended, and transformed by means of all the different contexts where it has previously appeared. Not only from other authors, but also from a man's own life new connotations are constantly arising and working their magic. When a word is spoken at some supreme moment of happiness, it has ever after for one ear at least a significance no amount of scientific analysis could discover. This is the wonder of speech, that every unit in it is eventually related to every other, and to every object and emotion of life. This is how the chain is made that joins the words of all the years to the word anyone may speak as carelessly as if it were a "thing of naught."

In realizing the influence of connotation on meaning, the essential abstract points must nevertheless not be forgotten as Mr. Richards sometimes seems to forget. If he is right in saying that a word by itself has no more significance than a patch of color without any form beneath it or outline around it, it is just as right for us to say that all the words in the world together would have no more significance than that patch of color unless each one had some outline to define it. That even these outlines may shift and dwindle or expand is not to be denied; but that they must at least be present as an essential and inseparable element of meaning is equally undeniable. When the weight of connotations around these nuclei accumulates on one side more than on the other, the nuclei themselves may slip over to a new center in order to maintain the balance and the unity of their words, and thus such complete changes in meaning occur that often an old use of a word cannot be reconciled to a new. Even in change, however, a central point remains to give form and location to the altering expression, and even in change a connection is maintained between past and present meanings. The mutation is not without its own coherence and its own outline. This constancy, however hidden beneath the shifting of connotation it is already, Mr. Richards would willingly hide still more, yet he must acknowledge it if only by implication. It is the tiny pebble thrown into a pool and from it the circles which are connotation spread out in ever widening ripples. Without the pebble, however, there would be no ripples.

Eulogy

MARGARET KIDDER, '36

SHE sat alert in the cream-coloured, geometric armchair, her charming head a little forward, her face with its characteristic expression of intelligent consideration; but her book had fallen closed in her lap, its paper cover a square of crude, sharp colour on her black silk skirt. Clear light from the bronze lamp with the white shade gleamed in the loose surface of her hair, dark masses brushed with precise carelessness away from her face and ears. The pale yellow glow had been one of her best achievements, and when she sat in that chair in the evenings, she had a sense of purely artistic satisfaction; her picture was complete.

The apartment looked its best at night when her carefully placed lamps brought out a richness in its sharp angles and bright surfaces that seemed often flat and hard in the daytime. Now the light was diffused on the white walls and her heavy curtains, drawn back from the window, shone with a warm, wine-red lustre. New York, too, looked its best at night, an effective arrangement of bright and dark. From her window, a great, widening circle of lights hanging on solid blackness of buildings spread out and out until it shed a pale glare on the edge of the sky. She knew that she was fortunate in living above a comparatively low part of the city, no looming walls, no flashing signs. The peculiar beauty of her night view always pierced her with delight that rose to ecstasy when there was someone to share it.

Suddenly, she yawned, so quickly that she had scarcely time to cover it with her fingers. It must be very late, and she had been sitting here ridiculously doing nothing. She picked up her book and made an effort to remember where she had stopped reading. Then, the look of intelligent consideration on her face deepened. She realised that, actually, she had been waiting for Phillip. She had surely expected him to stop in and partake of the perfection of her picture. Really, it was tiresome of Phillip, yet just like him. None of that family had any consideration for other people. They had been spoiled by their mother of course, waited on, fussed over—she drew herself up with a start. It was rather poor taste to think those things while Phillip was at the hospital with his mother, and she felt sincerely sorry for Mrs. Marsters. It had been so sudden, and she was dying, of course, people didn't recover at that age; but Phillip wouldn't realise it. That made it dreadful for Phillip.

She suddenly wished that he were here with her, wished it to the point of an irrational anguish that he had not come. She wanted his sorrow, for she could so beautifully comfort it with all her understanding. It would become a part of her beautiful arrangement, the soft, indirect lamp light bringing out the best of his grief and her tenderness. Phillip would soon come to his senses, for she felt sure that he was, at the bottom, a rational person. His father must have been a sensible man, as he had left his money in a trust fund for his wife, and Phillip himself could recognize and look critically at his mother's utter lack of reason and her illogical extravagances. They must have been trying, maddening at times. Even now, he was continually worrying about the strange indigent persons his mother took into her house. That sort of thing was not safe in New York.

"Just accept mother as she is. You can't change her," Phillip had said. The difficulty was that old Mrs. Marsters would not be accepted. There was no easy, charming way of dealing with her. Phillip had taken her to one of his mother's dinner parties, the most extraordinary combination of people that she had ever experienced. "Mother just invites everybody and trusts in the Lord. She can't believe that they won't enjoy being together." She had suffered, seated next to an inarticulate, bad complexioned young divinity student, annoyed by the poorly served meal and the disorder of the rooms. She could not accept Mrs. Marsters, a gentle, slightly confused old lady, going about uncertainly among her guests, laughing pleasantly and saying the wrong thing whenever possible. She had felt Phillip's triumphant speech to her next day as insulting. "She likes you and wants to give a party for you. She says she feels sorry for you living all by yourself." He smiled as he said it, but she had felt an absurd anger. She had taken pains, for that dinner party, to attain perfection in her dress and person. She betrayed herself in her reply. "I should think your mother would find it difficult to fill up her time, having had such a large family to care for." Really, Phillip was sometimes as tactless as his mother and his fondness for her was as illogical and irrational as she.

She stifled another yawn before it began and decided to go to bed immediately. It would be a busy day at the shop tomorrow, and there was nothing to be gained by losing sleep on the chance of Phillip's coming. She rose and placed her book carefully on the table, turning quickly at the sharp buzz of the doorbell. For a moment she stood undecided, then, taking a swift, satisfied look at herself in the mirror over the fire place, she moved to the door. "Well, Phillip, you've just made it. I was about to give you up."

She had meant to be gayly, tenderly reproachful, but he walked by without kissing her and stood before the fire place, staring, seeming to take in her room

as if he had never been there before. The brim of his hat shadowed his face. "Why doesn't he take it off," she thought, "What has happened to him?"

"Well, Phillip?"

"She's dead," he said. His voice was gentle and tired; he spoke like a child repeating a puzzle, asking to have it explained.

"Oh, my dear," she turned quickly to him holding out both her hands, "I'm so sorry." But he did not take her hands. He stood still, almost ignoring her, then, slowly, he raised his arm and took off his hat. The lamp light caught the ends of his rumpled fair hair. His eyes, usually sure and clear, seemed blurred, confused and uncertain. "He must have looked like this when he was a little boy," she thought. He was going to be difficult and she would need all her tact and delicacy, but she was glad that he had come to her.

"None of the others were there." The edge of pain in his slow, puzzled voice made her, unconsciously, draw away from him. "I wired them to come, this afternoon. I couldn't make up for the others. Why weren't they there?"

"How did he imagine they could get there," she thought almost irritably, "coming from Chicago and California?" Fortunately she kept herself from saying it. This was no time to argue with him. She controlled her voice, calm, reasonable, matter of fact. "It must have been dreadfully sudden, Phillip, and you did your best. Sit down, my dearest, and I'll get you a drink. Whiskey and soda?" She moved towards him to put him in the big chair, but his voice stopped her. She had never heard him speak in this way, pleading, but with a note of urgency, demanding that she understand him, as though she were on the other side of an abyss and might mistake the sound of his words.

"No, please, please, don't get me a drink. You sit down. I must tell you. You see, one couldn't criticise her, and we all did, even when we were little children. I did, but I only found out tonight that we shouldn't, we couldn't, and no one must ever do it, especially now. You see, she couldn't be judged logically by the behaviour of ordinary people. She was a genius, you see that, don't you?" He looked full into her face and she sank down on the arm of the cream-coloured chair. His eyes were no longer confused and he fixed them on her until she turned away her head.

"Don't you see? If you mean by a genius someone who is utterly possessed by one particular gift, whose whole life goes inevitably to using that gift——"

"Oh, I don't know, Phillip," if she could only stop him, only get him into a discussion. "That's not quite what I mean by genius——" But he passed over her interruption, not heeding it in the importance of his speech.

"You don't judge a genius by ordinary, logical standards, you don't criticise him. He's hard to live with; he doesn't fit into society, but you don't criticise him, or, rather, you shouldn't. He's beyond logical rules and rational conduct; he's someone to accept, even if you don't understand him. Everything goes down before his one gift, and that's the way mother was. I found it out tonight, and everyone must understand it. Her gift was loving. That may sound silly to you, but I'm using the word in its largest sense." He spoke gently and kindly as if trying to put his words clearly in her own language, then, he continued, his voice rising as if he were proclaiming to all the sure, rational people of the world. She had a horrible fear that the tenants upstairs might hear him, and she struggled to feel in control of the situation. She had better let him go on, get it all said. It might be dangerous to try to stop him.

"All her life went to express this power of loving, all of her went out, unconditionally, to other people. Her complete unselfishness was, of course, hard to live with; sometimes it maddened us, and father: when she spent her last penny in giving a ball for a plain, awkward daughter of one of her friends, but agreed that we couldn't afford to entertain in that way for ourselves. You see, she included us in her self-sacrifice except that, for her, there was no question of sacrifice; it was her way of living. We should in a way have felt honoured and accepted it, but we didn't understand then. It was quite natural, wasn't it?"

"I should say so!" she spoke with real anger and was glad that he seemed not to hear.

"It was an active power, a force that transcended laws with the effect of a miracle. Mother never did anything according to rule. Clara was very sick, you know, while I was still at Harvard. According to rule, to sane, sensible thought, to the doctors' advice, she should have been in a sanatorium with professional care and a regular routine. Nothing was ever regular at our house. We argued and bullied, but mother wouldn't let her go, wouldn't let other people take care of her, and she got well. People tried to explain it, said that she'd never been as sick as we thought, but it was all mother, don't you see? Don't you believe me?"

"With that power of hers went an incredible sympathy and understanding of people, not of their pretensions and intellectual ability; she had no social sense at all. She couldn't understand a selfish enjoyment of other people, the taking of appreciation and flattery and self-importance from them; but she understood people's needs and faults and grievances. She was the only really tolerant person I've ever known. I guess I never told you, but my youngest sister was drowned in our pond in the country, a friend who was with her simply sat on the bank

and screamed; she could so easily have gone for help. I've always hated that girl; but mother took her into our house and could even invite her to visit us. She could be truly sorry for someone and her sympathy had no connection with herself. We could always come to her with our little ignoble desires and our pettish and shamefaced disappointments and she could understand them, and we knew she made no judgments. Sometimes, I think the most important thing that can happen to anyone is to be loved without reservation.

"Don't you see, now, that we can't criticise her; she mustn't, she mustn't be spoken of sensibly and reasonably. She can't be judged; don't you see? Don't you?" He looked fiercely and steadily into her face and she felt that her answer came from somewhere within herself, out of her control. "No," she said, "no, I certainly don't."

He moved away from her and took up his hat. When he spoke again his voice was gentle and tired. "I don't really blame you," he said, "I suppose it's difficult. It took me a long time to understand."

She fought hard for control. If only she could say to him "I'm sorry," but Phillip had shown no grief and asked for none of her comfort. She could be sorry neither for him nor his mother. "You go and get some sleep now, Phillip. You'll be better in the morning. The others will probably arrive then. Is there anything I can do? Any arrangements?"

He turned as if surprised, "No. No, there's nothing you can do."

When he had gone, she remained standing in the centre of the room feeling angry and battered and still struggling. Phillip had been a bit unbalanced by the shock, not quite himself. A dull sense of weariness and defeat replaced her anger. Phillip would go, she was sure, back to his mother's confused and messy house and not come to her again, but Phillip's mother was dead, lying very cold in a large hospital. A sudden picture filled her mind. A woman like Mrs. Marsters should die among crowds of noisy, keening folk, her Irish servants and the destitute people who lived with her, wailing and rocking back and forth, moaning and calling up the power of the dead woman—she shook herself. She, also, was becoming unbalanced, morbid; she must go to bed immediately. Everything would be different in the morning, and Phillip would come to his senses.

Spring by the Railroad

MARJORIE HARTMANN, '38

LONE, and flushed by the cool delight
Of naked air
He watches the sky, grey-white,
Immaculate—
About to burst and free the lustre
Of a thin sun.
With body slumped, with a quiver
In the eyes
That see the frail green and white foam
Of bridal-veil
Sweep out of the moistened loam
Of spring.

The engine's brusque and tightening note
Sweeps along with
Soot and stench that choke the throat
Of the watcher, of his joy.
Weary, and fretted by oil and dust
Of thickening air,
He settles to his day with grey disgust,
To disembowelled rocks.
He remembers barely now; all the feel
Of the arching sky
Flattened by the strict, black wheel
Of the rushing train.

This, Too, Analysis

MARY DIMOCK, '39

THESE are thoughts from the rational mind,
Written incestuously with inter-striving scrawl
And not conclusive.
The period after controversy and before truth
Reoccurs, deriding its own repetition,
And a final chance fails, realizing another.

They call this the symmetry of brain.
It must clamp and press itself full-powered,
Full-powered clamp itself upon all sense,
Upon all sense intaglio.
And out of the interaction comes new art,
Art of this era, accurately told
Majestically understanding time's discard.

Useless denial, carping analysis,
Bases, fundamentals vacuous as day—,
These are the means to multiply sense.

.....

Sad half-light of December afternoon.
Left between two actualities.
Quiet feet and muffled click of lamps
Branches shimmer on the street-lit glass.

In the half light
Left between two actualities
Unthinking, forgetting thought and possible knowledge,
He is now conscious, conscious of the grief
That reaches from the early shadows
And recedes with night.

Pancakes and fruit are breakfast, the Times the news,
Galoshes and two mufflers fortify,
And Stan whose company makes shoes
Rolls along the tracks into the city.
Stan on the eight-seventeen
Sees through the windows other windows
And smells the hard-boiled eggs and steam
And sees two branches shimmer on the glass
And remembers what last night had been.
And momentarily pulls down the shade.

Beach Day

JULIA GRANT, '38

I

ESTHER CAREW was astir early that morning, for as soon as the sun had come up from behind the lighthouse to waken her, she had slipped out of bed and was down stairs busied with her cleaning and cooking before the boys awoke. The tiled floor glistened, each square polished like a wine-red mirror, still wet from the heavy stroke of the mop. Along the planed wood wall hung a line of copper sauce-pans, their black handles pointed stiffly upwards as if they were animals hung there by their tails. On the stove a plump copper kettle sent a spout of steam into the air, blurring the shiny stove-pipe behind it and beading the board ceiling above with moisture. The kettle hissed gently and the mop made a soft swirr as it passed over the floor, but these were the only sounds that stirred the house, except for the chittering birds outside and the occasional scream of a gull that had drifted too far in from the sea.

Then the children awoke and the quiet was shivered into a thousand mysterious whisperings and padding footsteps. Esther heard the water splashing and the ring of the heavy pitcher as it struck the china edge of the washbowl. There was a smothered squeal and the whole house vibrated with the hushed preparations. "They will be down in a minute," she thought, "planning to surprise me," and she stirred the porridge absently in a pot on the stove, her mop resting against her strong shoulder. Her gaze wandered out the broad kitchen window into the sunlight that was flooding the neat rows of cabbages and the potato hills in the back garden. She had planted some Sweet William there this

summer and it was just now beginning to show crimson and livened up the dull green fastidiousness. Next year she would plant hollyhocks against the picket fence to cut off the view of the lonely dunes, so suggestive of the wild, restless sea that lay behind them. Esther was not thinking of all these things this morning; her blue eyes were fixed and imperceptive. She was thinking of the two little boys who were washing and dressing in the room above, and a faint, whimsical frown trembled on her smooth forehead. They were so very different these two sons of hers and so very puzzling.

In another month, Peter would be going up for his fifth term at school and she knew he would do well there. Unlike her, he was always patient with his studies. She had often noticed his likeness to his father, George Carew, in his quizzical, gentle mannerisms, and his orderly, scientific methods. He had really never been a bother to her in any way, and his absolute consideration had almost angered her at times, as her husband's had. Peter was steady and she could always rely on him; he would never make her feel ashamed—but André, she was not so sure of him. She knew that he looked like her, with his blue eyes, and his short almost turned up nose, but his hair was dark, hers blond. He was not much more than a baby still, that was true, but sometimes he seemed so thoughtful and dreamy, as if he were seeing all sorts of things she would never know, that it frightened her. His name was wrong for an English boy's too. She and her husband had planned to name their second son, George, if they had one, but things had turned out differently. Robert Andrey, a poetic friend of George's, had spent a week with the Carews in London before he sailed to the African war to die there of fever. When the second son was born, Esther had named him André. George smiled at the wriggling infant, agreed to its name amicably, and returned to his study to worry over English banking and the Queen's failing health.

He in his own absent way had been very fond of the child, although its pensiveness puzzled him considerably. He had been dead for over a year now, and Esther was living with her two sons on his small, comfortable income. She had grown a little wiser and a little older, in those last six years since André was born, and how she often missed her quiet husband with his stooped figure and shaggy, rough-smelling tweeds. She could remember him coming in to breakfast in the mornings when they were there at the cottage, and as the door creaked she turned to it almost instinctively with a "good morning" on her lips, to see standing there a young shining faced Peter, his sandy hair flattened and wet, and André beside him. They were a quaint little pair, she thought, as they stood in the doorway. André's buttons were all awry and an obstinate tuft of his

dark hair pointed up straight at the swirl of his part, quivering and comical. Their breakfast porridge went quickly that morning, and the dishes were soon piled away as the busy young feet made endless journeys from the sink to cupboard, their bathing shoes padding on the hard tiles, for this was their beach day.

II

After their picnic luncheon, Esther propped herself up on the pebbly sand with her writing block and a novel; these beach expeditions were her only chances to read a little and to write home to her people in Suffolk. She was not as young as she had been, and the long walk over the dunes had tired her, although the boys had carried the basket. The sandy country had looked very beautiful at this time of the year, covered with pink everlastings and queer green creeping plants that seemed to clutch the fine sand with tenuous roots, as though fearful of being blown away. André had looked so funny too, lost in his great straw hat, sinking at every step into the soft sand up to his pink knees, and growing more and more angry. After that the pebbly cove was delicious, with its great jagged rock bastions on either side, and the view of Cave Rock veiled in spray, just a short distance off the shore. The cold, green sea lulled its roar to a soft hiss as the foam spread caressingly over the grey pebbles and then slid back into the turmoil as though afraid of being separated. Only a dark gleaming band over the sand edged with a silver line of froth betrayed that the sea had lain there.

The two boys left their mother under her green parasol and climbed onto a jagged pinnacle where they could perch, and look straight over to the Cave Rock, dashed by its waves, or wonder at the turmoil below. Its murmuring sounded to André as though it would burst into a mighty shout, like the crowd he had seen in London, with his father two years before, when the Queen had driven past. He had never realized that so many men could gather together, and their voices were just like the sea, but the sea never shouted as they had.

Peter's scientific interest was distracted by the life about him, and he went clambering over the rocks like a young goat looking for new flowers and swooping at gay butterflies with his cap. André, left to his thoughts and the sea, slipped off his shoes and knotting the laces slung them over his back; he would go off by himself—to Cave Rock, perhaps. He bumped down the rocky bastion from one sharp ridge to the next, until his feet struck the damp sand of a tiny inlet, and the water oozed up between his bare toes, cold and tickling. He moved cautiously along a grey sand spit, that humped out to sea like a leviathan back above the water. The spit was dry except for tiny wavelets that slapped against

it and occasionally spilled over to the other side. If he could reach the Cave Rock, he would look back on England and see his mother and brother on the shore calling for him among the rocks. He would not stay more than a few minutes, only long enough to look into the cave and to find a sea-gull's nest on the rock for Peter. He danced daringly along the sand so that his shoes bounced against his back and at each jerk their strings cut into the flesh of his shoulder. The last part of the way was harder, for the sand disappeared and he had to leap from one rock to another, long jumps sometimes for his short legs. He arrived, victorious and breathless, and crept along the narrow ledge of rock, washed by the sea, to the cave's mouth.

It was large and black, and the walls were glistening and dripping, and the rocky floor was pocketed and worn into numberless little holes, where the water stayed quiet, until a green stream rushed in from the sea and refilled them, making their contents whirl and foam. Perched crazily against one side of the cave was the warped frame of an old life-boat, like an animal skeleton, its boards almost rotted away, but the oar-locks still in their places, a vivid coppery green from the salt spray. André found the perfect skeleton of a fish, left there white and polished, by a passing sea-gull. This was a treasure, like a miniature of the ghostly boat, and he put it carefully in one empty shoe for Peter's collection. The boy clambered to the top of the rock and sat there like a king alone on his island, the mist from the waves blowing about him and forming bright rainbows with the sun among the rocks below. He had discovered several nests on the way up and now the neat grey and white birds swung over him, their lonely disconsolate cries ringing through the air. They were beautiful birds, the boy thought, rather like nuns in their grey and white habits, and their black coifs. It was so peaceful to lie up there all alone with his face in the sun, and to listen to the rumbling sea, to feel the hardness of the rocks under his spine, and to watch the birds circling dizzily overhead, among the white clouds. André must have slept and dreamt of his fish skeleton for Peter, and the old boat in the cave, for the clouds were quite golden when he saw them again, and the sun was no longer shining on his face. He sat up and looked into the evening, making out on the shore the green of his mother's parasol and the blanket she had brought to spread on the damp beach, but the cove was in the shadow and he could not discern the splashes of color that he knew were frantically searching for him.

The waves were beating the rock relentlessly as the child slid down towards the water, and even the quiet side near the land was filling as the tide rose. The rocks that he had leapt as stepping stones were slippery wet and the water

churned between them entirely submerging some. André tied his shoes more securely, for he must not lose Peter's fish, and started homewards. The rocks bruised his bare feet and the swirling water made him dizzy until he thought he would fall. The sand-spit was almost gone now and the sea often rushed over it angrily, covering it entirely. Slowly the little figure splashed and fought to the shore, thankful to feel the sand under his groping foot each time he stepped, and to sense the tide tugging at his legs and ankles. The salt spray beat against him, stiffening his cheeks, and his lips tasted bitter when he licked them. As he neared the shore he could hear the shouts of the searchers, his mother, a boy (that was probably Peter), and a man. André felt very cold and wet as he crouched on the rocky mainland, for the sun had almost gone, and he wanted to cry, but he still must cross the bastion to the cove where his mother was, so he pushed on stoically.

They were all there waiting for him; he could remember their faces, drawn and anxious, and he could remember a blue-clad, bearded man lifting him from the sand and carrying him what seemed a very long way, while his mother trudged beside them. He had a foggy impression of having given something to Peter, something very important that he was holding, and a comfortable feeling of hot water enveloping him, and then rubbing. That was all until he looked up into the sea mist again and saw the white skeleton lying there, but Peter's face was behind it this time, and the kettle was steaming on the supper table between them.

Verselets

FROM A PHILOSOPHY MAJOR'S CLASS NOTES

PAULINE MANSHIP, '36

A Plea for Hegelianism

The Absolute lacks attribute—
I find its vagueness kinda cute—
So, Weiss, O mortal most astute,
Please don't refute the Absolute!

I neglect the works of Bradley
Very badly, very gladly!

Intuition, a priori,
Of distinction makes it that
You can tell a category's
Difference from a gory cat.

Paradox

If appearance is meaningless, why, pray tell
Does Miss Walsh always manage to look so swell?

How very ineffectual
To be an intellectual!

The Street Is Their Home

EDITH ROSE, '37

“**G**RAPHICO-O! U-universal Gra-aphico-o!” The little urchins stream out from the printing office in Mexico City like unleashed rabbits and scatter down the street with the news of the world: so many animated rags swept by the evening wind. They cling to the backs of street-cars or hop on automobiles to flap their papers through the window, as they get a ride to the center of town. Big urchins of eighteen and twenty come up to the cars at noonday, to force lottery tickets on the occupants, saying, “A lucky number, patron! See, it is the last one I have!” Their oratory streams without a pause from the running board. They leap away just as you are about to shove them off the car, and are swallowed in the lanes of traffic. Old men, hunched, with grey striping their thick black hair, stand by the office buildings and hotels. Old women hobble along, swathed in black wool shawls. These, too, are selling lottery tickets and newspapers, now with the indifference that is distilled from a lifetime. Out of habitual piety, they tack on a prayer and a blessing for you, if you buy their wares.

Why is it that these people have not changed the course of their lives? Because they have never dropped anchor. They have had the city as their hunting ground; the free scope of the streets in which to chase all day; the excitement of playing the bull-fighter with the onslaught of traffic. When they barely miss the edge of the fender, they experience the same thrill as the toreador, who feels the bull's horn graze his leg.

These people have never felt the harness of routine. They are unlike the conductors in the street cars who must always keep to the narrow steel rails. Even the ticket collector, who hangs pennant-like from the back of the bus, does not have the same freedom as these nomads of the street. Of this same tribe are the vendors of serapes, who flash their bright wares at the tourist wandering on the sidewalks; the trinket vendors; those who go through the town crying for knives to sharpen or selling sand-pipers—little bunches of feathers with their beaks pointing earthwards, or those who sell dusters tall enough to sweep away celestial cobwebs. The bootblacks in the park belong to this same race, and the organ-grinders, whose forced, jangling tunes fade into the night until they become wistful in the distance, and haunt the ear long after the sound has vanished.

Their lives are built upon shifting sands. They have never dipped their roots into the earth. They do not know of the fibres that creep up from the ground

and weave themselves so inextricably around the heart, that in wrenching away from them, half the soul is left behind, imprisoned, and an emptiness gapes in the wanderer's being for ever. The souls of these vagrants are fluid. Their hearts are kaleidoscopic, changing, as they swing into a different quarter of town. The thread of their work is their only bond, and they spin it themselves. Their passion is to wander about the streets, to be a permanent current in the stream of people. They have looked into the faces of every type of person, with the pressing inquisitiveness of those who must make their living wherever they chance to find it. They have had a glimpse of the human race as a whole. The faces have merged together into a sea, where a wave rises, halts for an instant at the crest, then slides away as another wave moulds into the trough it has left.

The sense of permanence never comes to the street vendor. His view of life is not carved out in static, separate blocks. His soul is a vein of movement in the stream of passing humanity. His temperament has changed from that of the dark-skinned Indian stock which gave rise to him: the Indian of the mountain, who comes down from his little hut and sits all day in the market place before neat piles of bright fruit, or pottery, whose colour is indistinguishable from that of his gentle hands. He gazes at the market throng with impenetrable eyes, that have absorbed the night. His face is a carved enigma. His eternal patience is the same as that which evolved the earth. But the city Indian has been cracked from his mold. His soul has been cut loose and scattered into the air, to come fluttering down on the heads of a population, like an advertisement dropped from an aeroplane. And which of these is the wiser? The last knows his people as a million flashes that spark against his brain and leap away, until at the end there is left only a dull glare—a sky faintly soaked with the memory of the sun. But the mountain Indian has never left the earth from which he sprang. To him belongs primeval wisdom, the source of all life, which is the fundamental understanding that comes from having the roots of the soul sunk in the ancient rock, and the brow weather worn till the powers of the sun, the rain, and the wind have become elements in the thoughts of man.

Hirondelle

FRANCES FOX, '38

ONE swallow does not make a spring,
Your wise men said. I did not know
The apple blossoms were but snow,
They hung so whitely on the tree
The day the bird flew near to me,
A wakening flash of song and wing.

My winter broke. I heard him sing
Enchantment, and I know there will
Be no true spring for me until
There comes again, with magic song,
One swallow. Wise men, you were wrong.
A swallow once does not mean spring!

Book Reviews

THE LAST PURITAN, BY GEORGE SANTAYANA

GEORGE SANTAYANA is best known to a small public for his philosophical works and his excellent prose style. Not many modern philosophers have been blessed with the latter, and few modern prose writers have been equipped with a background of the former. *The Last Puritan*, which the author chooses to call "a memoir in the form of a novel," combines both with a life-times's observation and reflection on the American scene. The novel is more specifically concerned with the New England scene, which has always been an aloof and rather mysterious pattern in the patchwork of America. It is also a dissertation on puritanism in general, developed through the characters portrayed in the book, for Santayana does not believe that the cult has been a spontaneous and abortive growth in certain societies in certain periods, or that it ends with the death of his principal character, Oliver Alden. In the prologue, he says to his hero's cousin and friend, who urged him to write Oliver's life, "I am afraid there will always be puritans in this mad world. Puritanism is a natural reaction against nature." To which the other replies, "I don't mean that puritanism has died out everywhere. There may always be fresh people to take the thing up." But in Oliver puritanism worked itself out to its logical end.

The working out to this "logical end" is the subject of this book, a subject which might have been treated with a merciless scorn and shallow prejudice by another less understanding and less carefully penetrating mind. For most of the world finds puritanism a bleak and desolate subject, deserving only a dutiful notice of its prevalence in history books and works on abnormal psychology. Moralists and playwrights have frequently used pseudo-puritanism, a certain essence of thin-lipped disapproval and timidity, to arouse ridicule, contempt or horror in their audience. Santayana relegates puritanism to no such position; he finds in the life of a real puritan as fertile a field for tragedy and speculation and even beauty as most writers find in the lives of the "non-puritans," the people who are endowed with a "natural looseness," as was Mario Van de Weyer, Oliver's cousin. However, neither does he advocate the adoption of puritanism as a mental or spiritual discipline or a way of living to be enforced or achieved. This would be impossible in any case. He merely likes and admires this austerity, this single-mindedness and love of purity in others, and has written of it with patience and intelligence and, because he is not a puritan himself, with a certain tender humour.

From a novelist's point of view, *The Last Puritan* is open to criticism in the delineation of some of the characters and the dialogue, but its excellence is certainly not diminished through this; it is in some strange way even improved. The characters do not "jabber" as real people do, and as, in the epilogue, Mario says they should; they speak in Santayana's own philosophical style. They often speak at length with astounding intelligence and great fluency and they usually make their point with no difficulty, an achievement rare in most conversation. Thus they acquire an intellectual stature which, with few exceptions, they do not deserve. But the book would have lost much if Santayana had endeavored to reproduce the gropings of ordinary conversation instead of sympathetically speaking for his characters. Even so they are far from being automata and each has his individual appeal; the delightful Mario with his Italian blood and his continental up-bringing; Jim Darnley, the robust English sailor; Oliver's father, Peter desiccated and hopeless; his mother, unsympathetic both to Oliver and the reader, Letitia Lamb, Nathaniel Alden, and a crowd of others who are concerned in the working out of Oliver's destiny and have their prototypes in life.

As for Oliver himself, "his puritanism had never been mere timidity or fanaticism or calculated hardness; it was a deep and splendid thing: hatred of all shams, scorn of all mummeries, a bitter, merciless pleasure in the hard facts." He did not live through a normal childhood and suddenly discover puritanism as the right thing to adopt when he was an undergraduate; he was born a puritan. The same little boy who endured a pebble in his shoe in silence while on a walk with his nurse, endured as a young man everything imposed upon him which he felt to be his duty. He was patient, generous, intensely loyal, and good, but he never felt at home in the world nor was he particularly welcome. He lived, or rather, endured his short life, trying to adjust the world to his reason and never succeeding. One is relieved when he is suddenly killed; his desolation has become too terrible and "he had come to the end of his rope." Life could have given him nothing more if he had lived to be a hundred.

BARBARA MERCHANT.

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1936

Editorial

THE practice of composing semester reports the week-end or even the very day before they are due is not by any means a scholarly one, and at Bryn Mawr where we pride ourselves on scholarship, it certainly should not exist. Yet it does exist. We ourselves have fallen into the pernicious habit; we have witnessed its effect on our friends; and we have heard grim tales of its general influence throughout the campus. Precisely contrary to what the situation should be, it is only the rare and obscure few who prepare their papers with adequate time and labor, while the most of us work in a last-minute flurry, never stopping to consider whether our papers are good or bad, intent only on concluding them and handing them in at the appointed hour. When our aims in writing are no more worthy or significant than these, there is something very wrong with us.

In the first place, we are foolish. By postponing our reports until the final possible hour, we cancel the only purpose a report can serve. We eliminate the opportunity for personal research which day to day class-room work never gives. There our attention is devoted to mere absorbing of information; if an original idea occurs to us, we lay it aside in order to receive with undistracted mind the more authoritative ideas presented by our text-books or our professors. But it is our own thoughts which are the more important for us even though they have not the guarantee of correctness possessed by ready-made reasons and theories. Any day of the week we may read a book for instruction, but we experience a spontaneous working of our minds upon this instruction neither so easily nor so frequently. When we experience it, therefore, we should let it have precedence over everything else, urge it on, and follow it through to the last and least motion of its activity. Only when we are writing reports, however, do we have any incentive to follow our own thoughts in this way: it is so much easier at other times to remember what someone else said. And we cannot pursue our particular opinions even in writing papers if we leave these papers until the ultimate day before beginning to think of them. We simply tear through some conveniently brief and lucid book that applies to our subject, re-apply it in different terms and perhaps in a different light, and then we have our paper, neatly cranked out of a machine. No new field has been opened to us; no new inspiration has entered our brain; we might just as well have written nothing at all.

For some of us who happen to have the sort of mind that overflows naturally and continually with original ideas, this criticism may not hold true, however little time we may devote to our work. Yet it cannot help but be true to say that we are not doing our best work. Because a report is required immediately, we set about

composing it with our eye on the clock, and if it happens to be good when we are through, it is not any credit to us, for it could have been better still. Unless we have a certain amount of leisure in which to consider and plan before we so much as take up a pen, and then again an equal amount of leisure when we are finished in which to revise and correct, we cannot do all that we are capable of doing. Whoever reads our hasty inventions may not know how much finer a thing it lies within our capacity to accomplish, but we must know it ourselves; and although we may shrug our shoulders at it, we cannot help but be ashamed at such slackness.

For it is complimentary neither to us nor to our college to be forced when we examine ourselves into calling our methods of work slack and foolishly thoughtless. The mere realization that we deserve such names should be enough to make us cease deserving them. Since by the exercise of a little foresight and self-discipline, by the careful planning and spacing of our reports throughout a semester, we could so easily overcome our vices, no more than vanity should be necessary to impel us towards overcoming them. And if we even pretend to be interested in our studying, our pride and respect for this interest ought to keep it from being made into a mockery.

Sonnet

ELIZABETH WYCKOFF, '36

I N THAT last age before the world's decease,
That Ragnarok, that Gotterdammerung,
We shall forget our eschatologies
And dwell on green days when the world was young.
We shall shed tears remembering the spring,
The days when winter was but half the year,
When larks and thrushes were alive to sing,
When life was warm, when life was warm and dear.
So now, when half my mind is frozen dead,
That which remains sees nothing but a child
Who scrambles in the branches overhead,
Brown, monkey-jointed, thin, alone, and wild.
She does not know that she is but a ghost;
I see her always now that she is lost.

The Ring

MARY MESIER, '38

THE stale leaden air crackled with the incessant clatter of typewriters, and the white walls held the sound fast and unresounding within the room.

Wearily the girl at the corner desk raised her fingers from her machine and rubbed them together. They were tired and ached, and it was an almost unbearable effort to move them above the keys. All of their old speed was gone. She felt their fatigue in every part of her body, so that she almost cried out with the strain of their exertion.

Clasping them now in front of her, she looked about this office of the watch factory, her blue eyes palely wandering over the familiar objects. Her narrow white face gleamed like stone against the cold grey light of the Fall afternoon, and, as if she had caught the deep chill of the day, she shivered and glanced at the clock. It was almost five and she must finish. With sudden excitement she looked down at her hands, unfolding them and stretching them out before her. They were ugly hands, red in spite of all she had done to them, and though thin, their knuckles were large and the ends of the fingers stubby. She hated them, but as she thought of them now, the remembrance of something else made her suddenly smile. For today they were going to buy the ring. At five o'clock, they were going to buy it, and at the thought of this, she raised her hands to her face and with a faint gesture pushed back the hair that fell to her shoulders in close fuzzy waves. Once again she began to work.

As the factory whistle screamed the hour, the sound of the typewriters rattled to a stop. Quickly the girls rose from their desks and, clicking the covers on their machines, crowded laughing and talking from the room. But the girl at the corner desk took her time. Left alone, she rose slowly and gazed across the room—gazed out through the windows at the steely hardness of clouded sky without noticing that hardness. He would wait for her, she thought, and that knowledge, coming suddenly upon her, made her gasp with the wonder of it. Downstairs he would have his coat and would be waiting, standing outside the door, waiting for her with his thin shoulders huddled into his coat, his hands hanging in his pockets. When she went out, she would see the slow, light shifting of his body as he turned to meet her, his pleasant face becoming serious in its smile of greeting. All the light of the deadened day centered upon her face as she stood now in the silent stillness of that empty room, throwing her gaze against the dull grey sky. Her

stiffened body trembled, and liquid streams of fire forced their way through her chest; the thought of him waiting, of her power over him, possessed all her senses until without her knowledge, a smile flowed softly into her face. She giggled very lightly, from the love she felt for him, and with an exultant pride she was glad she was keeping him waiting.

But now she must hurry. With a sudden intensity of purpose, she turned and left the room. The click of her high heels on the metal staircase rang emptily against the stone walls as she ran down the steps to the locker room. Hastily she put on her hat and coat and without waiting, began to pull on her gloves, walking all the while down the corridor to the street entrance. The old ache was in her fingers and, flexing them questioningly, she frowned. She did not understand the intensity of their pain, and before drawing on her left glove she paused to examine that hand more closely. It was red with the cold and her finger tips seemed almost inflamed; only the knuckles showed white when she clenched the fingers. It was a very ugly hand and she had wanted him to be proud of her when he slipped the ring on her finger in front of the shopkeeper. She smiled again, remembering, and once more began to pull on the glove.

Immediately, however, she stopped, for she was conscious of someone watching her, and looked up to see the figure of a hunchback shadowed in a side doorway. The two of them were alone in the great grey silence of the corridor; the stillness about them was so complete that it was almost broken by the slight gesture she made with her head as she discovered his identity. He was a little man, with a thin figure that was all but lost in the darkness of the doorway. Only his face glimmered white, with its one side in lighter contrast to the shoulder that was drawn up by the deformity of his back. Small bright eyes were fixed on her hands in rigid concentration. Not a shadow quivered about him, nor did his eyes waver from their object. It was as if they were seeking out her hands to bind them within the malevolency of his gaze, and he seemed to notice her in no other way. She was startled into an attention outside her own preoccupation. Her awareness was caught and drawn towards him—stretched to a fine sensitiveness of tension. With measured swiftness his eyes moved upward to her face and holding her with their brilliant insistence, forced recognition upon her.

She knew him well, for he worked in the factory, was one of those who painted the luminous faces of the watches. But never before had their minds touched as they did now. She had always evaded his obvious approaches by a real indifference only lightly tinged with the disgust for his deformity felt by the other girls. Now at this moment he had at last reached her, but only for a second. As she lowered her eyes to the glove, his power was instantly broken. Her lateness and the

delicious meaning attached to that lateness swam into her memory in an entirety that completely excluded the hunchback. From the happiness within her, she smiled and nodded to him as he stood among the shadows in still expectancy. Then with tripping haste, she moved off towards the outer door.

Upon reaching it, a delighted anxiety made her, for a second, pause. But as she swung open the door, the familiar figure turned towards her and she drifted to his side with a little laugh of rest and satisfaction. Their bodies drew together; their walk was a single motion, he with his hand beneath her elbow, leaning towards her diffidently, she jogging her head about now and then to peer into her companion's face.

The flat, blank walls of factories shut in the street on both sides and deadened the occasional rumble of a truck as it rattled over the cobblestones. No sound, not even these, broke the sharp cold silence of the day. Towards the main street they made their way, slowly, enclosed and cut off from all else by their own need and happiness. They were going to buy the ring, and the awareness of their importance in this errand drew them together into an intimacy that included their entire selves. She laid her hand over his arm with a shy insinuation of carelessness; self-consciously he fingered the money within his pocket.

And then suddenly, into this strange unity of feeling broke the thought of her purse. She had been so absorbed that she had forgotten it, had left it in her desk at the office. Quickly they turned and retraced their steps. They hurried back, both separated and intent on their own reflections; they must get there before the factory was closed for the night.

No one was in sight as they entered the building and hastened upstairs to her room. Opening the door, they stopped and instinctively drew together. The grey shadows lurking stilly about the furniture and in the square corners of the room touched them with a dry stagnant chill, and they were afraid. Instinctively she reached out a hand to touch him, but though they stood close together, their minds were shut off from one another, and each groped within itself among the fearful weights of things unknown.

With a trembling half-glance at her companion, she moved softly towards her desk, almost as if afraid to stir the shadows that hung through the room. He followed, walking more heavily but with a frightened precision. The desk was in almost complete darkness and she fumbled blindly with the drawer. Awkwardly she jerked it out and withdrew her purse, turning to her companion with a sudden soft relief. But he was staring down at the desk with a hard fixity that froze her once more into frightened tensivity. Following his gaze, she acknowledged her carelessness with a nervous half-laugh. She had forgotten to cover her typewriter.

Apologetically she leaned down to pick up the top from the floor, but, about to place it on the machine, she too paused and stood looking down at it with incomprehension and terror.

Within the darkened gloom that hung over the corner desk, the keys of the typewriter glowed luminously, alive and gleaming with a wicked, mocking light. Her nervous little laugh hit sharply upon the silence of the room and was instantly deadened within its stillness, as she turned questioningly to her companion. With difficulty he withdrew his gaze from the desk and looked at her, his eyes full of such horror and dread that they at last forced their knowledge upon her. Fascinated, she looked again at those glowing spots, and into her mind crept a long procession of scenes and incidents. She remembered the day she had been shown the room where the workers sat who painted the radium faces of the watches. That day she had seen the hands of a worker—one of his fingers was already gone and another one had a whitened sore—a sore that gradually dried up and ate away the skin. Though she could no longer feel the aching stiffness of her own fingers, she remembered it, and she remembered too, the bright malevolency of two dark eyes that had gazed with such intensity while she was pulling on a glove in the corridor that day. And she had smiled at him, pitying him for the humiliation and defeats she herself had brought him—had smiled at him and gone off to buy her ring—her ring.

She walked to the window and looked out; her companion followed and stood beside her. Together they looked across the flat dusky roof tops of factories and storage houses to the smoke stacks, standing darkly against the clouded sky, and to the church steeple that rose in their midst. She wondered that it did not snow, and she thought again of those eyes watching her and of the hands she had seen. She began trembling; her shoulders shook and she felt his arms about her, felt his mind groping for the answer as he tried dully, awkwardly to comfort her.

"Come," he said, his voice vague and fumbling. "Come, we must get there before they close. It's almost six." He reached in his pocket to make sure he had not lost the money. "Come," he said again, taking her by the arm and leading her out.

No longer did they feel the chill of the room. There were just the two of them now, each standing alone with the question lying between them. She looked down at her hands, tightly clasping the pocketbook, and slowly shook her head.

"Take me home," she whispered softly, and he guided her out as she had asked him to. His eyes were still dull and bewildered as he quietly closed the door behind them.

Criticism—with Particular Reference to Eliot and Spender

MARY DIMOCK, '39

I

THE methods which criticism follows in dealing with works of art are too numerous to be collected and defined. This, I think, is for two reasons. To be complete, criticism must start from or include an interpretation (either generally accepted or personal) of the fundamental purpose or result which the criticized art magnifies. These purposes, and the manner of creation of the art to be criticized, are themselves too varied to be judged in accordance with uniform laws. The second reason is that criticism is an art in itself inasmuch as it results from a recognition of possible elucidation; therefore criticism works, like art, on too many bases to be directed as to its way of approach. Although there can be no imperatives, there are certainties inevitable from the nature of criticism.

I think it is necessary to clarify the relationship between criticism and the other literary arts, if criticism is to be called an art. I cannot define straight prose non-technically because its field is too inclusive. But poetry and poetic prose, which is poetry, seem to have implicit in them the fact that they are based on a recognition in an idea, emotion, or sense perception of a quality that transcends the actuality of that idea, emotion, or sense perception; the quality breeds an elucidation of its own, which is poetry. Where criticism interprets, its spirit is poetic, for it recognizes a quality in the work that transcends the meaning of the work, a quality that asks for elucidation.

This establishes criticism as an art only by similarities with other arts, and it does not place it. But I think the similarities with prose in the fact of elucidation, and with poetry in both the fact and process of elucidation are sufficiently binding.

The critical process may be either deductive or inductive. But all completed criticism would seem to be deductive. Where criticism is based on a preconceived generality by means of which the work is interpreted or evaluated, the resulting critical work is deductive both in its process and in its appearance. In the other kind of criticism, the process is inductive, that is, instances are found to lead to a generality; yet the appearance is deductive. For the discovered generality becomes the critic's theme, and the instances which led to the generality now merely substantiate it.

Opinion of value and generality are the two elements of criticism. [I use the term 'generality' instead of the more accurate 'theory' because of the confusion between 'theory of criticism' and 'theory' meaning a set of specific assumptions used in critical works.] Blakmur, in his *The Critic's Job of Work*, says that no combination of ideas, no generality, can be said to be more valid than any other; that the life of criticism depends on the possibility of infinite equally valid generalities. From this view it seems that critical generality is required merely to be consistent within itself and believed by one person; that the validity of the theories is not increased with their number; that scientific validity is irrelevant to theory. I think this is true as far as it goes. But Blakmur has completely ignored opinion. Generality is a variable, subject to infinite change and infinite replacement. The constant opinion, whether stating negation or affirmation, like or dislike, has always the same value. It is impotent in the continuance of criticism, because it is absolute and incapable of development. The value of opinion is personal: it is the safety in its being irrefutable.

II

Spender is a less complete critic than Eliot. Often the theories that he applies and the analyses he makes seem as profound as Eliot's. But his statements are sometimes merely intimations. For example, his criticism of Eliot is weak because his distinction between subjectivity and objectivity—the basis of his analysis—is somewhat different from the generally accepted one, and he has not carried it beyond an implication. And again, one of his most significant statements about Yeats' work is that Yeats criticized the relation of the unemotional, unbalanced lives of his contemporaries to their "accomplished trance-like poetry, and the central point of his criticism was what involved him most deeply in his own work." Spender does not elucidate that "central point." Once more, his analysis of D. H. Lawrence does not fully explain the relationship between Lawrence's desire for reality and his experimental way of living. I think these failures result from a characteristic that does more good than harm; it is a tendency to keep strictly within the limits of the work criticized, to lessen the lyrical quality of his criticism. This gives his work a neat sincerity, and the incompleteness resulting from this fear of subjecting the work to his personality, is justifiable.

Although Eliot says repeatedly, and best in his *Hamlet and his Problems*, "the work of art cannot be interpreted; we can only criticize it according to standards, in comparison to other works of art,"—although he says this, there is through his entire work lyrical analysis and application of preconceived theories. The most disastrous example is his explanation of *Hamlet*. It is here that Eliot makes clear

his theory of the objective correlative. He says that art is a vehicle to run along beside specific emotions; it represents the emotions. "The artistic 'inevitability' lies in the complete adequacy of the external to the emotion; and this is precisely what is deficient in *Hamlet*." Hamlet is dominated by an emotion that exceeds the facts as they appear. Eliot says that the guilt of Hamlet's mother is the cause of his situation, but that his disgust is too great to be warranted by her guilt alone. He concludes that Shakespeare has bitten off more than he can chew. That is all very well. But Eliot has spread widely and consequently too thinly the blood of a workable theory. Everyone knows that Hamlet is dominated by an emotion that exceeds the facts as they appear; but to conclude that there is no logical inapparent explanation is as inadequate as concluding that a thief is innocent because you cannot find where the stolen money is hidden.

Common to both Eliot and Spender is consideration of a work in its time and environment. In a way it is unnecessary to say this in connection with *The Destructive Element*, because Spender has intentionally chosen men, sensitive to the existing order and writing because of opposition. Spender's Eliot is opposed to a dead life, made up of objects and people coupled under "things." His writing shapes the modern world subjectively. Yeats' outer world is more limited; he feels that his destiny is a close alliance with his contemporaries; but he is critical because of the relation I have mentioned before,—the relation between his contemporaries and their art. Lawrence's opposition is to a superficiality in his contemporaries that separates him from them and them from each other; his writing is the repercussion from a search for a common denominator. Henry James' opposition to corruption thrusts him to art; but this opposition is diluted by a snobbery that stands with the existing government. His writing, as a result, is "without a subject in the modern world."

Eliot's consideration of environment is more vital to his work. His belief in the importance of tradition leads him to analyse works historically as well as in their time. In his criticism of *Hamlet* he has traced the Hamlet theme from Kyd to Shakespeare, from its original dependence of its action on the difficulty of assassination, through feigned madness to the apparently inexplicable theme of the sixteenth century readjustment. He has placed the "unlimited aim of realism, the great vice of English drama from Kyd to Galsworthy" in its temporal category. "Even the philosophical basis is one of anarchism, dissolution and decay. It is in fact parallel and indeed one and the same thing with their artistic greediness, their desire for every sort and effect together, their unwillingness to accept any limitation and abide by it." He has studied Shakespeare as influenced by Seneca. He concludes that Shakespeare's writing transposes Seneca's self-consciousness, and

that through Shakespeare, Seneca affects the 16th century. His whole essay on *Arnold and Pater* is a study of influence. Pater's weakness, one inherited from Arnold, is an ignorance of time: *Marius the Epicurean* is not convincing because Pater does not recognize Platonism, Aristotelianism, and Neo-Platonism as direct connections between the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* and the Gospel. Eliot has explained Dante's easy comprehensibility by the fact that he wrote at a time when Europe was "mentally more united than we can now conceive."

Spender does not approach his subjects historically, nor anywhere nearly so comprehensively in their own time, but he deals with a temporal aspect of their work that Eliot does not touch. This is movement of change and growth. In *T. S. Eliot in His Poetry*, he traces two significant changes—the rather ambiguous change in poetic aspect from subjectivity to objectivity, starting with the *Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* and ending with *Gerontion* and *The Wasteland*; and the personal change from a doubt as to the possibility even of damnation to a sincere belief in the possibility of salvation. Likewise, Spender follows Yeats through three stages, less implicit in his work and more apparent in his style than those in Eliot—these are the primary evidence of folk lore, the secondary one of magic, and the final one of French symbolism.

That Eliot does not do this is significantly in keeping with his belief in the importance of tradition. The value of an author's work is discovered in relation to all time; the value of individual pieces of his work also lies in their relation to tradition, and not in their relation to the other parts of his work.

There is a decided difference in style. Spender's sentences are quick and powerful. In speaking of *The Wasteland* he says, "Here Eliot's verse is bare of its beautiful effects, and of all poetry. It is intricate, dramatic, and ingenious. Only in its organization is it superior to the thing it parodies." "Here the poetry rises to a kind of fierce, destructive emphasis, the expression of a mechanism which is destroying itself." Of Lawrence, "His written work was a by-product of his whole creativeness, like sweating." Of Yeats, "What one admires in Yeats' poetry is, in fact, not its mystery, its magic, or even its atmosphere; but its passion, its humanity, its occasional marvelous lucidity, its technical mastery, its integrity, its strength, its reality, and its opportunism." Of James, "The life which James wrote about is now as dead as mutton." It is extremely significant that these sentences and those others which are so marvellously concise, are Spender's opinions. It implies a recognition of their importance for Spender; it implies a humility in stating them at all. This humility is implicitly emphasized by their scarcity. Spender writes with excitement and love.

Eliot's style also varies with his subject matter. In *Tradition and the Individual Talent* where he is writing one of his most important convictions, he is concise. His concision has power, but his words themselves have not the force of Spender's. "No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast, and comparison, among the dead." But when he is writing opinion, and when his subject matter indicates love, he wanders: "The majority of poems one outgrows and outlives, as one outgrows and outlives the majority of human passion: Dante's is one of those which one can only just hope to grow up to at the end of a life." And again back to a statement where there is vitality: "I deny, in short, that the reader must share the beliefs of the poet in order to enjoy the poetry fully. I have also asserted that we can distinguish between Dante's beliefs as a man and his beliefs as a poet." "Actually one probably has more pleasure in the poetry when one shares the beliefs of the poet." I conclude from this, and it is consistent with my idea of Eliot's criticism as based on preconceived ideas, that Eliot's most exciting work for the reader and so probably for him is that dealing with the validity of theories.

III

In my first section, I stated a belief that theory or generality in criticism is the source of criticism's life. I said there were two kinds of theory or generality; one is preconceived theory applied to a work; it is obviously deductive. The second is theory or interpretation found in a work and elucidated in reapplication, inductive in process and deductive in appearance. I will deal first with preconceived theories.

In his *Notes on D. H. Lawrence*, Spender says, "The primary characteristics belong to the unconscious, and are therefore collective." He applies this to Lawrence as an individualist. Lawrence spent a life conceiving ways in which man might lose his individuality; he was only an individualist in that he wanted individuals to be free to get beyond their separation from each other. Spender considers that Lawrence found his transcendence in Sex and Death. In connection with Lawrence's success as a writer, Spender notes that too individualistic writers, having no relation to society, are ignored or soon dropped. He holds that Lawrence avoids this failure only because his theories and writing are for the people.

Continuing from this, but in *Henry James and the Contemporary Subject*, Spender states another theory. "What a writer writes about is related to what he believes. What he writes about also implies an attitude to the time in which he is living." Spender brings this to bear on the men who do not believe in the

beliefs of their time; he cites Walter de la Mare and W. H. Davies as poets who have escaped from the question of belief entirely, to an imaginary world of their own. Opposed to these poets stands Eliot, who has tried to swing the world around from the beliefs he does not accept by showing the world as it now is, as void of belief. This is lucid as it stands, but Spender's further application of the theory becomes confused; he writes, "What Eliot is doubting is the efficacy and value of his own private beliefs." These terms of the paradox are not incompatible if further analyzed, but as Spender states them, they are diametrically opposed and at best a quibble. In the James' essay Spender says also, "The effect of passion is not a momentary display, but a stimulus to thought which is at once dazzling and intricate." This is used in defense of James' method and is the most applicable and real of Spender's few preconceived theories. He writes in particular of the scene in the *Golden Bowl* in which Fannie smashes the bowl. The bowl is a symbol for Fannie and Maggie and the reader of the emotion that has been; the emotion is more than the action; the action is not even the culmination of the emotion. It is a physical verification of an already fully evident strain. It is a "symptom."

Except for this last, which indeed verges on the other category—that of inductive theory reapplied deductively—Spender's preconceived ideas seem fragmentary in their application. He makes just barely enough of a case to warrant their place in his essays. But they have a potential function, although it is ulterior to the essays, in fact, to Spender's entire world. They stand, for all their slimness, as contestable theories. Their contestation will extend criticism.

I have already mentioned Eliot's theory of the objective correlative which is one of his most important preconceived notions, continually appearing in Eliot's creative and purely critical work. The second theory I want to discuss is one included in *Four Elizabethan Dramatists*. In comparing drama to the ballet and using them both in relation to convention, Eliot holds that drama should be impersonal. This is an echo from *Tradition and the Individual Talent*; it is an echo from his poetry. Art in general is an escape from personality. "No artist produces great art by a deliberate attempt to express his personality. He expresses his personality indirectly through concentrating upon a task which is a task in the same sense as the making of an efficient engine or the turning of a jug or a table-leg." That this theory is an echo and has echoes itself is its significance; its repetition shows its indispensability to Eliot's creative and critical work.

"The poet who thinks is merely the poet who can express the emotional equivalent of thought." Eliot here holds forth against the vague use of the word "think." Thought comes in as a medium between emotion and the work of

art based on the emotion. Emotion is as precise as thought. An author's work, Shakespeare's, anybody's, is not necessarily indicative of a philosophy, but is merely the intellectual formulation of individual emotions, perhaps backed by a life philosophy and perhaps not. Shakespeare's work in itself does not indicate a way of thinking which extends over his life and work, although the works individually give the "illusion of a view of life." This theory is an elucidation of what is implicit in the two theories I have mentioned formerly. In "expressing the emotional equivalent of thought," the author is using an objective correlative; in the intellectual formulation of emotion, the author is escaping from personality. Again some of Eliot's best writing occurs in application of his own theory. "Shakespeare too was occupied with the struggle—which alone constitutes life for a poet—to translate his personal and private agonies into something rich and strange, something universal and impersonal."

Then there is the problem of belief. Eliot says, also in *Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca*, following from his theory of thought, that *for his poetry's sake* the poet recognizes a connection between his emotional impulses and a theory. In his essay on Dante he says, "There is a difference (which these hardly do more than assert) between philosophical belief and poetic assent." He talks of suspending both belief and disbelief. Of course this last is dealing with the reader's approach, or, if you will, reactions. To go into an analysis of the relation or severance between the poet's belief and the conviction of the reader is irrelevant here, because Eliot has not finally committed himself on that relationship or the relation between philosophical belief and poetic assent. It is true that in his notes to Chapter Two of *Dante* he says that the poet cannot "effect a complete severance between his poetry and all beliefs"; that in his essay on the *Vita Nuova* he says, "Acceptance is more important than anything that can be called beliefs." But just how much and where is the possible severance and acceptance, Eliot admittedly leaves hanging.

I think I have abstracted the major preconceived theories in the *Selected Essays*. They are not easy to miss. It is apparent that the major part of Eliot's work is based on them; that his greatest excitement is in applying them in various aspects.

IV

I want to write of the theories that are deductive in spite of being reached by an inductive process. By definition these theories are aligned with interpretation and analysis and only become theories in their reapplication. But I think I am

justified in calling them theories because of their obvious likeness to preconceived theories.

In his *Notes on D. H. Lawrence*, Spender has analyzed Lawrence's death. In the poems about his mother and the poems in the *Ship of Death*, Spender has not only found and traced Lawrence's changing belief in the possible functions of death, but has evolved from what is said and implied a Lawrence-psychology of death. (His explanation is quite involved, and in clarifying it, I think I have made it more so.) Death and life are opposed. Modern death is loss of individuality. But modern life is not, as it should be if it is opposed to death, assertion of individuality. This is because, says Spender, the modern death, the loss of individuality, is not real death; it does not make life life-like; "it makes life into a ghost." The real life is a transcendence of individuality. This is a personal theory. The basis of the interpretation is in Lawrence's work. But in reapplying it, Spender has touched it here with his idea of Lawrence as a realist, there with his idea of Lawrence's comprehension of the collective, and somewhere else with his idea of Lawrence's life as a series of experiments. I am in no way criticizing Spender. This is the function of criticism—to elucidate. And I contend that all elucidation is essentially lyrical and inevitably so.

Of Lawrence "His written work was a by-product of his creativeness, like sweating." Spender considers Lawrence's life as a continual experiment. This he calls part of his creativeness. His preaching; his demand for reality; his interest in political and moral questions; all these come from his creativeness and along with them come his poetry. This is a terribly personal interpretation; I think it really should be under the heading of pure opinion. But the fact that it is so close to the explanation of death in that its hypothesis is that Lawrence is always in some phase of the process of creating, makes it interesting if not particularly to the point.

In *Henry James and the Contemporary Opinion*, Spender compares the scene where Charlotte and Amerigo first admitted their love for each other, with Webster's similar scene between the Duchess of Malfi and Antonio. James' puritanical culture is all too evident in his "desperately courageous imagery." Out of his theory that passion is a "stimulus to thought," Spender has evolved the following, made apparent in the Charlotte-Amerigo scene. "—In suffering and pity James can accept the fact of physical love. The incident that to most people would seem most simple, most common, and yet most peculiar and isolated, is to him universalized as part of the whole cosmos."

This is part of what makes Henry James eligible for *The Destructive Element*. "He is without a subject in the modern world." All the writers in the collection,

"like Hamlet" (this is interesting in its relation to Eliot's opinion of Hamlet) "find their lives fixed in a world in which there are no external symbols for their inner sense of values." All the essays then represent inductive generalities, reapplied in such a way that they are Spender's created theories.

Eliot's induced generalities are weak when contrasted with Spender's. In *Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca*, Eliot finds in Othello, Coriolanus, and Antony in particular and Shakespeare's characters as a whole, a quality of self-dramatization. Othello's last speech is to "cheer himself up." He has erred, but in his defeat he must not lose his estimation of himself. In his analysis of Swinburne's work, in *Swinburne as a Poet*, which is almost straight opinion, Eliot calls its fundamental value its "diffuseness." There is an apparent lack of subject matter, but omitting any parts of the long poems leaves them incomplete. Eliot calls this verbal ability pure genius. In these analyses, though one is of character and the other of poetry, there is already obvious a distinction between the types of generalities that Spender and Eliot conclude from the works they criticize. Eliot's are far more personal and opinionary, and less analytical than Spender's.

This becomes more evident in Eliot's further analysis of Swinburne and in his remarks on other writers. He says that Swinburne's poetry does not simulate; it does not have an objective world which it represents, nor is it subjective. It has an existence of its own. He says in his essay on *Arnold and Pater*, in connection with Arnold's inconsistency and his inability to carry reason to its logical conclusion, his ambiguity, and his lack of subject matter, that "he holds his position and achieves his effects . . . by representing a point of view which is particular, though it cannot be wholly defined." Pater brought religion into culture through emotion and sensation. Dante's *Purgatorio* shows that a straightforward philosophical statement can be great poetry; the *Paradiso* shows that more and more remote states of beatitude can be the material for great poetry.

These are the best we can do. There is a decided dearth of inductive conclusion in Eliot's critical work. I think this lack is in keeping with and follows out his theory which I have already discussed—that no work of art or author shows a philosophy. There is certainly a conception of a philosophical purport in all Spender's analytical theories, a fact which leads to what I have concluded: that from both their preconceived and induced theories it is evident that Spender is more objective in his approach to criticism than Eliot; that Eliot's work is the vehicle for his preconceived theories. They are both fundamentally personal: Spender shows his personality in his elucidation of inductive generalities; Eliot in his application, in fact in his use at all, of preconceived theories. Both types of elucidation are significant for the life of criticism.

V

Straight opinion does not contribute to the continuity of criticism because it consists of merely affirmation and denial. What more can be said than that we do not agree, if we do not, when Spender says that Yeats' symbolism is best when it is applied to objects which are in the magical sense, least symbolic; that his poetry is only magical in the atmosphere it produces; that the *Hollow Men* is really magical poetry; that Yeats' thought is not so profound as his contemporary awareness; that Lawrence writes on beyond necessity or efficacy. Or when Eliot says that *Hamlet* is an artistic failure; that "it is the Mona Lisa of literature"; that Swinburne has no *pure* beauty; that Arnold's *Culture* survives better than his *Conduct*; that there is lucidity in Dante's actual words; that "the last canto of the *Paradiso* is the highest point poetry has ever reached or ever can reach."

But these opinions have a value; I will not go so far as to say that they are the basis of the entire criticisms, nor that the criticisms would not exist without them to work from either apparently or inapparently. Their value is subjective; they exist between recognition and elucidation; they are the truest things, for the critic, that the critic knows.

Spring Ploughing

ELIZABETH LYLE, '37

IN THE spring the ground is ploughed,
 The frozen clods turned under,
 And the quick earth stirred
 That lies below
 To a growth of life and wonder.

But the grave is never ploughed.
 Solid and cold it lies,
 With death at the core,
 And fearful dark,
 Whence nothing shall arise.

Maria

SYLVIA WRIGHT, '38

THE sun hammered the sand with its straight rays and the rim of the huge blue circle of the ocean curled with the heat and its waves licked the edge of the beach. The yellow strip of the sand wove off on either hand until it turned the last corner in the distance. Across it the long pier stretched out into the water. It was low tide and the dock was holding its skirts above its barnacled legs to keep them from getting wet. Along its sides, squat fishing boats with their long, bow-sprited noses were bobbing evenly as the waves came in.

On the end of the dock sat three or four fishermen, returned from their early morning catch. They smoked and were silent in a lethargic, half sleep that hung in heat waves about their heads. One or two of them were Mexicans, dark-skinned with cloudy eyes, and the rest a vaguely defined group of Americans, "flotsam and jetsam" of the California coast, who drifted in and out of jobs with the same desultory ease with which they worked at them. Lazily they watched a little fishing boat chug its way towards the dock over the transparent water.

"Boat's weighted down, looks like a good catch," said Mike Flannigan, a broad-shouldered fisherman with a low forehead and swinging arms—who was originally Irish, but who had lost all connection with the mother country except the ability to drop a sentimental tear when a hurdy gurdy played "Kathleen Mavourneen."

"Good day for sword-fish," commented one of the Mexicans, thin, sullen, with a lurking self-confidence in the precision of a carefully clipped mustache. "Had a good catch myself." Then like an oracle he closed his mouth and relapsed into contemplation of his pipe.

There was a clatter of high, brisk heels on the dock behind them and almost with one accord they turned around. A small, rounded figure was coming along the dock with purpose in every swing of her hips. She was short, on the verge of being dumpy, dressed in a gray, shop-girl's uniform, with white cuffs. She wore a leather jacket flung over it. Her hair, dark and wavy, showed her Mexican origin as did her brown skin. She wore white scuffed shoes with French heels and no stockings. Her eyes were bright and quiet and she had eyelashes like a moth's. She grinned at them, a broad, companionable smile and sat down on a barrel.

"Has Manuel came in yet," she said, "they let me leave the store since it was after lunch hour, and I came to see if he had arrived."

"He won't be here 'til late afternoon," said Mike. "It's twenty miles from the Channel Islands and he wouldn't be here now even if he had started at four in the morning."

"I bet he started early though," said the girl, looking out toward the detached purple peaks of the Islands.

The sullen Mexican took his pipe out of his mouth and shifted around so that he could see her.

"Pretty hard to be away from your husband five days when you have only been married a month, isn't it, Maria? Must be mighty tough if you have to come all the way down from the Five-and-Ten to see if Manuel's here when you know he couldn't get here till evening. Now you take me, for instance. Do you think after I'd been married a month, I'd leave my wife for five days? Not much! And what does he go off for? To take some crazy guys from a museum out to the Islands to look for 'flawra and fawna.' Say, if I had a——"

"You shut up," said Maria, vehemently, "you're nothing but a lousy fisherman, anyway. Manuel's going to get somewhere."

"Easy there," said Mike, mainly because he did not want to be involved in a fight and be obliged to get up out of his comfortable position. "Don't start that again. You've been through all that before."

Maria glared and was silent, hoping she was impressing the Mexican with a new dignity, but he merely laughed silently.

"How's the Five-and-Ten, Maria," said one of the fishermen, a quiet young one.

"Hard on the feet," said Maria, laughing, "but that's the only place it bothers you. Sure, it's fun outside of that. The girls are very nice and some of the people who come in are a scream, especially the ones who come in for lunch. They're awfully funny."

"You call on me if any of them get funny with you," said Mike, and having been sufficiently chivalrous, he relapsed again into a stupor.

"Oh, I can take care of that," said Maria, with a glance at the sullen Mexican.

"Sure you can," said Mike and went quietly to sleep.

The boat that had been approaching came up to the dock and bumping, sidled its way into place.

"Throw up your catch," said a fisherman as he put the boat's hawser over one of the piles of the dock.

"Say, Mike," said Maria, "will you stop in and tell me if Manuel's in yet, when you come up town?"

"O.K.," said Mike, "you run along back to your Five-and-Ten." Maria started off along the dock, her hands in the pockets of her leather jacket and her high heels clicking.

Later in the afternoon the fog rolled in and put a muffler on all the sounds of the water front. Remote in the distance, a fog horn groaned rhythmically. Dampness hung in points of water to the masts of the fishing boats. There was no one on the dock now, but here and there on the deck of a boat an oilskinned fisherman would be seen coiling a rope or folding up his nets. The tide had risen and the ocean was curling its feelers around the piles of the dock with a sucking motion that hinted at the tremendous, mysterious power that lay out behind the fog.

It was a little after five when Maria appeared again on the dock. She still wore her uniform, but now she had on over it a man's trench coat that flapped about her heels. She came out to the end of the dock and seeing no one began to try to identify the boats that lay in the harbor and round the dock. While she was scanning the harbor, Mike heaved himself out of his boat and onto the dock.

"Hello, Kid," he said, "Manuel's not in yet. He's probably been delayed by the fog."

"I know it," she said, "but I got kind of jittery. I hate this fog. Do you think he'll get home tonight? It's a queer night. I wouldn't want him to be out in it."

She crossed herself, quickly and furtively.

"Oh, he'll be all right," said Mike, "if he has to spend the night in the channel, he'll get home the first thing in the morning. Say, you look scared to death. Don't be superstitious. This fog won't hurt anybody. It's a natural occurrence of nature." He swelled his chest with pleasure at his own calm and at his ability to express himself. "Come down on my boat and I'll give you a drink."

"Will you, Mike?" said Maria, somewhat relieved, for the fog horn had stopped, "that's a good idea. Maybe it might take the jitters out of me. I've had kind of a hard day."

They climbed down the ladder and stepped onto the deck of Mike's boat. Maria sat down in the stern beside the wheel among a pile of ropes and buoys. Above her head the dock rose, black from dampness and the water sucked at the edge of the boat. Mike reached under a pile of rope and pulled out a bottle of whiskey.

"Here you are, Kid, take as much as you like," he said.

Maria grinned gratefully. As she was about to put the bottle to her lips the fog horn started again with a long, shuddering moan. Maria jumped, gasped and dropped the bottle.

"Hey there," yelled Mike and jumped for the bottle. "You almost lost it all." He picked it up and looked at it carefully to see if it were cracked. As he was about to take a drink himself, there was a new sound. Maria jumped up and seized his arm.

"Did you hear that," she said in a low, quick voice. Mike listened. Far out a boat's horn was answering the fog horn. "That must be Manuel," she cried. "Nobody's boat would be coming in at this hour except his."

"It certainly must be," said Mike, musingly, "I hope he can find the dock." He took his own fog horn out of his boat and climbing up onto the dock began to blow at regular intervals.

Maria climbed up beside him and looked yearningly into the blind fog.

"I shall be so glad to see him," she said in a low voice. "Oh, I hope he's all right. I'm sure something has happened to him."

Mike looked around in surprise. "What could have happened to him. Use your head, Kid. There hasn't been anything but a little fog and he's certainly gone through a fog a hundred times before."

"I know," said Maria, "but this is a different sort of fog. I don't like it." She shivered. "I wish he'd come soon. I don't like this waiting."

Suddenly she broke down whimpering with dry sobs. "Oh, Mike, I know something has happened. What'll I do."

Mike was a little embarrassed, and consequently a little annoyed.

"Don't be a fool," he said. "You're just letting this fog get you. Look, you can see Manuel's boat now."

It was coming out of the fog, chugging quietly. It looked damp and ghostly in the mists and its mast disappeared into the shifting vapor that surrounded it. Maria strained her eyes to see if she could see Manuel.

"There he is, Mike," she whispered, "that's him, isn't it, sitting in the stern? Oh, I'm so glad. Oh, it's wonderful."

She leaned out over the water and called to him. Presently a clear voice came back.

"Hey, Maria, that you?"

"Manuel, are you all right?"

The voice came back, clear but fainter. "Yes, all right."

Presently the boat drew up to the dock and Manuel jumped out to take Maria in his arms. He was a tall thin Mexican with large eyes and a passionate twisted mouth. Mike tied up the boat and the other men began wearily to climb onto the deck.

"Mike," said Manuel quietly, "will you see that she's O. K. for the night? I want to take Maria home."

Maria looked up at him and then down at the boat. On the deck lay a dark mass, covered with a tarpaulin. Two of the men who had gone on the trip were trying to lift it up. Maria gasped.

"What's that?" she said, "Manuel, what's that?"

"I didn't want you to see that," he said, quickly, in a strained voice. "It's—well, the boss fell off a cliff when he was looking for some flower or other. Come on home, Maria."

"Is he dead?" said Maria.

"Sure he's dead. Come along. You oughtn't to be hanging around a dock. You'll catch cold."

"Oh," gasped Maria, "I knew something had happened. Are you all right? Oh, you oughtn't to have gone. Something will happen to you out there some day. What will his wife do? Oh, I wish you hadn't gone."

The two men had now lifted the body onto the dock. It lay, once vital, now a dark flaccid mass covered with a dirty sail. Maria shuddered and a black horror came over her.

"Take me home, Manuel," she said. "I'm frightened."

Manuel gave Mike a few directions. Then they went down the dock silently holding each other's hands.

The fog rolled in, over the dock and the boats, and over the figures of the men who were lifting the dark mass from the moist boards. The mists wove silently around them. Remote in the distance the fog horn groaned rhythmically.

Maria climbed up the steps of the mission and went in from the sunlight to the cool darkness. As she went through the door, she drew a scarf over her head. She got her candle and placed it lighted on one of the little side altars. There was no one in the mission except an old Irish woman, who was quietly telling her beads at one of the altars. On the big altar the figure of the Virgin raised its serene and unheeding presence.

Maria knelt before the altar and prayed incoherently and silently. "Please, God," she said to herself, "Don't let Manuel go out to the Islands again. Even if we don't have any more money. Even if we can't have the baby. Even if he hates me for it. I'd rather have him hate me than have him not come back. Oh, please, God, don't let him ever not come back. If the man from the museum fell over a cliff and died, Manuel might do the same thing. If it happened to that man, it might happen to him. Because you know that Manuel isn't very clever and he wouldn't watch out for something like that. He wouldn't ever think that he might die. So,

please be careful of him. If he goes out again, don't let the fog or the sea get him. The fog is terrible and Manuel isn't afraid of it. At least, not the way I am. I know if he goes out again in the fog that something will happen to him. And if something happens to him, I'll stop too. It's been hard enough already. So please take good care of him; God."

She sighed and got up. She did not feel any better. The black fear that had come upon her the night Manuel had come home was still there. Slowly, she walked out of the church and when she curtsied to the figure of the Virgin, it only stared back at her with a calm and disinterested face.

"But, Maria," said Manuel, impatiently, "There isn't any other job to be had. God knows I've tried. But I can't do anything else but fish. That's all I've ever learned how to do. There are plenty of people who *can* do the things I try to get jobs at. And I'm a good fisherman. I wouldn't be good at anything else. And I wouldn't like it either. I hate these land jobs. I think you're being rather dumb about this. Nothing has happened to me in the last five years and it isn't likely to happen now. If it is it will happen anyway and so it doesn't matter."

They were sitting on their porch, a porch that was hardly more than a platform stuck on the front of the house. Manuel sat on the bottom step and smoked discontentedly. He found it very difficult to be balancing between his wife's superstitious fears which he could not calm and his own desire to keep on doing what he had always done before. He had always trusted his wife and had found the last month of affectionate control very pleasant. But he was restless and fishing suited him. He felt vaguely unhappy and thwarted.

Maria sighed. "Perhaps I'm wrong," she said. "But I'd be awfully unhappy if you went back to fishing. I'd much rather have you here even if you don't like it. Because I know that something will happen to you if you go back there."

Manuel sat up. "You're being very silly. You know that you're not happy with me fussing around the house with nothing to do. You don't like it any more than I do. Really, Maria, I don't want to make you unhappy, but we've got to live the rest of our lives together, and you might just as well get used to me taking risks now as later. I'll never be good at anything but fishing and if you could just get used to the idea everything would be all right. We've got to have some money soon. What will we do if we don't get any before the baby comes? We've got to think of that."

Maria was silent. It was the only argument that could touch her.

"If you went back to fishing," she said, slowly, "Would you be awfully careful, Manuel? Would you not go out if there was a storm? And would you be careful when you were in the boat?"

"Oh, darling," said Manuel, "if you let me go back to fishing, I'll be so careful you'll be ashamed of me. I really will. We'll all be much better off if you let me go. I know where I can get a job any minute. I know where I can buy another boat cheap, too. We'll be in the money in a week."

"Well," said Maria, with a worried frown, "I'll let you go back if you really will be careful. But I shall be very worried all the time. So please don't take any chances and get hurt or anything. I guess it will be better if I let you go. Maybe I'll get over the way I feel. But you take good care of yourself. It's all right. I guess you can go."

Manuel let out a shout of glee.

"That's swell," he said, "I thought you would come around. I'll be careful, Honey, I really will. I'd better go off now and see if I can get that boat. Maybe if I can get it tonight I could go out tomorrow. It looks as if it would be a good day tomorrow. I'll go and see about the boat right away."

Maria jumped up and seized his arm. "Listen here, Manuel, I won't have you go off like this. If you go you must think about it first. I want to be sure that you will be careful."

Manuel kissed her. "I'll be careful," he said, "I won't let you be worried. I just want to see about the boat. Don't worry, Honey."

Maria relaxed. "All right," she said, "Go and see about the boat. I'll wait 'til you get back."

Manuel tore off, waving to her as he went round the corner. Maria sat down on the porch step and waited.

The storm came up in the night. Maria under her thin covers heard the wind arouse itself and begin to creep about the little shingled house. It wandered ominously about the roof moaning softly. Gradually it increased to a low howl and then to a shrill cry and finally into a high agonized shriek. Maria shivered and drew the covers over her head. She heard the frightened rustle of the leaves and the unknown sound of objects blown about the street. The wind, freed by the night from the heat of the day, let its airy limbs go free and struck the houses in its course with unerring blows. It swept into the window of Maria's room and extinguished with a gasp the tiny candle that burned before Maria's shrine. Maria saw the light go out and in a fit of superstitious terror jumped out of bed and fell on her knees in the dark. For a while she remained there while the wind whipped through the window and tossed her hair, and swept her nightgown about her. But she could not hear her own prayers for the sound of the wind. She got up and put on one of Manuel's coats that was lying on the bed and went to the window. The

storm was so strong that she had to kneel down in the window. She looked out among the houses to where she could see the ocean. The dead light of early morning showed it gray and shiny, rolling in great waves that burst at their crests. Maria looked out among the houses and fastened her eye on the little stretch of the sea that was visible. She drew Manuel's coat around her. Now she did not pray any longer. The light in the shrine was out behind her and the sterile storm-tossed dawn was breaking. She watched the ocean with emotionless hate in her eyes. The wind struck her face, but her eyes were steadfast.

When morning came she got up and silently dressed. Then without eating she went out of the house, locking it carefully as she always did. She went down the steps, her face white and quiet, and up the street. When she came to the Five-and-Ten, she went in and took her place behind the soda fountain. As the people came in for breakfast, she fed them without any of her usual chatter. She filled coffee cups and handed sandwiches over the counter. As the store filled and the noise of the shoppers grew her face became drawn and she moved almost mechanically.

At about ten in the morning some of the fishermen began coming in. They were wet and tired and they ordered coffee. Maria became paler, but she did not speak to any of them. The morning crept slowly on. It was hot, although outside the storm was raging. The show windows in the front of the store were covered with steam. Maria continually passed coffee over the counter and wiped off the stains that the hastily filled coffee cups left. As she ran her cloth over the counter she noticed a fisherman sitting opposite her. She looked up. It was Mike, staring at her with fear and nervousness in his eyes. He tried to speak but his lips moved silently. She watched him without moving, the cloth suspended in the air. He saw that she was waiting for him to speak, but he could not. The tears began to run down his cheeks. Maria came to life and spoke.

"Don't cry, Mike," she said, softly, "it's all right. I know all about it."

Mike looked at her in surprise. "Then you know that Manuel ——"

"Yes, I know about that. I know because I just remembered. Manuel's been dead all along."

Mike watched her as she began again to wipe the counter with her cloth.

"Don't cry," she said, "There isn't any use crying. He's been dead all along."

Thomas Edward Lawrence: The Soldier of Fortune Writes

JULIA GRANT, '38

(Chapter I from an Essay of Five Chapters)

FROM time to time, out of the general confusion of name-seekers, some quiet individual following a purpose to the last limits of his organism steps out of the ranks, and involuntarily achieves the reward of fame. This was the destiny of the ancient philosophers, who striving to help their contemporaries find peace of mind, paved their own roads to a future, unsought glory. In our own century there has been such a man, solitary and shy, physically unimpressive, but fired by the almost fantastic vision of a barren country, its wastelands peopled with wild nomadic tribes and its eternal sands scarred by the shuffling feet of camels, united, like the ancient cities of the Fertile Crescent, into a United States of Islam.

Thomas Edward Lawrence, before he was thirty had reached the peak of his career. In the eyes of the world he had accomplished more than any single figure in the four years that had laid waste the plains of France and deprived Western Europe of the better half of its manhood. This short, wiry little Englishman, sharply contrasted with his dusky men-at-arms by his fair hair and skin and blue eyes, had mustered an army of thousands of unruly Bedouins, had led them, though himself an alien, to the defence of their country, making out of their weaknesses their strength and turning the strength of the enemy Turk to weakness. It was he who led them to Petra, to fight one of the greatest battles of history, and who as their uncrowned king brought them at last, to the gates of Damascus, once more the conquerors of a usurped land. Honors were pressed upon him but his appalling modesty made him refuse them—a Victoria Cross and an offer of Knighthood—preferring rather the impenetrable peace of Thomas Hardy's Wessex with only the companionship of his books and the great black motor-cycle that was to carry him to his death. At the head of a monstrous camel corps cantering across the perpetual wastes of Arabia, or as a diplomat in the canvas palace of a desert monarch, Lawrence was at ease, but at home his apparent calm before the world was lost in silent shyness, and for refuge he seemed to withdraw into his own essence, a strange, contemplative little figure.

Lawrence was not trained for a military career. His enlistment for army service in 1914 had been refused because his five feet three inches were not suffi-

ciently impressive ; but during a trip to Arabia to examine Crusade architecture for a thesis, his great dream of the united Islam broke upon him, and his destiny was marked. His background was a strange one, based not on a study of modern war tactics or guerilla warfare, but rather on an intimate knowledge of classical exemplars gleaned from his extensive reading at Oxford, and his phenomenal ability as a linguist. He is said to have known eight languages and several of the Arab dialects, although he himself denies his accuracy in these, looking upon his knowledge as a hodge-podge of many dialects rather than an accurate familiarity with any one alone. He had evidently an uncanny understanding of the shrewd childlike men that he was leading, and a realization of the problem that was and still is so pertinent : the conflict of the relationship of the east and west, of the mass and the individual.

Lawrence's modesty is quite genuine and his solitariness a trait that, although to a certain extent inbred in every Englishman, was increased with the self study that became more and more unavoidable, even necessary in the long months of campaigning. Often he spoke of the relief he found in slipping away from the noisy Arabs, whom he described as living in heaps, to some quiet spot, sheltered from the parching sun where he could ponder alone, finding a solace in his own thoughts that companionship could never offer him. He was always intensely aware of himself, indeed, he seems to have felt an intense self-respect, which penetrated deeper and deeper, giving him a queer wisdom about his own soul, a balance of his own nature perpetually in contrast to the alert, often savage doctrine of Arab ethics. He could understand the mental and physical effect of this perpetual society of men among men during the long periods of privation and hardship that threatened to break even the native spirit, and he has accepted it gently with a comprehension unlike that of the average modernist in his morbid search after "stark reality." Certainly Lawrence has not attempted to veil reality in the long account of his campaigns, but he enables his reader to pass over the grimmest details almost unflinchingly, for, although they stand in black print on the page, they are now reminiscences remembered as wisely as they were borne. His realism lies in his wisdom and in the honest, unpretentious compassion with which he has offered his information.

The glory that his own country, and the whole of western Europe offered to Lawrence, seemed almost ludicrous to the unwilling hero. He had had a principle to follow and to a certain degree he had accomplished his purpose. Many of the British promises to the Arabs had been neglected in the final settlements, and he was bitterly disappointed that his plans were not perfected and that the English trust had been betrayed. Under the influence of this disillusion Lawrence wrote his

four hundred thousand words account of his adventures and their results. It was planned merely as a memoir of that four years' accomplishment for a few friends who had served with him, and only eight copies were issued in the first edition. Years before for the title of an archeological work on seven cities, he had set upon the old line from the Proverbs of Solomon, "Wisdom hath builded a house; she hath hewn out her seven pillars." The early book he had felt immature, and it had never reached the press, but the name was passed on as a memento to the new volume—*The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*.

It is an awe-inspiring work to say the least, especially when one remembers that after several years' work the completed manuscript was lost in a London railway station, and with the indomitable patience that would not allow discouragement to frustrate it, the entire book was rewritten from memory. It is far more than a log of mere day to day adventures, it is rather an epic, loosely woven in places, and frequently a tangled confusion of skirmishes, interminably long marches, un hoped-for triumphs, and despairing defeats, but more often it is bound together in an exquisite network of details that only a poet could manage so dextrously, and shows a depth of penetration that no one but a philosopher and an intent observer of human nature could have achieved. As the Homeric epic that he was to translate later was an ancient odyssey, the *Seven Pillars* is one of modern times interwoven with all the violence of man-made warfare and the cruelty of natural frustrations. Like his Homeric translation, Lawrence has written this timely odyssey of an individual soul in all the intricacies of its combat with the external, in the simplest prose embellished only by the apt use of an every-day word or a simple essential image. In it lives always the person of the man who wrote it, and always there is a feeling of his own essence which he studied to the end with that unconscious self-vanity that made him stand alone in spirit, although physically and consciously he was one with his Arab warriors, living as they lived, or as far as racial limits allowed, ruling as one with the desert princes. He has given us in his two books a realization of the fierce excess of energy that he possessed and the extraordinary powers of leadership that alone can make an alien a master, of a sensitive vision for beauty among a multitude of horrors, a philosopher's inward penetration and understanding of himself and the men with whom he came into contact, and the principles of a religion of personal responsibility which he pursued to the utmost.

In criticism of his writing, Lawrence must be recognized from various angles. Firstly he must be understood as a narrator recounting with complete Dorian simplicity his epic of adventure; secondly as the prose writer whose doctrine was not greatness but truth, thirdly as the poet, who although his poetry is of the barest,

could not deny his sensitive nature the art which claimed it again and again; and lastly he must be apprehended as the philosopher, powerfully contemplative of intricate humanity. If the epithet "immortal" proves too strong for the literary weakness of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and if the Dorianism of the *Odyssey* is laid aside for a more elaborately conscious translation, the recollection of the unique man, and the possessor of this lonely, indomitable spirit will persist eternally.

The Journey

SYLVIA WRIGHT, '38

THE Shadow fell and sucking in the light
Breathed out the molded darkness in a waste,
And out a figure went, faceless and bright,
Out of the darkness to a churning, many-colored place,
Where, in passionate remoteness, all in vain,
Dark, alien folk are singing in the night
In Christian reverence. Where one wise and strong,
When metal crashed with metal, broke and died
Beside an autumn road, washed by a Southern rain.
Where, in rooms clamorous, some sit bright and still,
Through fevered darkness, hear an ancient song,
But frantic stretching find an ancient lie
Writhing in living motion in a dust of pain.
 From ghosties and ghoulies
 And long-legged beasties
 And things that go bump in the night
 Good Lord, deliver us.
Hear this your lesson, do not speak, but pass;—

Where, satiate with study, chiefs of thought
Called wise but stuffed with blindness, throw aside
Elusive greatness, where the old release
From wrinkled hands, created diligence

Which youth's pale labor with bright conscience fraught
Breaks up and scatters for the winds to hide,
Where human cattle, failing by increase,
In shrinking lines, stand, mocked by indigence,
Straining taut hands for what is only bought,
 Where wheels are turning, fires burning,
 Motors throbbing, engines churning,
Behold all flesh is as the grass,
Hear this your lesson, do not speak, but pass.

Hear this your lesson, do not speak, but go
Where dim emotion, laboring in pain
Cries out and coughs up only ageless air
To memorize its mediocrity.
 For lo the grass withereth,
 And the flower thereof decayeth,
And cries of a dirt grave in patient self-complacency.

Restless in changing, pass;
There is no end in going,
Static is not for growing;
This, the eternal paradox,
Hear this your lesson, you will pass.

Jerry

MARY DIMOCK, '39

MRS. GREER was still patient.

"But, Jerry, you learned that long ago; if I take your eraser and my eraser, I have two erasers, haven't I?"

"No."

"Jerry, do try to think." There were tears on his cheeks.

"I am thinking, Mrs. Greer." Mrs. Greer came down off the platform.

"Jerry, I take this eraser." She snatched it off his desk. "You see?"

"Yes, Mrs. Greer."

"And then I take my eraser." She went back to the desk and opened the drawer. The fat girl giggled. "She can't find it."

Jerry watched Mrs. Greer earnestly. She banged the drawer shut. "Well, I can't find it; but if I had it, Jerry, wouldn't there be two erasers?"

"No, Mrs. Greer." Jerry mournfully wiped his nose on his knuckles. "You see I took your eraser, cause mine got lost, Mrs. Greer." The fat girl rocked back and forth with her face in her hands.

"Leave school for the day, Gerald."

"Yes, Mrs. Greer." Jerry put his head under the desk and started putting on his sneakers. The fat girl peeked out between her bitten nails and quickly covered her eyes again and rocked harder, this time from left to right. Jerry watched her sadly while he sucked one of the shoe laces to make it go through the hole.

"Hurry up, Gerald."

He stood up and opened his desk. He took out his gingerbread and walked over to the fat girl and stuffed it in her lap. He winked sadly at Elmer as he closed the door.

Pope Sixtus the Fourth and Swiffie were down by the brook. "How'd you get here?" they called; "We're building a bridge."

"Come here, Pope, I did an awful thing." Pope splashed out of the brook and sat down with Jerry in the cow pasture.

"Whad you do?"

"I cried when I didn't mean it, and I loved the fat girl again."

Pope shook his head slowly farther and farther from side to side. Soon he was standing up and turning around in circles, first one way and then the other. Jerry poked his ankle.

"Shall I ask for Half a Maria?"

"Eleven times," Pope roared and sat down again.

"Come here, Swiffie, I'm going to ask for Half a Maria eleven times." Swiffie hopped across the grass holding one foot.

"Whad you do bad, Jerry?"

"I cried when I didn't mean it, and I loved the fat girl again."

Swiffie lay down on his stomach. "Heck, that's not bad."

They didn't say anything. The noon sun drugged the bees; they stopped zooming through the air and bumped low in the clover. The new bridge sagged in the middle. Jerry wondered what the Pope and Swiffie would be saying if he were asleep. He pretended. Swiffie rolled over on his back and closed his eyes.

"Pope."

"Yes."

"You're sitting on a cow plop."

It was a quiet night, and the music seemed too loud for it. So Jerry and the fat girl, who was thinner, walked down by the dormitories to the tennis house. They looked back at the blue windows in the gymnasium.

"I don't know how to dance."

"I know it, Jerry."

They sat down on the railing.

"I've written a poem."

"What's it about, Jerry?"

"Two people."

"A girl and a boy?"

"Yes."

"What do they do?"

"They fall in love."

"Jerry."

"Yes."

"When are you going to write it?"

Jerry broke a piece of bark off the post. "You know a heck of a lot." He kissed her shoulder.

"I have written a poem though—, I and two other people. We've written quite a few. They're not about love though." He smiled at her. "The other two people don't know about love."

The fat girl looked sad. "Who are they?"

"Pope Sixtus the Fourth and Swiffie."

"Real people?"

"Sure."

"Say a poem."

"God is good and punishes us
If we are bad and fume and fuss.
If we are good and keep believing
We'll never be losing and always receiving."

The fat girl laughed. "You didn't write that."

"No, Pope and Swiffie wrote that verse. I wrote this one—

"If we receive from God
There is nothing left.
I pretend there is no God
And make the things I want.
Houses and people and books
Get made before God has time.
The people who wait for God
Get tired and die before . . ."

"It doesn't rhyme and the last line's not finished. Is it meant to be that way?"

"Yes. Do you think Swiffie's and the Pope's verse is as good as mine?"

"No, Jerry."

Jerry kissed her shoulder again. They climbed off the railing and started walking to the lake. Jerry had his hands in the pockets of his short breeches, and he looked at each foot as it stepped. The fat girl was looking down too. They came to the dock.

"Let's wade."

They took off their shoes, but the fat girl sat dabbling her feet from the edge. Jerry slushed around and called to her about the mud and how deep it was; but finally he couldn't say anything more, and he hitched up on the dock beside her. The water stopped pushing against the barrels; the music in the gymnasium stopped, and a late bird called on the other shore.

"I made those people up."

The fat girl didn't say anything.

"They are real. I didn't lie to you. But I made them up." The fat girl splashed into the water and slushed around.

"Are you mad?"

"No, I'm crying."

"Oh, I know that. You've been crying for ages. What's the matter?"

"It's sad."

"I know it."

"Jerry, why do you have to be better than the Pope and Swifflie? If you make them up anyway, can't you make them as good as you?"

"No—they get worse all the time—dumber and dumber."

"Oh."

"Let's go back."

The fat girl thought a while. She laughed and stood up.

"All of us?"

Jerry kissed her cheek.

Sonnet

LEIGH STEINHARDT, '37

THERE is a living beauty in each one
Of us, a strange, surpassing loveliness
Born of the human soul's great loneliness,
Transcending all that can be said or done.
It is from this that springs a work of art,
Not from deep sorrow, not from ecstasy,
Not out of anything we feel or see,
But from the beauty burning in each heart.
And it is only this that can provide
Infinite consolation, that can bring
Peace beyond hope or fear or suffering
And reconcile us to our dreams denied.
Beside this living beauty in us all
Passion—and even love—become so small.

La Mina de Dificultad

EDITH ROSE, '37

INTRODUCTION

THE little mining town of Real del Monte flung carelessly over the saddle of the pass. Its whitewashed houses sprawled down the side of the mountain till they were sucked up into the mouth of the cañon. On the lower level of the village was a quiet park, with a fountain in the center. There the water spilled over the mossy edges, and fed the long, tender grass and the dark fir trees that imprisoned the silence and the shadows. Near by stood a church, whose pink walls and carvings were streaked with ancient moss and the smoke of revolution.

But the heart of Real was not here. The center around which all life revolved stood near the bare crest of the pass:—the mine of "Dificultad." The tall headframe of the shaft rose like a harsh metal finger amidst the easy confusion of the village. The dump spread below it, a huge fan of grey-blue rock. The wheels hummed and the saw-mill whined shrilly in the quiet air. From the mine stretched the aerial network of the ore bucket line, strung for miles over the range to the mill and the refinery of Loretto.

The mine was almost the only source of life to the village. Little could be grown on the lean flanks of the mountain, save for a few plots of maize and maguey plants. Winds whipped the storm clouds up from the distant Atlantic, and drove them inland until they broke against the Hidalgo range, tearing away the good soil and roughening the tall peaks. On the coast side of the range, the mountains were dark with timber. Pine and oak trees hid the rocky soil. The other side was barren, with the growth stripped clean from the grey ridges. The village stretched down toward the less lonely wooded slope. Only the shaft tower stood watch over the great bare valley, and a few scattered huts lay beyond the divide, dusty blocks of chalk clinging to the steep side of the mountain.

Nestled in the scoop of the range, the little town of Real weathered the harsh wind and rain storms, the cold, enveloping fogs, and the bright, chilled sunshine. It lived on, its pulse, the throb of the mine; its food, the ore that was drilled from the mountains' heart.

Most of the Mexicans of Real were miners. Aside from them there were only a few Indians, shepherds and charcoal burners. Heading the population of the little town were the American mining engineers and their families, who lived near the mine, in clean, square bungalows set around with neat lawns and flower beds. These

houses formed a strange contrast to the rough huts of the Mexicans, splashed with the color of geranium plants, calabash flowers, or a wind-blown vine of morning glory sweeping over the wooden slats or the more modern tin of the roof.

There was a wide gulf of difference between the Mexican and the foreigner, but the interests of their lives converged in the mine. It dominated them, and reduced them to an equal level. It held them by a common bond. Their lives swayed in unison, with the fluctuating luck of the mine of "Dificultad."

PART I

Little Chucho stood in the street outside his home, throwing pebbles into a deep rut filled with muddy water. He wore stained white pants and a shirt which gleamed against the ragged edges of his hair. His little brown face was animated by a pair of restless black eyes, and a tense, mischievous mouth, often clamped still by two gleaming teeth.

As he played, several burros laden with twin bundles of charcoal passed by, their little legs bracing wearily against the steep angle of the road. The boy furtively struck one of them with a stone and laughed to see it cringe and start forward. The carbonero yelled, threatening him with a long switch.

"Esquincle, barbaro, I'll teach you to throw stones at my burros!"

The little boy ran indoors, and the man grumbled a frustrated curse, shrugged his shoulders and ran after his donkeys, who had gone on their dogged way, numbed with habit and long work. Chucho peeped out from the entrance of the hut, and, seeing the man disappear around the curve of the road, he once more ventured forth to fill the rut with stones. He soon tired of this, and squatted down to play marbles with the rounded gravel. His bare feet and hands moved like lively pieces of earth stirring in the dust.

He became absorbed in the game and did not notice that his shadow no longer played beside him on the whitewashed wall of the hut. Above Real del Monte, heavy clouds had massed together, and the low rumor of distant thunder gave warning of rain. Unconsciously, the boy shivered. Little rings spread in the puddle, and the dry sand of the road grew splotched with large drops. They came faster and faster, streaking the wall and beating like furious fingers on the corrugated tin roof. But still Chucho played on, while the rain drenched his bent form, while it drummed with ever increasing violence on the roof, till a mist smoked above the cold sheen of the metal.

María, Chuco's mother, appeared at the entrance of the hut. She had long braids intertwined with red ribbon. A full pink skirt swung about her short, well-developed form. She called angrily to her son.

"Chucho!—Oye Jesús, come in from the rain, you shameless little wretch!"

Chucho pretended not to hear her. She rushed out to catch him, disclosing a slight girl of fourteen, shadowy and unreal in the semi-darkness of the hut. Chucho sprang away from his mother. The girl darted out and held him before he could escape down the street, while María gave him a sound beating, then and there, with the rain seething down upon the three of them. Young Carmela protested, cringing from her mother's violence and Chucho's loud screams of rage.

"No, Mamá, don't beat him so. The poor child—He shakes with cold.—"

"Then the slaps I give him will warm him—Take this, little demon! Now, come inside and stop howling or you will wake your father who sleeps!" María dragged her son into the house and Carmela followed, her thin shoulders hunched with cold.

The hut consisted of only one room. A brassero glowed in the corner, and on it was set an earthen pot filled with brown frijoles. Around it were scattered a few other earthen vessels, and a straw fan to keep the charcoal alive. Over the ground near the walls were stretched rush mats, and on one of these Pancho lay asleep. His wiry form was relaxed in weary rest, and his dark mustache stirred with his heavy breathing. The stench of the pulque he drank mingled with the dank earthiness of the hut. Above him the grey light, wavering and misty with rain, filtered in between the geranium plants on the window sill. The only other light came from the little oil lamp that burned before an image of the Virgen Azul de los Remedios.

María placed her son before the brassero, and told him to stop whining. He crouched like a gnome, outlined by the red glow of the fire. Carmelita fanned the coals till they breathed out a thin blue flame and the beans simmered in the pot. The room was silent except for an occasional snuffle from Chucho, the heavy breathing of the father, and the oppressive sound of the rain on the roof. María moved quietly about, fixing her thick braids and draping a blue shawl over her head and shoulders. She slung a basket over her arm, covering it with a section of her shawl, and bent down to speak to her children.

"Carmelita, when he wakes give him the tortillas and the beans to take to the mine. He must work tonight. And Chucho, don't you go out in the rain anymore, do you hear? Adios chicos. I go to the American señora on the hill to work in the kitchen. She has a big fiesta tonight, and I will not be home until the cock wakes and the goat must be milked."

Carmela fingered her mother's skirt.

"But, mamá, you will be drenched with the rain."

"Si, niña, but one must work. If I do not go, the señora will get someone else. And we need the money. That worthless Pancho!" She shook her head at her sleeping husband. "He drinks down the money he earns in jugs of pulque, and comes

home and sleeps all the time like a great pig. The women must work, Carmela. The man's work is never enough."

"Si, mamá, but the mine is so hot and it is so terrible to be under the ground away from the sun and sky. I would be afraid—I wonder if papá is ever afraid?" Carmela shuddered and drew close to the fire.

"Would the earth eat him, mamá?" asked the child, Jesús, who had forgotten his small woes, and was now pondering on greater things.

"Hush, foolish little one, what ideas you have! It is dark and hot, yes, but when he comes out of the mine he cools his throat enough, I can tell you—But I must go—Don't forget the beans, Carmela. He gets hungry working down in the mine."

María left the two children huddled by the fire, Chucho humming to himself and Carmela dreaming into the coals. Pancho stirred restlessly, groaning in his sleep. His wife stopped at the doorway and looked at him with some concern, and then reassured herself.

"It is only the evil dreams from the pulque!" she shrugged her shoulders, and went forth into the rain. The simple Indian woman did not perceive the current of strong love that lay beneath her scorn. The ties of affection are never acutely felt until there has been some strain upon them, some incident which has stretched them until they hurt.

María bent into the storm, and began the steep climb to the mine superintendent's house near the crest of the pass. Dusk was merging the rain into a thick blue curtain that dissolved the shapes of the houses. The mountains rose like tremendous hulks of shadow, their peaks lost in mist. The pine trees on their slopes were fused into a ragged outline. A few early lights trembled in the semi-darkness, clustering more thickly about the mine. The shaft tower loomed, an unreal sentinel over the little town. The rush of the rain silenced all sounds of life, even muffling the throb of the mine.

María drew her shawl more closely about her, and scurried on, avoiding the water that cut veins into the road. A man passed her, wrapped in a dark serape, with only his eyes showing. His guaraches slapped against the wet earth, a lonely, dogged sound that was soon absorbed into the twilight. María went by dimly lit tiendas where men and women had gathered for shelter from the rain, and were talking briskly to shut out the lonely gloom of the evening. She passed a cantina where men lounged on the counters and drank the fetid-smelling pulque. Some wore hard-boiled hats, and carbide lamps were slung on their belts. Their clothes were streaked with ore rust, and hung limply on their weary frames. One man was

singing and his voice drifted off in a dream of melancholy at the end of each line. María hurried, by muttering to herself,

"That is where he spends his time between the hours of labor. That is why I must struggle up the hill in the wet night to work till the dawn comes."

She pushed on against the rain, till she came to the house of the mine superintendent. The warm light of the windows melted into the night, and the flowered chintz of the curtains struck a gay note against the darkness. María loved the bright color of these curtains. She called them hanging flowers. She shuddered when she heard the whir of the cable wheels and saw the sombre framework of the shaft tower. She had an instinctive fear of its rigid power and the untiring, even throb of the machinery. It was not like the silent mountains with their latent strength, or the temperamental violence of the storm. These were natural elements, the essential background and atmosphere of her life, and she understood them. But the harsh tower was alien to her spirit. She hurried past and rang the kitchen door bell. The fat cook, Herlinda, let her in.

"Buenas noches, María, you are late, no?"

"It is hard to walk fast in the rain. Ay, it is a terrible night, Herlinda!" María entered, shivering and drenched. The glow of the kitchen enveloped her in a warm embrace. Herlinda stood aghast before María.

"Mira, how wet you are! Go dry yourself before the fire. And then to work. There is much to do, and the señora is very excited and nervous tonight."

María stood before the wood stove and listened to the garrulous woman, who talked incessantly as she bent her dark, red face over the steaming pots or spun trimmings of whipped cream on the cherry mousse. The elaborate American food smelt like rare perfume to María who was used to the pungent odor of chile.

"Si," Herlinda confided, "the señora is very excited. You should see her! She wants everything to be perfect, but she changes her mind each moment. First it is this, then it is something else. The whipped cream or the cherry, or maybe she will have both—or she does not like the way I have cooked the chicken. I roasted it as she told me to and now she scolds because it is not fried. Santos, what can you do?" She spread her great hands in defeat. She went on.

"But she was not always so—Before, she was calm and she smiled when she came into the kitchen. Now she never smiles—never!" Herlinda slammed the oven door with emphasis.

"What has happened?" asked María, who was now busying herself about the kitchen, filling the serving plates with steaming food.

"¿Quien sabe, María? Who knows what devil enters a woman's heart to work mischief there?" The cook shrugged her massive shoulders and tasted the chicken

gravy with an infinitely wise expression in her eyes. She took the spoon from her mouth, pursed her lips, and smacked them open, to add,

"A man, perhaps."

"Maybe her husband worries her,—like my Pancho worries me," said María, and she threatened, "I will leave him some day if he keeps on using the good money for pulque."

Herlinda shook her head.

"No, María." She lowered her voice and leaned toward the other woman. "No, it is someone else—the handsome English señor that has come to find them more silver to keep the mine going. He is the one!"

"De veras?" María's eyes grew large. "And is not the señor superintendent jealous?"

"Pero si. He and the señora were arguing yesterday. You could even hear them in the kitchen, and such a tone, hard like rocks beating against each other."

Steps were heard in the hall. The cook signed to María to keep still. The señora entered, dressed in sleek black. Her handsome, well-cut features were drawn taut, and high color flamed on her proud cheek bones.

"Herlinda, is the supper ready? The guests are beginning to arrive, and I will soon serve the cocktails." Doris Banning's words leapt brittly against the heavy atmosphere of the kitchen, even though her Spanish was halting and poor, flavored with a strong Californian accent, for she had lived only two years in Mexico.

"Si, si, señora, everything is ready," Herlinda assured her mistress.

"I hope so. You always say that and then we wait for a half hour. María, you bring in the cocktails when I ring the bell. They are in the pantry." She picked up a roll from the pan. "Herlinda, do you put lead into these rolls? You'll kill the guests. How many times do I have to tell you not to put so much flour in them!"

"Ay, Señora, but—" Herlinda clasped her hands in distress. María bent further over the dishes to brace herself for the storm. It was averted by the bell.

"Damn! See that everything is in order." The door swung wildly behind her, and the air still seemed to vibrate, even though she had left the kitchen. The two women relaxed. María was the first to speak.

"Dios mio, in another moment there would have been an explosion!"

Herlinda mopped her shining cheeks with her stained apron.

"Verdad, María, you see what a state she is in. And I tell you, he comes to the fiesta tonight!"

PART II

Outside the little hut, the rain had ceased, but the sky was still heavy with clouds hanging low on the range and pressing a thick gloom over the village. Inside the hut, Pancho had wakened and was preparing to start out for the night shift of the mine. He jammed on his miner's hat and hooked the carbide lamp to his belt. He glanced down at his sleeping son and smiled affectionately. Here was one who never questioned his ways.

"Esquincle mio!" he whispered.

"Here are your tacitos," said Carmela, offering him a small basket filled with beans rolled in tortillas.

"Gracias, chica." Pancho's voice was still thick with sleep. "Your mamá has gone?"

"Sí, papá. To work at the señora's fiesta. She had to walk up in the rain." The girl watched her father with unmoving dark eyes, as if she expected some sign of compunction from him. He only asked,

"She was angry, then?"

Carmela hesitated, and then nodded assent.

"Sí, she was angry."

"What did she say, Carmela?"

"Not much, only . . ." Carmela could not go on.

"Only what she says always. That I drink the money I earn, and she must work to keep us alive. That was it, verdad?" He looked at Carmela with sad defeat. His face was unusually lined for a Mexican of his age. His were the sensitive, deep furrows around the mouth and cheeks that pass so easily from the high crinkle of a smile to the long droop of a sombre mood. His mouth twisted down.

"She thinks I am a useless fellow, Carmela."

Carmela saw the black curtain of his eyes lift for a moment to reveal a cavern of desperate loneliness and fear. His lips trembled open, and he blurted,

"I tell you, it is the mine that makes me do it. I die if I do not drink when I leave the shaft; if I do not drink so much that I forget all the horror of it, the darkness, the heat, the earth pressing down on me! Carmela, I am afraid of it, afraid, afraid!" He turned away from her, and a great shudder shook his frame. Carmela put her thin arms about his waist. She understood. She too feared the shaft. She had looked down it, once. The long, gaping throat, with the hot steam belching forth, had made her weep with terror.

"Pobre Papacito. Mamá does not understand, but I know how it is. Like a hungry monster!"

"Ay, si, chica mia. Oh, but I am a fool." He hugged her close.

"No, no, papa, no. And do not be afraid. The good Virgin will keep you safe. There is no fear with her to watch over you." She looked up at him and smoothed the taut lines of his face. He bent down and kissed the young girl, and said softly,

"No, niña, there is no fear with her." Pancho looked up at the Virgin's image on the wall and crossed himself. Then he turned to leave.

"Adios, Carmelita." He stopped in the doorway and drew himself up, speaking in a brave tone.

"Tonight we will fight the demon, we will laugh at him, verdad? And tell María that I will not come home drunk. I'll have good coins in my pocket and she will not smell one drop of pulque. My heart will grow strong as the mountain! Varyas con Dios, niña, and see that Chucho keeps warm." He vanished into the night. Carmela watched the hole of silent darkness where he had been, and suddenly burst into tears.

Pancho trudged bravely up the hill. He raised his head, and he caught the sight of the shaft tower of "Dificultad," rising like the shadow of a phantom cast against the wall of clouds. He shivered, and spat vigorously to keep up his courage. He forced his gaze upon the tower and hurried faster. He tried to argue away the visions of the cage slipping down with him into the deep earth, and the sweating, half-naked men bent over the drills that jarred into the rock. How he hated that sound! His body shook with it for hours after he left the mine. Worst of all, he could not forget the feeling that a whole mountain was pressing down upon him. The sky was like that tonight: a heavy pall suspended above, with the tension strained to the breaking point.

He could no longer endure looking at the tower and the sky. He bent his head earthward. But still he felt the presence of the headframe rising on the pass. It was an irresistible power, drawing him toward the black hole, sucking him in with the rest of the men. Pancho tried to think of Carmela. He smiled, but the gleam of the expression died with his thoughts. The mine engulfed them once more. He tried to pray, but the Indian's prayer is not one of thoughts. It is a complete giving up of the self to the religious mood. And the harsh power of the earth and steel gripped Pancho's soul, shutting out any warmth, just as the storm had closed over the light of Heaven. A cold moisture broke out upon his forehead. He lifted his hat and ran his fingers through his coarse hair. It was worse tonight, he thought, worse than it had ever been, this fear that shook his heart and weakened the core of his strength.

All these thoughts were not concrete in his mind, only instinctive feelings that surged through him in dark confusion.

Pancho came to a cantina, the same one María had passed on her way up the hill. He longed to go in and take a draught of strong drink to fire his courage. He remembered his words to Carmela, his proud speech in the doorway of the hut. No, he would not go in. He would not be a coward. He ran past the cheerful glow of the entrance. The night closed in on him. The tall shadow in the sky beckoned; and he heard the thunder tremble across the range; and a hollow thunder echoed in his heart. He stopped and wavered. He would just have a small one, a spark to light him to the top of the hill. He rushed desperately back to the cantina. Once inside, he shook off the terrors of the night in the heavy, drugged atmosphere of the room.

"Mescal Chico, por favor."

The drink burned down Pancho's throat, dragging with it the troubled visions. His conscience and his heart settled into a numbed peace.

Outside, the tension of the clouds had snapped. The rain commenced to pelt the roofs, and once more the night was alive with struggling forces.

PART III

The rain had also begun to fall outside the mine superintendent's house, diffusing the brilliant lights from the windows. Music and laughter tinkled against the glass panes, and were drowned in the storm.

Inside the house, the spirits of the party were keyed in high gaiety. The bodies of the dancers swung in wild, carefree rhythm; the bright dresses flashed against the dark tuxedos; the light, shrill laughter of the women leapt above strong male voices, a nervous staccato splintering out from the general swirl of noise. The spirit of abandon had seized these people, and the strong liquor had freed the tense control under which they worked. The women whipped up excitement to break the lonely boredom of their lives. Few of them cared for the dark mountains and the raw, untamed land. Most of them had lived settled lives in civilized country, where small luxuries and pleasures kept their interest on an even keel. And the men had worked all week under the harsh yoke of the mine. Now it was Saturday night, and the spirits that had been checked so long, overflowed all at once in a wild rush. And it was a stormy night, so the spirits ran higher than usual to combat the evil mood outside.

"Live, you sinners, live while the livin's good!" shouted Sandy McKewan, the foreman of the machine shop, swaying from his perch on the table. The stocky little man flourished his glass of Scotch like a torch of liberty.

"Hear! Hear!" An English voice rose above the noise. It belonged to the handsome geologist, Charlie Travers, who had come from London to find new ore

for the mine. His tall figure rose above the other dancers. His flushed face bent down to his partner, Doris Banning. She was laughing gaily, and her closely waved hair had flung loose into reckless curls.

"Yes," Sandy continued, striking an oratorical pose, "The old mine, she ain't goin' to go much longer, even though Charlie, over there, thinks he can find us a new one. Don't you Charlie, old son?" Sandy broke into song.

"Ah Charlie, bonnie Charlie, boy. He catches all the ladies! But a mine, Charlie my dear lad, that's a different matter. It's a wicked, contrary temperament a mine has, and old Difficulty over yonder is the orneriest cut-up I know. You never can tell what she's goin' to do. So I'm telling you—eat, drink and be merry, for to- . . ."

At this point, Sandy was dragged from his rostrum by two strong engineers, who laid him on the couch, covered his face with a napkin, and placidly sat on him until his struggles subsided and he passed quietly out. He was removed to the bedroom, amid shouts of laughter from the dancers. The thunder above their heads joined in the chorus.

Doris's husband, Jim, sat in an arm chair apart from the crowd. His hand was clenched tightly about a glass of Scotch, and his rough-cut, straightforward face was set in rigid gloom. He had taken little interest in the party that evening, only now and then filling his friend's glasses or greeting a new arrival. He had walked restlessly about, often staring through the windows as if he would pierce the black flood that lapped against the house. Now he sat brooding. Jim was a taciturn man, very close in nature to the fierce, silent country of Real. The inner warmth of him was latent and contained, only flaring out at rare intervals.

Men liked Jim. They respected him completely, and they were faithful to him because they had seen the human core behind the rough surface. He was a fascinating enigma to most women. Only his wife had understood him, and had been able to touch the warm center of his nature. There was almost a male relationship between them. But now Doris had begun to identify his powerful silence and his rugged temperament with the mountains and the rough life of the mine. She longed for frivolous gaiety to lift the pall of oppression and loneliness. She longed for the pleasant hills of Pasadena, the neat, rich orange groves and the mild sunlight. Most of all she wanted a tempered civilization, conducive to light, easy living.

Charlie Travers seemed symbolic of this life. His smooth manners, his gay wit, and the gloss of his conversation: all these were like heady wine to the drought that Doris felt. He never spoke of mining to her. He gave her intellectual freedom. He talked of books, of life on the Continent, of the sparkle of London

and Paris. She laughed easily with him. He understood her kind. He knew what she liked, and he gave it to her.

Tonight, Doris clung to his companionship. Her husband had taken upon him the heavy mood of the storm outside. There was a latent savagery in his eyes. The rest of the crowd had lost all reserve, shooting to the other extreme. The Englishman was the subtle complement to her mood. The storm had made her reckless, and she did not care if she showed her feelings. She only wished to be with him, safe from the turmoil around her in the warm haven of his personality.

The music stopped, and the couples drifted into animated little groups. Doris slipped her hand from out of her partner's, and sighed.

"Those appalling records! I do wish there weren't a storm tonight. We could get something from the States on the radio. Really I feel cut off from the rest of the world when it isn't running. There's nothing left to reach across the wall of mountains."

"It's rather provincial isn't it. Makes you feel quite at the mercy of nature." Charlie's laugh mocked the rain outside.

"But you know," he went on, "I don't mind the old gramophone, if I'm dancing with you."

"How sweet!" After that, Doris was silent for a moment. The meaning from her eyes met his. A bridge of current hung suspended between them for an electric instant. She cut the tension with,

"Do excuse me for a moment, while I go ask my husband to make us a few drinks."

"Certainly, Doris. I'll wait for you by the bookcase." He watched her move gracefully through the crowd. Doris felt a sudden compunction as she saw Jim sitting all alone. She forced good humor into her voice.

"Jim, Jim, come away from that corner. Who's punishing you, darling?" She reached out her hand to him. Jim looked up at her. He couldn't quite meet the rush of gaiety.

"No one especially!" He didn't take her hand, and Doris felt a cold wall spring up between them.

"Oh Jim, come on, don't be such a moping old man! What will the guests think!" Doris tried to galvanize his spirit.

"Let them think what they want to, my dear. They seem to be doing very well without me." He said the last with a certain significance that bit into Doris's conscience and at the same time banished the pity she had felt for him. She saw pain and anger leap into his grey eyes.

"Oh do they," she snapped the words out; and then suddenly reverted to her gay coaxing tone.

"If they do, then mix them a few drinks, will you, like a good boy." She laid her hand on his. It was ice cold and tensed.

"Sure." Without another word, he strode past her toward the pantry. Doris bit her lip to keep back the torrent of words that rose up in her throat.

"Why doesn't he tell me if he's jealous. I'd rather that all his passion come rushing out at me, bruise my heart till it killed me, than have him silent like that. Brooding, with all the fire sealed up and all the hate smouldering. He hasn't the courage to come out with it!"

A strange mixture of feelings tore at her heart. Rebellion made her reach out toward the Englishman. But there was something deeper that she did not quite understand; something that longed to hear angry, frank words from her husband, to feel his open hatred stir up the dead flame in her heart.

She went over to Charlie Travers. He was standing alone, fingering through an edition of poems. He looked up at her and said,

"Listen, I'll read you something,

'The cold immutability of stone

Is heated by the sun, but never burns.

The fire flashes off, repelled, and turns

To the waiting pine that stands upon the hill alone.' "

Charles closed the book softly and slipped it back into place.

"Why did you read me that?" Doris asked. She was shocked by his sensitive perception.

"It's just a rather fanciful interpretation." He smiled at her, and took one of her hands and kissed it. "You poor darling!"

"No, you mustn't!" She tried to draw her hand away, but he held it tight.

"They won't see. And if they do they're too far gone to care." It was true. The party was reaching a maudlin state. They were playing "London Bridge is Falling Down." A surge of laughter and shouting rose, as each victim was captured. Sandy, who had come back to the fold after his temporary demise, shrieked,

"Let's call it Difficulty instead of London Bridge—none of us gives a damn what happens to the old Bridge anyhow, except Charlie."

"Aw, shut up, Sandy. You've got that mine plastered on your brain," someone said. But the suggestion was taken up, and they all roared, "Difficulty's falling down, down, down, down!" till the house shook and the rain seemed to beat out the pulse of the words. Doris pressed her hands over her ears. The springs of control snapped loose.

"Oh Charles, Charles, will they ever stop! They work mine, they play mine. You're the only one that keeps away from it. Jim's become a part of it. He doesn't belong to me any more, and I don't belong to him. I hate it all. And I've lost him to his old mountains. Yes, he's turned to the stone he drills. He won't even be angry with me! I can't stand it, Charles. I'm going away!" She turned toward the bookcase and burst into tears.

"Poor Doris, I know what you feel here. No, you were never made to live in this cold raw country. You're beautiful and sensitive. You're the refined metal, not the raw material these mining folk are made of." He took her gently by the arm.

"Come into the next room. It's quiet there." He led her into the little study. Doris sank down on the leather sofa, and buried her head in her hands.

"I'm a fool, Charles!"

"No, no, darling, not a fool, just honest." He slid his arm about her shoulders.

"That's it. He's not honest with me, Charles. He won't tell me what he feels. I can't live with people who aren't frank with me. He used to be. That's why I loved him. Now he's this way, my love has gone. All gone! He's jealous because ——" She checked herself.

"Tell me, Doris. It'll smooth things up to talk."

But Doris said nothing. Charles waited for her to speak, and the air grew tense with the pull of forces between them. The rain lashed the window behind them, and lightning flared for a white, shivering instant. Then thunder broke over the range, and seemed to roll down upon the house. Doris shuddered, and glanced at him. His lips moved.

"Well?"

"Because I love you!" And she leaned over and kissed him. After a moment he said softly,

"Doris, come away with me to England. My work here will be finished in a day or so. Come with me. Leave this place —— We belong together, you and I."

Doris mused off into a warm dream.

"England, Charles. England with you. Far away from here, with a sea between. Poor Jim. But that's over now."

A loud cheer broke in upon them.

"Drinks! Yea, Jimmy!"

Doris drew away from Charles. She smoothed her hair and rose from the sofa.

"Come, let's go into the parlour."

Charles took her hand and asked, softly,

"May I see you later—like this?"

"Yes, later ——."

They walked out into the crowd, with cool faces, and wild hearts. Jim was pouring cocktails for María to serve. The Mexican woman handed them to the gay, tipsy people, and her quiet movements and her dark, grave face were in strange contrast to their raw unhingement. What feelings lay behind the impenetrable eyes and the impassive mouth as the guests snatched up the liquor she offered them? Here were men and women no better than her Pancho, who drained the *aguardiente* until their minds were numb and their movements loose and wild. Ah, but they had money to spare for it. And Pancho? He used the last centavo for the evil luxury.

Jim had taken enough samples of the drink, while he was in the pantry, to loose his pent up spirits. He was talking recklessly to his guests.

"Drink, all of you. Sandy, over there has the right idea!"

"Boy, you made 'em potent, Jim," said Sandy. He smacked his lips and breathed out a noisy sigh of gusto.

"Sure, put dynamite in 'em. Blast out your soul so you can't feel anything!"

Jim caught sight of Doris and Charles.

"Come on, Doris, and you, Briton. Neither of you have been doing much drinking tonight. I suggest that you join the party for a change and have a little one for Auld Lang Syne." His words were mocking and broken with harsh laughter. The couple moved slowly toward him. The rebellious feeling rose in her heart, and Doris slipped her arm through Charles's. He felt her tremble. María stepped aside to let them pass. The sound of the señor superintendent's voice frightened her. The poor señor. And the señora, how pale she looked; and the Ingeniero Ingles, how handsome and confident. Yes, here was something that would not go well. She remembered the conversation earlier in the evening with Herlinda. Her tray was empty, and she said,

"The señor will give you the 'cocktailes,' señora."

"Yes, Doris, I'll pour you both a copita. Jimmy, the Bartender—Step right up folks! There's not much left." He filled two glasses.

"One for you, Sir Charles." He proffered the drink with a mock bow.

"Thanks, Jim old man." Charlie's voice made a show of good fellowship.

"And one for—my wife!" The last two words came hard. They had lost the thick coating of bravado, and rasped with sarcasm.

"Thanks, Jim." Doris could hardly speak, and her lips were pressed together into a white line. Charles tried to cover the tension. He raised his glass and turned to the crowd. His voice rang out a bit too loudly.

"I propose a toast to the luck of the mine!"

"Yes, yes, let's drink a toast to old Difficulty!" Everyone gathered around the table. Sandy laid down his glass. Jim said,

"Aren't you drinking this one, Sandy?"

"Nope!"

The guests were amazed. Comments flew at him.

"Why Sandy! You, turn down a toast! Lord, what's the world coming to. Why don't you drink with us, Sandy?"

"Don't see as there's much use in it." He folded his arms, and smiled whimsically at them.

"I'll keep you company, Sandy." It was Jim who spoke.

"Oh, I say, Jim, come on. Join us in this one!" urged the 'Briton.' Doris, too, tried to persuade him.

"Do, Jim. Be a good sport."

"No!" His voice left a vacuum behind it.

"Very well then, let's drink." Charles raised his glass. "To the luck of old Difficulty!"

The crowd roared the toast after him, and drained their glasses. In the moment of silence, while they drank, the sound of the rain surged into the room. The voices soon broke out once more with renewed gaiety, and the rain faded into the background to wait. The pitch of laughter was now rising too high, arching upward in a brittle curve, perilously near to the point of cracking. Just then the door bell rang, a long, insistent sound stabbing into the noise of merriment. Doris turned to Charles in troubled amazement.

"Who would be ringing the door bell at this hour?"

"I'm sure I don't know. They want something, from the sound of it."

The bell kept on till it pierced its way into the numbest brains. The men and women became subdued. The storm had not dampened their spirits. The warmth of the room shut out the raging darkness, but the bell penetrated the walls. The warning of the storm was concentrated in the sharp, electric stream. It brought a strange fear to their hearts and a question to their lips. Sandy offered a suggestion.

"Perhaps it's a drunk who's had a bad dream." His quip was met with a nervous burst of laughter, which ceased instantly. The guests seemed transfixed by the sound. They stood in rigid groups, listening. At last Doris broke through the silence.

"For Heaven's sake, María, answer that door. Don't stand there like a frozen idiot!" The sharp command brought the terrified woman to her senses.

"Si, si, Señora, ay voy!" she ran from the room in hasty confusion. There

were pitiful attempts at laughter, but the gaiety was flat and lifeless, like exhausted wine.

The guests stood waiting for María's return. They could not keep the low tenseness out of their voices. Jim's face had lost all its tragic mockery. It was set in grim lines, and a worried frown deepened on his forehead.

"I'd better go see what's keeping that woman." He turned toward the front hall and at that moment María rushed into the room. She ran to Jim like a terrified animal seeking its master. Her calm face was all distorted with wild feeling and sobs choked back the words she uttered. She sank to her knees before him.

"Señor superintendent, my husband, he is down there in the mine. He will be killed. Ay Dios, señor, save him!" wailed the desperate María.

The people crowded around her. Pedro, who ran the shaft cage at the mine, appeared in the doorway, and at the sight of him, their voices rose in terrified excitement. Some of the women became hysterical.

"Be quiet all of you, while I speak to Pedro." Jim's firm voice was obeyed here, as it was obeyed by the men at the mine.

"Doris, take care of this woman." He raised María to her feet, and Doris led her away, comforting her.

"Hush, María, your husband will be all right. The señor will help you."

Jim went over to the miner.

"What's happened, Pedro?"

The poor man could barely speak for cold and fear. His words came in hoarse gasps.

"Señor, there has been an accident. The nineteenth level, señor. A cave in! The supporting beams of the tunnel have been shaken loose. The passage is blocked. Señor, we cannot get through to him. We cannot get him out!"

"But, Pedro, is only one man trapped?" Relief swept over the mining folk, but Jim's face did not relax.

"Si, señor, the rest dug their way out before the opening became all sealed. And now the air pipes are broken, and they are afraid to drill, señor."

"Yes, I know a slight jar and ——" He made a downward gesture with his hand.

"Si, si, pobres, they know. And it is this woman's husband, Pancho Cevalles." A wail rose from María, as she heard the name. She buried her face in her apron. Forgotten were the great sins of Pancho. Forgotten were the coins he spent daily for pulque at the cantina. Why had she been so harsh with him, leaving him with angry words upon her lips and a threat to leave him? And now he was lost from her, perhaps, down in the dark tunnel, cut off from her by a wall of boulders. And it

was only the señor who could save him. Her eyes clung to Jim's face. Hope rushed back to her, as she heard him say, in a low, quick tone:

"Bueno, Pedro." His mouth closed into a hard line. He started toward the hall.

"You are going, señor?" Pedro's voice was incredulous.

"Si, Pedro." The relief of the guests vanished when they realized Jim's intention. They joined in loud protests.

"Jim, you're a fool!"

"Those beams won't stand it."

"Jim, there's only one man in there. What's the use of risking your neck!"

"Silence!" Jim thundered. He faced his friends. His voice bored into them.

"I'm going down into that tunnel, and I'm going to drill through to him, even if the whole mountain caves in on me. I'm running this mine, and it's up to me to dig any poor devil out of it, if he gets trapped. He's not going to die in there, without a soul lifting a finger to help him, do you hear!"

Charles had watched Doris's face as Jim spoke, and all at once he understood what lay deep beneath the love she had proffered him. He stepped forward. No one bound him to this earth. He was one of those self-sufficient, complete souls who make few ties with humanity. They pass through this life, and when they leave it, there is little strain upon the hearts of men. He knew this, and felt a compunction that Jim should go with someone caring, and he not knowing it. Perhaps this was a reason for Jim's reckless bravery. Charles spoke with casual British reserve.

"Jim, old chap, I'll go. It doesn't make much difference to me, here or there."

Jim stared at him. Here was the one who loved his wife, offering to die for him. The courage of the man forced him to smile. He shook his head.

"Thanks Charles, no; I can do it all right." His words were adamant, fending off any other show of sacrifice.

Doris had not moved during the whole scene. She had just stared at her husband, with the helpless feeling that a huge rock was slowly being dragged from under her. But now she struggled to life, and came to him. Charles was forgotten, and the peaceful life in England. She only knew that a part of her soul was being torn from her. She grasped Jim's arms.

"Don't go, Jim! Please, for the love of me, don't!" Agony broke the tense mask of her face. Jim looked down, and for an instant he saw deep into her heart. A warmth flowed through his being, where there had been cold torment and loneliness. In moments of terrific stress, there is sometimes the mercy of complete understanding. Jim knew that his wife loved him. Then the mercy vanished, and he felt an intense desire to live.

"Don't go, Jim!" Doris pressed her head against his shoulder. A wave of emotion blinded him; it cleared and he saw María. The eyes pleaded, and the dark,

simple face trembled. Instinctively she felt the other woman's claim upon him. The faith that she had placed in this man wavered, and she saw the earth crumbling in upon her husband. The words tore through her lips.

"Señor, help my Pancho!"

Jim bent down and kissed his wife. He forced her hands off and spoke gently to her.

"You wait here, darling. I won't be long."

"Do you want me to come, too, Jim?" Sandy asked. The others were silent.

"No, you stay with her, Sandy." As Jim turned to leave, María breathed,

"Then you will go to him?"

He nodded and walked out of the room. Pedro followed him.

The men and women stared after him, with arms hanging helplessly at their sides, and a hopelessness in their silence.

Doris felt herself imprisoned by a numb void. She heard the front door slam and she strangled a cry in her throat.

One by one the guests left. They knew it was useless to comfort her. They said hushed goodbyes, and smiled a faint reassurance.

"It'll be all right, my dear."

"Yes." Her assent was mechanical.

Only Charles and Sandy McKewan stayed with the two women to wait for news from Jim.

"Poor kid," Sandy muttered, pouring himself a finger of Scotch. Charlie spoke to her.

"Is there anything I can do, Doris?"

"No, Charles."

He walked over to the bookcase and pulled out the volume of poetry. María leaned against the doorway, with folded hands. Her poor heart was blessed with a dogged faith in the señor superintendent. As she watched the three silent people, she felt the wall of difference between herself and these foreigners. How she wanted to talk to them, to hear a word of comfort and reassurance. But her instinct forced her to keep a lonely distance from them.

Doris went to the window and pressed her face against the cold glass. Outside, the rain had ceased in the sudden way of the mountain storm. There was a gash of light sky through the clouds. The shaft tower of "Dificultad" rose against it, and the wheels were clearly outlined. She thought she saw them turning, and she heard the distant throb of the power plant that worked the cage. He was going underground. The throb ceased. He had reached the nineteenth level. Her hands tightened

on the window sill. María came over to her, unable to restrain the need of close companionship.

"He has gone down the shaft," Doris said to her.

"To Pancho."

"Si,—to Pancho."

The two lapsed into silence, waiting for the pulse of the machinery to start up once more. The time dragged across Doris's mind like a heavy curtain. The Indian woman was not cursed with it. Her patience knew no time. The mountains had taught her to wait.

A star pierced through the clouds, and Doris felt a cold thrill of hope. The light trembled for a moment in the thin fabric of mist, and then winked out, as a mass of cloud passed before it. Doris shuddered. She strained to see the light glimmer once more, but the clouds surged on, filling up the gap of sky.

"It will rain again, señora," María's voice was sad. The throb of the power house started. Both women grew rigid. The cage was coming up.

"Ay, señora, do you think they have saved him?" Poor María could not keep the nervous silence of the American woman.

"I don't know." Doris held her voice in. The throb of the machinery pounded in her heart. It ceased, and a cold dread gripped her. She moved swiftly toward the hall.

"Doris, let me go and meet him. You stay here." Charlie tried to restrain her. Sandy muttered.

"It's no use, Charlie boy." He made no move to rise from his chair.

"No, no, Charlie. I'm going, and María's going—you're staying here with Sandy!" There was a fierce pride in her voice. Charlie's hands fell limply at his sides. Doris went past him into the hall and the trembling María followed. He turned away, and for the first time in his life, since he was a little boy, he wept.

"Too bad, old son." Sandy forgot to take the bracing sip of Scotch.

Doris opened the front door, and she and María stood there, with the damp, cold wind rushing past. They looked in the direction of the shaft. Only one man walked toward them. It was Pedro.

Doris saw the horizon heave up into the clouds. She clutched María's hand to steady herself, and the Mexican woman understood. She uttered a low, anguished cry, that was lost in the wind.

The mountain had claimed the men, moulding them till they were one with the rock. And now the rain burst from the sky in a loud torrent and engulfed the two women. The human grief had merged with the storm and was swept out across the range into the dark void of the plain beyond.

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BRYN MAWR LANTERN
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Editorial

THIS LANTERN, it will doubtless be observed, is not as other LANTERNS have been. Whether for better or for worse, the pure, aloof aestheticism of former tradition is gone, and in its place is something without precedent in the history of the magazine. Not mere caprice has caused this change; nor is it the result of some reckless desire to make progress without knowing precisely where to go. For a long time the college has justly criticized certain faults in the LANTERN—a tendency to reflect too little of the campus in its writings, a facility in skimming over the surface of things while neglecting the deep, hard problems underneath. It is in order to rectify these faults, which have prejudiced readers and led writers astray, that the LANTERN has reformed.

Not content with merely starting in a new direction, moreover, the LANTERN has plunged straightway as far as it can plunge. Resolved to encounter the deep and hard, it is now facing the deepest and hardest problem that troubles the world to-day—the question of government. It is inadequate to deal with such a question, of course. The information which its editors possess regarding politics and parties is definitely shaky; the undergraduates of the college, whose state of mind therefore the LANTERN is for once reflecting, are of an equal uncertainty and can offer little help. Some of the more progressive of them have expressed serious, well reasoned views for this issue, and a few kind graduates have presented their mature beliefs, but even with this aid, the magazine cannot pretend to speak with authority. Its accomplishment is insufficient. Yet although it is insufficient, what has been done is not futile. The gap in proportion between the problem and the knowledge available to cope with it is an important fact. It is proof that we, students who edit and students who read the LANTERN, although supposedly being educated to act as intelligent citizens in the world, are by no means ready for citizenship and not quite so intelligent as we pretend.

For our incompetence we have no one to thank but ourselves. The college offers courses in social sciences for us to take if we will; it offers in all of its courses a rigorous training in thinking that would enable us to equip ourselves with the proper knowledge, if this were only our pleasure. It is not our pleasure. As if the Civil War in Spain were as far off as Mars, we sit back and close our minds once our Latin translation is done. We read every word

on the back pages of our newspapers about the latest movies, while on the front page strikes and riots and bankruptcies get no more than a glance at the headlines. That in a few years we shall be earning our own livings among such disturbances is a fact we quite forget; or else we blithely hope that the world will take care of us, at least, whatever it does to several million others. As far as we are concerned, it will run of itself on oiled and polished wheels. But that is just the danger: the world will move of itself, irresistibly, unless we know how to stop it. It tumbled into the depression because no one understood how to turn it from its course. In Europe now, no one is skillful enough to divert it from its ominous advance towards war. The nations are in arms; through open combat or diplomatic skirmishing they are deciding between opposing political theories, because superior guns and superior strategy can resolve a question when reason is not able. The answer is that reason must be able continually.

Because of our connection with the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers in Industry, we have had the easy chance to masquerade as possessors of such tirelessly capable minds, whether we really did possess them or not. For the most part, it has been the Summer School students, not we, who have had the ability and the will to cope with the massive structure of society and alter it for the better. Through their trade unions, their political affiliations, their Y. W. C. A.'s, they have put the eight weeks of training they received in their one summer here into effect. If they have not succeeded in creating a visible change; if their influence has extended only a little way, the fault is not theirs. Their equipment is not sufficient. We, on the other hand, whose equipment consists not of eight weeks of hasty learning, but four years of leisurely study, four years when our minds have had the opportunity to grow strong and keen, when our eyes have had the chance to observe the world and see our place in it, we do not even use our equipment. The education we receive is for our own pleasure, not for service; it is a thing to enable us to appreciate art or to acquire a well-paid position, not to help in reconstructing the precarious times we live in. Yet when the times are too precarious, there is no art to enjoy, and no high salary to gain. Even if it is only to save our own skins, we have an obligation to devote a little of our education to the public good. Nor can we wait until we are graduated before we begin fulfilling this obligation of ours. Now, while there is still leisure, we must start to learn the causes and apply the remedies for the commotion of the present.

And now, accordingly, although ignorant and inexperienced, the LANTERN is making its beginning.

Three Stories

FROM THE SUMMER SCHOOL MAGAZINE

IN THE EDITORIAL introducing this issue, we spoke of the Summer School Students and of their eagerness to make effective in reality what they learned and what they believed. To prove that these assertions are not wild and unfounded, not merely conceived by us to point our moral with a keener edge, we wish to offer evidence. We are printing three stories which young women in the School this summer wrote for the students' magazine. They are based upon actual experience. They represent no extraordinary occurrences, but the thoughts and activities that make the daily tenor of life for these girls and for countless other workers. If the vigor and intellectual resolve, the faith and steadfastness which are in these stories seem rare to us, they are not rare in the eyes of those who were students at the Summer School. The students there have worked eight hours a day for their living, and they have often not been sure from day to day of either their work or their living. Existing by their own efforts in such uncertainty, they have been forced to think deeply and sometimes bitterly. They have been driven to put their trust in something greater than themselves—a union or a political party; and yet because the need which this greater thing supplies is so personal, they have not been content to let it work for them,—they have worked for it. To build it, whatever its form, to greater and greater solidarity has been their lasting purpose. This is the purpose which their stories show. They have written about it because it is in them, and they have written about its realization because they have realized it. We need no more evidence to support our words.*

*Anyone who wishes to see more of the writing produced in the School this summer, should inquire of the LANTERN board, which possesses two copies of the magazine, SHOP AND SCHOOL. Poetry, essays, and articles which describe the Summer School itself are included as well as stories.

Comrades

MILDRED SCHARFBERG

"ALL RIGHT, take off your coats and start to work." Glorious words of liberation! Something taut snapped in Pat's brain. Was it only seven weeks ago that she had lost her job? No, it was one long day of horror. An endless day spent in the garment center, looking for the magic words, "Help wanted." Had the endless, stretching sidewalks eaten themselves into her very soul? What else could make for such weary, utterly gray blankness? How long had the little man beside her walked the streets?

Pat and Isaac sat at opposite machines. It was good to feel the silk running through her fingers again, to press her foot and feel the machine running, to see small pieces shape themselves into a dress. Pat met Isaac's blue eyes. How long had he walked the streets, to be so understanding? "Make your piping on the neck even and fine. Watch those pockets and button-holes. They have to be flat," his eyes seemed to say. He smiled encouragingly. "Don't worry. You'll stay your thirty-five hours. I see you hold the material lightly. You won't stretch the seams." The utter grayness was dissolving bit by bit. Yes, Isaac was a friend.

A week, two, and three passed. At the end of one day Pat and Isaac walked into the elevator together. Isaac looked at his watch.

"It's five-thirty. We worked twenty minutes overtime. They moved the clock back," he said hesitatingly.

"Yes, they moved the clock back. Then when the clock strikes five, some first begin to work overtime. Did you ever see anything like it? All of them, the finishers, the pressers, the floor-girls." Isaac's shoulders drooped. Pat continued. "People walk the streets and in our shop they work for nothing. They are worse than scabs, these people with union books in their pockets."

A month, two pass. The workers were caught on a Saturday morning. They will be fined ten, fifteen, maybe twenty dollars. Who knows better than Pat that they can't pay? She watches them closely. Their movements are jerky. Doesn't the union know that the boss never pays the scale? Doesn't it know that you must work overtime to make ends meet? God in heaven, their wild eyes say, to pay a fine on top of that. By chance her eyes meet one pair of blue ones. Can it be that there are tears in his eyes? Does he feel it too?

Five months have passed. Complaints have been made. Without overtime the workers have been forced to complain to their union. They want their minimum. "We pay dues. Get it for us."

Sadie, the workers' chairlady and the boss's best friend, is in a fury. The business agent has learned of conditions in the shop. He called her up and ordered a stoppage. She tells the workers, "The union called a shop meeting. We must stop." The boss butts in, "Never mind. I'm boss. I need the work. For two weeks there was no work, and now you're going to stop. The union may be able to make fools pay fines but it can't keep me in business. Don't stop! Do you want to walk the streets?" The chairlady sits down to the machine. The whirl of the machines continues. Pat's eyes cannot find Issac.

The business agent has come himself to pull the people to a shop meeting. Cowering, they all sit in the school room where the shop meeting is held. They look oddly ridiculous, cooped behind the children's desks. Oddly ridiculous—and yet aren't they like children? Do they know what they're doing? Listen to them talk.

Elizabeth, a tall, gaunt Spanish woman, stands up. "Me, I don't care about nothing. I want to make my thirty-one fifty."

In an undertone forty workers whisper. "The fool woman," "Try and get it." "We know the union is a racket." "It takes a lot and gives nothing." "Anything you want you gotta get for yourself."

Sadie the chairlady stands up. "Look, what you want me to do eh. I canna lose time. I tell him what you say. They no stop, I no make them."

It is only in strikes that bosses use tear gas, but Pat's eyes glimmered wet at the shop meeting. It is only in strikes that they use bullets, but here Pat felt herself and these workers dying from suicidal bullets. Who taught these workers how to kill themselves?

Shaking, moved beyond words, she took the floor. "For pity's sake, stop this undertone whispering for a moment and listen. Whether the union is a racket or not, whether it gets us what we want, here is something we can do. In this shop we are forty workers. Don't let the boss pit the Jews against the colored, the colored against Italians, and the Italians against the Spanish. For if you do you'll have to elect again a chairlady not for the workers but for the boss. I have heard you all say Sadie is a secret partner of the boss, or that she gets money from the boss. Let's try to act together. Try to elect a chairlady who believes in the union. You've given the boss a chance. You've given Sadie, his best friend, a chance. Let's try just once to give the union a chance."

Again a whispering undertone. "She's a little girl but she knows." "Ya, she cares, hear how her voice drops." "Sure she never showed no difference between colored and white." "We always liked the child." An Italian woman never heard from before rises. "Sure things are bad for poor people. They always are. What do you expect to do, child?" Pat answers readily. "Here's something we can try. Let's elect Isaac chairman for the next two months."

The spring season was nearing an end. Pat and Isaac had been working in the Star Dress Company for eight months now. A very small lot of dresses came in. Isaac, as chairman, went over to the table where the work lay and said, "The work will have to be divided evenly between the slow and fast workers."

The boss became angry. "I need the work. If fast operators can make more in less time they'll make it."

"Mr. Jones, please divide the work or we'll not do it."

Silently the boss proceeded to put the bundles on each table. At nine o'clock sharp he turned a switch. The power was running.

"Don't work." The little man seemed to grow in stature as he issued the order.

"I say I need the work. When there is none you come here crawling on your bellies. The power is running. It's after nine. Why aren't you working? You can't be fined now, you fools. It's after nine!"

"Don't anyone touch your bundles. The work must be divided." The usually timid voice seemed to be powerfully strong.

"So," the boss yelled in a rage. Quick as a flash he grasped the little man by the shoulders, pushed him through the length of fifteen machines, and threw him out bodily. "Get the hell out of here. You're fired, colonel."

Pat trembled. What was she to do? Surely they would begin to work. Should she stand up and tell them to stop, and so follow Isaac through the door, or was she to sit still and see what happened? What would the union have her do? If only there were some way to ask someone.

The power whirled. "Work, you fools. The power costs money." Pat quivered. Not a person moved. Forty people stood still. The bundles lay, the motor was going, the boss was cursing, raving, the workers sat still.

The twenty minutes which it would take the union to reinstate Isaac had not yet passed, but sitting there, Pat, tremulous, joyous, and astounded, didn't mind waiting. The union wouldn't have to bring him back. Isaac was there.

This America

THELMA BROWN

I WENT walking one day. Everywhere I looked, I thought, "What a beautiful country this America is!" But when I peered more closely, I saw the strangest things. Here was a dream of a home sitting away among the tall trees. Empty! "It's a summer home," someone said.

And as I walked along, I saw a little one-room cabin. It was running over with life, with little, barefoot, sun-baked children playing in the yard. No green grass in this yard; only hard-packed dirt.

Then I passed a beautiful meadow. It was green and smooth. There was a horse and pony grazing. But as I was wondering how I would climb the steep hill in the distance, I saw a farmer and his son plowing on this steep, rocky hill-side. "How can they make things grow there?" I thought. The farmer, the son, and the horse, they didn't look as if they had ever had a full meal.

Then I began to think about the empty dream house,
The one-room cabin with all the children,
The big, green meadow with only animals in it,
The farmer with a hill full of rocks and red dirt to wrench a living out of.
Then I got mad.

Our Forefathers

MILDRED SCHARFBERG

THE dressmakers' agreement had expired. A strike was on the order of the day. A meeting of the entire one hundred thousand members was being held to decide the fate of the dressmakers for 1936. The forty thousand which Madison Square Garden could hold were already there, and Pat, an active, young dressmaker who was that day an usher, was directing workers to other aisles, for her front section was already well filled.

The atmosphere was tense. What did our leaders have to report? Were we to have a strike? How long would it last? As they passed by, Pat noticed how nervous and worried they all were. Out of the whole crowd one old woman was determined to look for a seat herself, and Pat could not stop her from walking through the closed aisle.

A moment later there was a skirmish. A young man who a moment before was sitting peacefully in an end seat glowered at the red band on Pat's arm and cried, "Usher, usher, come here!"

Pat was there in a moment. "What is it, Brother?"

"What is it? Why do you let people pass when there are no seats in this aisle?"

"What do you want?" Pat countered. "You have a seat, haven't you?"

"Have? Had, you mean, Sister. Look!"

Glancing down, Pat saw the determined old Negro in his seat.

"Yeh!" the man cried, "I bent down to pick up her purse (she dropped it) and there she is plastered in my seat. Go on, tell her. Tell her I came first. Go on, show what that red band's for."

Pat looked a moment at the benign old face full of wrinkles. In a hesitant voice she said, "I'm so sorry, Sister, but he did come first."

"What do you mean, first?" a rich old voice asked. "How do you know, honey child?"

"Why," Pat began, baffled by the old woman's look of injury, "I came before you, you know, and he was here already. He did come first."

"First," the old woman cried. She uttered a laugh a thousand years old. "First, eh, he comes first. Was you here in 1909 when we first striked? Was you? Was you here in 1913 on the picket line maybe? When did you come to be here anyhow? Let me tell you, honey child, there wasn't so many of us then. I didn't see him first and you is only a little girl. Go on, you got a band there. Go up on the platform there and ask the leader who come first."

The Democratic Party

CLARA A. HARDIN, Graduate

"America is a pattern; not a race, not a system of government, not even a nation, but a **design for living.**"

This striking statement was printed in a Fourth of July editorial in the NEW YORK TIMES. The editorial pointed out that—

"... under the clasp and static and canned speeches of both political conventions, one note was clear. One real emotion, narrow, but profound,—it was an emotion for America, the strong home-sickness of wandering Americans for the large, loose, comfortable pattern which has always distinguished this country from all others wheresoever."

And yet politics cannot be put aside; political conventions, speeches, platforms and promises are all part of the American scene, but during the depression and recovery the scene has moved too fast for the average citizen. He is accustomed to change, ruts are not in his line, and regimentation is a hated word. He is willing to take chances, but wants his feet on the ground. His right hand may reach out toward the unknown, but his left hand is holding fast to reality. He is a gambler, but after going on an occasional spree, he wants to settle down comfortably and safely until he becomes oriented again.

This present campaign has been much too confusing. Four years ago we wanted action. We got it. Now there are cries of debt and high taxes on the one side, and from the Democratic administration the assurance that government had to spend money in order to buy prosperity and civilization. If the administration continues to be a Democratic one, what are the things we can be fairly sure to look for?

First, in regard to foreign affairs. We can be sure that the Democratic party wants peace, and that in President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull we have true diplomats, with awareness of possible dangers, and an intuitive quickness in preventing such crises.

On August 23 a delegation of members of the People's Mandate Committee called on President Roosevelt at Hyde Park to explain the work of

the committee whose aim is to obtain 50,000,000 signatures from people all over the world to a petition for peace. The work of the committee was heartily endorsed by the President, and Dr. Mary E. Woolley, former president of Mt. Holyoke College, chairman of the committee, expressed appreciation to Mr. Roosevelt for his efforts toward peace, especially because of the Inter-American Peace Conference to be convened at Buenos Aires in December.

Although the administration favors neutrality and peace, it believes in sound defense, and in being prepared to resist aggression. While indorsing in general the aims of such organizations as the People's Mandate Committee, the President does not believe that the time has come for America to disarm.

The firm but quiet way in which Secretary Hull handled the incident of the bombing of an American battleship, and the removal of Americans from Spain, made everyone breathe easier. Many votes that had strayed from the Democratic fold returned because of the diplomacy in matters of International importance, and because of the "Good Neighbor Policy" toward Haiti and other Pan-American countries.

One definite issue on which the Democrats and Republicans are split in this campaign is on the foreign trade policy. Through agreements negotiated under the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act, the Democrats have made a direct assault on the high-tariff doctrine. They seek by mutual agreement to lower those tariff barriers, quotas and embargoes which have been raised against our exports of agriculture and industrial products. The act received wide non-partisan support at first, but has gone along party lines now. This reciprocal trade agreements policy, however, does not contemplate and should not result in any excessive or harmful imports. The charge of the opposition is that the trade agreements were responsible last year for substantial imports of farm products. Mr. Hull believes that the trade movement which for a few months turned this country's normally favorable trade balance into a debt balance was caused by the shortage of certain crops, especially animal feed, resulting from the drought of 1934. But it also happens that at the peak of agricultural imports the only trade agreements in effect were with Cuba, Belgium, Haiti, and Sweden, and that none of these countries exported any quantity of agricultural products to the United States.

Thus the age-old battle of the tariff wages on, with the Democratic Party upholding the reciprocal trade agreements, yet maintaining adequate tariff protection for farmers and manufacturers.

Besides favoring peace and international trade, the Democratic platform

further states that the party will guard against being drawn by political commitments, international banking or private trading into any war, and it pledges efforts to take the profits out of war.

Turning back to matters of purely domestic interest, the first thing that strikes us about the Democratic administration is its large measure of social justice, and the recognition of working out public welfare problems. The Democratic party proposes to build on the foundation of the present Social Security Act a structure of economic security for all our people, emphasizing unemployment and old-age insurance, and provision for the handicapped.

The United States was almost the last civilized country to undertake protection for the worker against things entirely beyond his control which occur in the modern industrialized state and cause fluctuations in employment. A large part of American industry is inter-state or nation-wide in its operation, and the administration realizes that a loose, local system in 48 separate states would not work. In this case, as in unemployment relief, the Democrats maintain that it should be handled by the federal government, and advocates cooperation with state and local governments in providing public projects at prevailing wages. The social security provisions need working over, the old-age pension law needs revision, but who would better revise it and improve it than the first party even to take the interest to introduce broad social legislation to this country? The Democrats will not throw it in the waste-basket.

Governor Landon is paying lip service to unemployment insurance because public opinion favors it, but social security it not in keeping with the party's former philosophy. In the future under Republicans it would be kept in line with states' rights, without interference from the federal government.

The question of Constitutional Amendment is a vital one. Time after time people who can find no fault with the things the President has done will say, "It is all right, but why doesn't he stick to the constitution?" The administration favors procedure with the constitution if possible, but if problems of national scope cannot be solved that way, it favors a clarifying amendment giving state and federal governments the power to enact social and regulatory legislation. The administration realizes the importance of a Child Labor Amendment to the constitution, of some sort of a minimum wage provision, of something that will protect labor and yet not be called unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

Increased pay, shorter hours, the end of sweated labor of women and children, the passing of laws guaranteeing rights to collective bargaining and

self-organization free from interference of employers, and the setting up of federal machinery for peaceful settlement of labor disputes,—these were all part of the N.I.R.A. which was declared unconstitutional. And they are **still** part of the program of the Democratic Party which believes that common social pustice **is** American, and **is** constitutional.

Organized labor, though disappointed over the failure of Section 7A of the N.R.A. (on collective bargaining), realizes that it has a sincere friend in Mr. Roosevelt, and will give him a pretty solid vote, even though some of the leaders rest their ultimate hopes on a Farmer-Labor Party in 1940. The weakness of the Republican candidate's earliest statement on organization and collective bargaining has made Labor distrustful.

The exploitation practiced in regard to home work which was handed out to people before Roosevelt's election was not generally known. Such wages as three cents an hour were being paid to workers. Roosevelt called a conference of officials of state labor departments, and this conference set up a bureau which urges inter-state cooperation. Nothing of lasting importance can be accomplished here without inter-state cooperation. It is just as important to our peace and security as is inter-national cooperation.

The question of work relief is far too wide and its administration too complicated to discuss in detail here. Many people feel that there has been much waste in the administration of such projects as the Work's Progress Administration. This is due to the failure of many politicians (of any party) to resist the use of a spoils system, and the lack of cooperation of outlying units with the federal government. Mr. Roosevelt is aware of this waste. He will be more watchful. And no one is more eager than he to have an adequate Civil Service which will eliminate in large measure the evils of the spoils system.

Of great importance to students has been the National Youth Administration, and nothing could have been finer for young men who were out of school and unemployed than the camps of the Civilian Conservation Corps, which is favored by even the most bitter opponents of the New Deal.

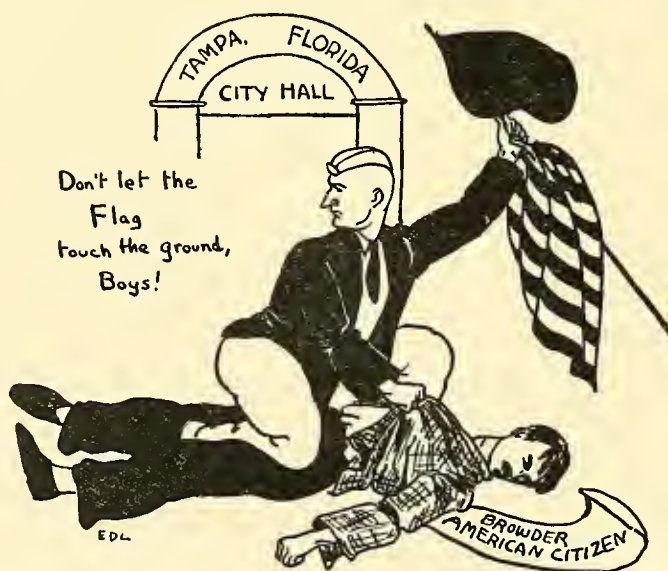
The biggest cry against the Democratic administration comes from banking interests and high finance. They cannot tolerate government interference with business and banking, even in cases where they once begged the government to save them from failure. In regard to the regulation of business the party platform upholds the theory and workings of the Securities and Exchange Commission, demands the curbing of utility holding companies, and advocates continuance of guarantees on bank deposits. Without reference

to metallic standards, it approves permanently sound currency so stabilized as to prevent wide fluctuations in value. The Republicans are constantly talking about the devaluation of the dollar, but the Democrats feel that we now have the soundest currency in the world.

The agricultural situation has been acute during this administration because of the severe droughts in a large section of the country. The platform proposes to improve the soil conservation and domestic allotment programs and the system of cash payments under these programs. The further cooperation of the government in refinancing farm indebtedness, and in commodity loans on season surpluses, and the encouraging of farm cooperatives is assured.

In regard to government administration and the budget, the administration does not promise the impossible, but pledges a reduction of government expenses and the achievement of a balanced budget at the earliest possible moment.

And finally the Democratic Party guarantees to Americans their civil liberties, protecting freedom of speech, press, radio and religion **as guaranteed by the constitution.**



I'm for Landon

B. A. STANTON, '37

I AM NOT one of those Republicans who believe that the country is doomed unless Landon wins the election. It is my opinion that this country will probably survive the next four years regardless of who is elected. On the other hand, I am firmly convinced that this process of survival will be a far happier one if Landon, not Roosevelt, is in the White House.

I'm for Landon for two reasons. The first is that I disapprove of most of the things which Roosevelt has done and of the way in which he has done them. The second is that I believe that Landon, if elected, would display fine intelligence and efficiency in administering the affairs of the nation. I think that one issue, the financial question, is the most important problem being presented at this time. But before discussing that in some detail, I ask you to glance hastily at the respective records of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Landon.

The facility with which Roosevelt has broken pledges and promises is familiar to everyone who can read a newspaper. He promised that his primary consideration would be the reduction of unemployment and of people on relief, and at the same time a reduction of the cost of relief. In March, 1936, at the end of the four year period, the American Federation of Labor reported 12,183,000 still unemployed; the President himself stated that the number of families still on relief had increased from 3,908,000 in 1933 to 5,300,000 in 1936, and relief expenditures for the period have been \$7,417,700,000, which is a goodly sum of money. Roosevelt promised to abolish the many useless bureaus, commissions, and functions flourishing under Mr. Hoover. Instead of doing this, he has established a bureaucracy unparalleled in our history, a bureaucracy which has doubled administrative and investigative agencies, a bureaucracy whose nicest touch is the existence of three different government committees, each independent of the other, each appointed to study overlapping services in the government.

The President took an oath to defend the constitution. During his administration, nine executive and legislative acts which he endorsed have been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. He promised to extend and improve the merit system in civil service. Between 1932 and 1936, the percentage of employees in the executive branch of the government **not** under Civil Service increased from 19.9% to 39.5%.

That is a partial record of the promises which Mr. Roosevelt has broken and of the aims which he has failed to fulfill. It demands consideration whether or not you approve of Federal Relief Administration, Bureaucracy, the Constitution, or Civil Service. It seems to offer reasonable evidence that none of the promises which Roosevelt has made during this campaign should be taken too seriously.

Contrast this record with that of Landon as Governor of Kansas. In his inaugural address he promised specifically three things: efficient government, drastic economy, and reduction in taxpayers' expenses. As Governor, he has given Kansas a balanced budget every year, he has reduced the debt of Kansas by \$24,000,000, he has reduced the cost of government by 22%, he has reduced taxes by 9%. He is known in Kansas as a man who never straddles the fence, who endorses or opposes an issue according to his best belief, and who thereupon acts on that decision without swerving. It is, of course, impossible to know from a man's record as Governor of one of the smaller states, just what his record would be as President of the United States. Nevertheless, there seems to be reasonable evidence that the promises which Landon has made during the campaign **can** be taken seriously.

As I have said before, you may or may not be sympathetic with Roosevelt's theories and principles of economics and politics. Perhaps you don't much care whether we have a liberal or a conservative government; but you cannot fail to be concerned with the cost of that government. I believe that this is the most important issue for you and me, since we are the ones who will be paying a large part of the bill for the next quarter of a century.

During the Roosevelt Administration, Federal expenditures have increased from \$5,142,953,627 in 1933 to \$8,262,835,300, the official budget estimate for 1937. This is an increase of about 70%. At the same time, the Federal debt has increased by \$12,842,000,000. Add to this the fact that tax collections have increased from \$1,900,000 in 1933 to \$3,900,000 in 1936. Does it make sense to you to have rising expenditures, a rising deficit, and rising receipts at the same time? Roosevelt justifies these increases by pointing to a rapid rise in the national income. It is true that the national income has risen from around 39½ billions in 1932 to an estimated 60 billions in 1936. But the cost of government has risen faster. The total cost of local, state, and Federal government is somewhere around \$17,000,000 a year, or 28% of our national income. Of this 28%, about 16% is paid in taxes and the government is borrowing the other 12%.

This display of figures, tiresome as you may think it, points to two conclu-

sions upon which you should cogitate. In the first place, if expenditures are to continue at their present rate, even if the national income continues to rise, taxes will need to be almost doubled in order to put the government on a pay-as-you-go basis. In the second place, government deficits, like any other debts, have to be made up at some time, in some way—and in the meantime, the interest (a mere \$821,000,000 annually on the Federal debt alone) must be forthcoming.

It is ridiculous to claim that expenditures and especially deficits such as these can be wiped out during the next four years. What Roosevelt's critics do claim is that he gives no proof of a sincere desire to retrench. He has promised time and again that the budget would be reduced; in view of his failure to keep these promises, is there any reason to suppose that he is going to reverse his attitude and start economizing in the future? The whole psychology of the New Deal and of Mr. Roosevelt himself is one of extravagance and spending. It is not in Roosevelt's nature to practice stringent economy, especially in view of the fact that half of the people in this country consider him and expect him to continue to be a kindly and munificent fairy godfather.

In direct contrast to Roosevelt's attitude, we see in Landon a man who instinctively dislikes carelessness and waste, and who particularly abhors carelessness with money. His entire record as business man and Governor demonstrates this clearly.

Perhaps you say that the case for Landon is really the case **against** Roosevelt. This is partly true. It seems to me that if you balance the achievements of this Administration against the costs of those achievements, the results are negligible. That is a sufficiently good reason for many people to cast their votes against the New Deal.

Nevertheless, Landon cannot be regarded as a figurehead, a mere symbol of opposition. He is intelligent, sure-footed, level-headed. I am entirely confident that if he is elected, he will prove to be the kind of President best for America—one who will stop the unnecessary waste and extravagance of public money; who will be concerned with the welfare of **all** the people; who will consider a promise a sort of anchor to hold him, not a balloon to carry him as far and as high as he wants to go.

A Vote for Thomas

MARGARET WOOD, Graduate

WE support neither the Republicans nor the Democrats; we are eager to support a genuine Farmer-Labor Party. Since the party has no presidential candidate, we are voting for Norman Thomas because in our opinion the platform of the Socialist Party comes nearest to being a sound program for fundamental change. We would therefore agree with Thomas in standing for socialism against capitalism as represented by Roosevelt and Landon. A Third Party, representing the interests of workers and farmers is never formed when one constantly chooses the lesser of two evils and compromises one's principles by allying with the majority. This election rather demands that minority groups take a strong stand now in order to lay a firm foundation for the formation of an aggressive party in the election of 1940.

Despite all the waving of the red flag by the Republicans, the Democratic Party is essentially no different from them. Socialists point out the irony of big business biting the hand that fed them, for the N.R.A. was fundamentally the program proposed by the Chamber of Commerce, which would hardly draft a plan of "regimentation." Dr. Harry Laidler stated that real wages have risen only 2 or 3% while profits have increased about 60%. Section 7A, hailed as a great concession to labor, was so loosely drawn that it proved of more use in the formation of company unions than bona fide trade unions. Through price fixing and the nullification of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, the N.R.A. increased monopoly power. Roosevelt's recent speech in Chicago, in which he asserted his belief in freedom of enterprise, is good proof of his desire to make no change in the present system. Promises to the "forgotten man" have somehow been overlooked when the number of unemployed stands at 11,000,000 and no adequate public works program has been instituted to deal with the desperate need for low-rental housing.

Probably the greatest failure of the Roosevelt administration has been the Triple A. The whole basis of the Act was a return to an economy of scarcity rather than the launching of a program involving distribution of farm products to those in need. To limit production on the farms when the actual demand for farm produce has never been met seem to us absolutely unjustifiable. Moreover, the A.A.A., in raising prices to consumers, served to nullify the wage increases of the N.R.A. While we affirm the principle of government

assistance to the farmer, we do not support any such plan which aids one group at the expense of another. The N.R.A. and A.A.A., being drawn separately, were pulling in opposite directions when they might have been cogs in the wheel of a central plan.

The most recent New Deal experiment, the Social Security Act, includes no provision for medical care for the sick and disabled. Unemployment funds are collected by means of a payroll tax, which imposes a burden upon those who are not responsible for unemployment and those least able to pay—the workers and consumers.

While the advantages of the Reciprocal Tariff Agreements are cited as a great boon to foreign trade, little mention is made of the fact that the present administration has passed the highest peace-time appropriation for the army and navy ever made. At the same time that Roosevelt makes pleasant sounding speeches concerning the "Good Neighbor", he is supporting an increased army and navy. Certainly his past experience would not make him favor any reduction in the latter.

Alfred M. Landon is a good illustration of the statement that a candidate can never divorce himself from his Party. His chief backers, the Liberty League and William Randolph Hearst, are generally recognized as reactionary elements in American life. Constant waving of the red flag on every possible occasion reveals the Party's need to rely on prejudice and confusion rather than on sane dealing with the issues. Mr. Dubinsky's harmless participation in the drive for the assistance to Spanish victims of the Revolution was branded by Mr. Hamilton as aiding Communism. In one breath Mr. Landon speaks of maintaining relief, and in the other he proposed tax reduction without any attempt to reconcile the two conflicting statements. A glance at the record of the Governor of Kansas will reveal that the much-lauded economy was accomplished by cutting the public school budget and accepting Federal funds in extending state services. For this reason we have no confidence that the Republican candidate would make any changes for the better were he elected, although his criticism of the A.A.A. and the Social Security Act may be justified.

In the international sphere the Republicans show no evidence of having learned any lesson from the tragic mistake of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff of the Hoover regime. They see nothing paradoxical in advocating an increase in the tariff at the same time that they cry for increased foreign trade.

The Socialist platform is in striking contrast to those of the Republican and Democratic parties. Its first step is the proposal of a Farmer and Workers'

Right Amendment to the Constitution in order to end the power of the Supreme Court to declare social legislation unconstitutional and to affirm the right of Congress to acquire and operate industries. Socialists realize that if such inadequate measures as the N.R.A. and the A.A.A. are nullified by the Court, more comprehensive plans would certainly not be sustained without a constitutional amendment. Hence such an amendment is proposed as a preliminary to the passage of any sweeping social legislation. Neither of the main parties sponsors any such fundamental change in the Constitution as that stated above. At one time when the New Dealers were feeling particularly bitter about the Court decisions, some mention was made of a more sweeping amendment; but such rumors have been suppressed in the present election and only the desire for minimum wage legislation is mentioned.

Second comes the proposal for the social ownership and 'democratic control of the banks, mines, railroads, power, and all key industries. One must not be confused by the common belief that Roosevelt has started on 'the road to socialism and that if he were only given more time, he would make progressive changes in our government. While the T.V.A. is an admirable experiment as far as it goes, we must realize that the process of change to social ownership cannot be carried out on a piece-meal basis. Socialism requires a national plan providing for the coordination of various industries and long-time planning of production, along with the socialization of credit. Products of key industries can be reduced to a minimum price if public corporations take control under such conditions. What could be further from the intention of President Roosevelt!

Despite the improved condition of business in the past year, the decrease of Federal appropriations for relief was premature and resulted in inadequate allowances for the unemployed since the state and local funds were not sufficient to carry the increased burden. Such action, of course, is based on the assumption that the problem of unemployment is not a permanent one. A good example of the result of the action may be seen in the situation in Philadelphia last summer, when the State of Pennsylvania refused to grant necessary funds to maintain a standard of decency and health for families on relief. The Socialist Party, therefore, advocates an immediate Congressional appropriation to insure adequate relief and a comprehensive public works program with special attention to low-cost housing. Especially in regard to the latter one can see that the present administration has done little more than make "scenic improvements."

Aiming to correct the greatest weaknesses in the present Social Security

Act, the Socialist platform proposes to raise funds for social insurance by means of inheritance and income taxes rather than by the burdensome tax on payrolls now in effect. It also favors beginning old-age pensions at age 60, not at 65, and the inclusion of care for the sick and disabled in a system of social insurance. There is recognition of the need to extend the National Youth Administration to include adequate provision for living standards and education. The American Youth Act, endorsed by the Socialist Party, points definitely toward the assumption of public responsibility for the never-yet-employed group. C.C.C. Camps have provided a measure of physical up-building for young men; but their military auspices and failure to provide a follow-up have distorted their purpose.

Of unusual significance to labor is the plank favoring the guarantee of greater bargaining power for workers and the establishment of the thirty-hour week. Not only does the plank uphold the principle of collective bargaining, but it also opposes company unions, company guards, anti-union activities of police, and the use of labor spies. (The extent of the last named practice is now being revealed by the LaFollette Committee.) One could easily see the significance of this proposal by attempting to calculate its effect upon the workers in the steel industry, for instance. Since the Homestead Strike of 1892 all the above-named activities have been carried on without interference from the government. Or, to take another example, consider what might have been the situation in the RCA Victor Strike in Camden last summer if only a few of the Socialist proposals had been in force. For at the time of the Strike, Philadelphia daily papers carried stories of mass arrests, abrogation of civil liberties, and the protection of the company union by a large police force. Civil liberty for all groups in this country, especially for the Negro, is being impaired, and the recent arrest of the Communist candidate for President shows that even the ordinary right of free speech is in jeopardy.

A comprehensive program for agriculture is outlined by the Socialists in order to relieve the debt burden of the farmer through government credit on easy terms, stabilize farm prices on the basis of cost of production, and abolish tenant and corporation farming by the establishment of use-and-occupancy titles for family-sized farms and the conversion of plantation and corporation farms into cooperative farms. In addition to our criticism of the A.A.A., one should note that the present administration has not improved the deplorable conditions among the tenant farmers and share-croppers in the South. The establishment of use-and-occupancy titles would abolish the hierarchy of landlords and corporations and give the control of the land to those

who use and occupy it.

We cannot accept all the planks in the Socialist platform without criticism. While we are in sympathy with the opposition to military training in schools and while we approve the proposal for taking the profit out of war, we are most disappointed not to see some concrete proposals relating to the international sphere. No mention is made of the League of Nations, either favorable or otherwise, and no plan is set forth regarding international action in support of justice. We are not satisfied with the clause stating that the Socialist Party proposes "the development of internationalism among the people of the world" . . . "and the strengthening of neutrality laws." In our opinion the European situation, especially in Spain, reveals the weakness of any such statements concerning internationalism and neutrality laws. Neutrality laws may actually have an undesirable effect if there is no provision for international action to make them operative. The experience of the British Labor Party, which has swerved from the position of the American Socialists to one more favorable to intervention in the Spanish situation, would seem to substantiate our point.

Norman Thomas and the Socialist Party have been much criticized for not joining the United Front with the Communist Party; but in this situation we believe that Thomas' position is well taken. In opposing fascism, the Communist Party appears to have become more conservative in lending half-hearted approval to Roosevelt as the lesser of two evils than to have made a strong stand for Communism. To a Marxist, Roosevelt and Landon are no different: both uphold the capitalist system. Indeed Roosevelt himself pointed this out in disclaiming Communist support. Precisely at this point Thomas sees the danger of a premature formation of the United Front lest it be on a basis of somewhat indefinite opposition to fascism rather than on a more aggressive basis of socialism vs. capitalism. The Communists, of course, believe that fascism is imminent; but we are inclined to agree with Mr. Thomas that the advent of fascism is not so near. Hence at this point a united front with a vague statement against fascism would not prepare the way for the formation of an aggressive Third Party. Heartily in favor of the principle of the United Front, we would nevertheless guard against its too early formation on a shifting base. Therefore we reaffirm our decision to vote Socialist in the 1936 election, despite the fact that we cannot give unqualified approval to the entire platform of the Party. We do so in protest against a capitalist administration and in the hope of registering our desire to support a Farmer-Labor Party in 1940.

The Communist Position in the 1936 Elections

NAOMI COPLIN, '38

THE seeming change in the position of the Communist Party on major issues has caused a great deal of confusion. A deeper analysis, however, will show no real change in position, but only a change in attitude, no deviation from the basis of Marxism, but merely a change in tactics. An examination of the Party platform will demonstrate this fact clearly. For it can be seen that at no point does the platform actually differ from the basic structure of scientific socialism, or from the general party line developed in accordance with this. It simply takes advantage of the flexibility of that structure to make the specific planks suit the needs of the day.

The best known change in the platform is that of the chief issue of the campaign. In the place of the issue that all Marxist parties (Socialist, Communist, Trotskyite, etc.) seemed to regard as single and eternal,—that of "socialism versus capitalism", the Communists have for this campaign put "fascism versus democracy." They state that this is the central issue for the 1936 elections. In connection with this they state that they unconditionally support the building of a Farmer-Labor Party, which in America would be like the People's Front in France and in Spain,—a coalition, a "united front" of all radical, liberal, and progressive elements, of all labor, and of all these elements among the bourgeoisie, into a single body which would be a bulwark against fascism. They include in this unconditional support the withdrawal of all Communist candidates where there are candidates of the Farmer-Labor Party, and the throwing of all their strength behind those of the F.L.P., as well as the joining with other groups in such a united front (an action which does not destroy the individual existence of any of the groups participating). The other principal point under the discussion of the major issue is the definition of the forces leading toward fascism. The Republican Party is named as the standard-bearer of reaction; and the more important and typical members of the reactionary camp are pointed out as Wall Street, the Liberty League, the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Bankers Association, the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, the Ku Klux Klan and the Black Legion, with America's chief potential fascist, William Randolph Hearst, as the individual

most expressive of the character and tendencies of the worst sort of reaction. The single statement that sums up the position of the Communists in relation to this group is, "The chief aim of the Communist Party today is to defeat the Landon-Hearst-Liberty League reaction, to defeat the forces of Wall Street" (Communist Party Platform, p. 6).

The greatest amount of misunderstanding has come about on the two points discussed in the paragraph above, and the most widespread fallacies have been developed from a highly muddled interpretation of them; so that it would be helpful to criticise these erroneous conceptions in order to make the true situation clearer and the whole picture more rational. In the first place, it is said (by the parties to the "left" of the Communists) that the Communists' stand on the Farmer-Labor Party, and the statement of the chief aim both prove that the Communist Party is no longer a true socialist party but a reformist, even, indeed, an opportunist movement. This statement is as untrue as it is unthinking. The Communist Party has never repudiated the issue of capitalism versus socialism. That is still the basis of all their plans. And there is nothing in the issue accepted for this year that necessarily infers the rejection of the older issue. In other words, there is nothing contradictory or mutually exclusive in the two ideas. The fact that the immediate issue in this election is democracy versus fascism does not deny the truth of the historic issue of socialism versus capitalism. The shift in issues was not caused by any shift in theory but by the recognition of the fact that politics is not a matter of objective theories (no matter how true the theories may be), but of human beings,—their thoughts, and feelings, their attitudes and prejudices. The Communists realized that no matter how absolutely correct their definition of the economic struggle was, it was, nevertheless, non-existent for the masses of people. The great majority of Americans do not believe in class war and do believe in private property. Conducting a campaign on such an abstract issue, then, was hopeless from any point of view. On the other hand, the great multitude of people in this country care tremendously about social democracy, and are unfriendly, if not strongly opposed to any form of fascism or suppression of such freedom as we have known in this country. It seemed more to the point, therefore, to present an issue that was already more or less in everyone's mind, and through that to conduct a strenuous and intelligent educational campaign. Believing that, as the people have more and more experience in organizations formed on class lines, as they become more accustomed to the applying of mass pressure for specific demands, they would learn the truth of the principles of socialism more readily than they would by

merely reading or listening to any amount of words, the Communist Party decided to support measures that would be acceptable to the American people. Therefore they are trying to direct the energies of the masses into the building of a Farmer-Labor Party, and an organized mass effort against the forces that make for fascism.

The other notion that is as incorrect as it is generally accepted is that the Communist Party is supporting Roosevelt. Roosevelt and the New Deal have been criticized unceasingly by the Communists, both before and during the election campaign. Besides the mere fact that they are **not** supporting Roosevelt, it is obvious that they could not do so,—since they are Communists and Roosevelt is not, but is, in fact, a very intelligent preserver of capitalism. The fact that they are concentrating on keeping the Republican forces out does not lead to the conclusion that they are trying to reelect the Democratic administration. If the Communist Party were supporting Roosevelt, they would not have placed candidates of their own in the field. Not only are they not working for the New Deal, but they would consider such a policy a very poor one. They know the history of the liberal elements in Germany who chose the "lesser evil"—a mildly democratic government,—supported it unreservedly, then lost all their power as separate, leftist force—and left the way open for fascism. The Communists believe and state that Roosevelt is no guarantee of democracy, and insist that there must be a well defined force to the left of Roosevelt, in the form of Farmer-Labor and Communist votes, and members of legislative bodies, to act as a restraint on his tendency to move steadily to the Right.

It is true that the present platform is offered as workable within the capitalist system, and is planned to gratify the immediate needs of the masses without losing the basic ideas of Marxism. It will be seen that each plank, while falling short of actual socialism, is in line with socialist policies. The first plank provides for jobs and a living wage for all workers. It declares that all mills, mines, and factories must be opened and run. Here is an example of the new policy, for only in cases where the private owner cannot or will not reopen his plant, is the government to take it over and run it for the benefit of the people. It also is proposed to establish a minimum annual wage by law, as a method of keeping up the standard of living. There are proposals for legislation to protect women in industry, for a general thirty-hour week, without reduction in pay, "at trade union rates and conditions, in private industry and on public works" (C. P. Platform, p. 7), for the abolition of the wage differential between the North and South, and so forth. The second

plank calls for universal unemployment insurance, old age pensions, and complete provision for social security. In it, the Communist Party states that it supports the Frazier-Lundeen Bill (H.R. 2827) as adequately providing for the sick, the aged, the disabled, the unemployed,—a bill which is much more comprehensive than the present Social Security Act. The other provisions include the establishing of a federal system of maternity and health insurance, the adoption of adequate relief standards, and the carrying out of the provisions of the Marcantonio Relief Standards Bill, the enactment of uniform pension laws and laws which will provide adequate hospitalization for the veterans.

The third plank is completely concerned with the problems of the youth of America. It provides for the passing of the Benson-Amlie Bill, a bill providing for jobs, educational opportunities, and vocational training for all young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five; it asks for the extension of the budget of the National Youth Administration. It provides for the abolition of all military training in the C.C.C. and in schools. It states that free education and financial assistance must be guaranteed to all young people by both the federal and the state governments. Finally it states that child labor must be made unconstitutional and thus be annihilated. The next group that receives attention is the farmers, and a program of advancement and protection is put forth. The farmer must be guaranteed the possession of his "land, house, and chattels", for the accomplishment of which there must be "immediate refinancing of the farmers' debts with government loans at nominal interest" (C. P. Platform, p. 9). All foreclosures and evictions must be halted, and a long term moratorium on all debts of needy farmers must be declared; measures must be adopted to provide land for the landless farmer. Immediate relief by the government for the farmer in drought areas is proposed. Moreover, there is proposed a "graduated land tax to prevent the accumulation of large land holdings in the hands of the insurance companies, private and government banks, and other absentee owners" (C. P. Platform, p. 9), while, on the other hand small operating farms and farm cooperatives should be untaxed. The next statement reads, "We are unalterably opposed to the policy of crop destruction and curtailment." Besides all these there are statements dealing with price maintenance, and soil conservation, and calling for both.

The fifth plank lays down the Communists' monetary and taxation policy,—the only one that could come logically from a party of socialism. The government income for the financing of all the labor and social legislation

that is proposed will come from taxes on the rich, the details of which include a "sharply graduated" income tax upon all incomes of over \$5,000 a year, "upon corporate profits and surpluses, as well as upon the present tax-exempt securities and large gifts and inheritances" (ibid. p. 10). As a parallel measure, the repeal of all forms of sales tax including processing taxes is demanded, and the removal of burdensome taxes and interest rates from people whose income is small, and the protection of homes against foreclosures and seizures. Complete opposition to all inflationary policies is stated; and the nationalization of the entire banking system is approved.

The next plank deals with the matter of civil liberties and democratic rights. It calls for action by Congress to curb the power of the Supreme Court, and for a Constitutional Amendment permanently to effect this end. It upholds complete freedom of speech, press, radio and assembly, and the right to organize and strike. It calls for federal legislation which will protect labor in its right to organize by establishing labor's right to collective bargaining, by outlawing company unions, spy systems and every other method of coercion used by employers, and by creating heavy penalties (including imprisonment) "for employers guilty of discharging workers for union or political activities" (Ibid. p. 10). There are demands for the abolition of all restrictions of the right to vote (such as poll taxes), and another important demand for the release of political prisoners, such as Tom Mooney, Angelo Herndon, and others. Finally, there is a statement calling for a halt of the practice of deportation of aliens, and the reestablishment of the United States as an asylum for political refugees. There is also (as the whole plank is concerned with the rights of minority groups), a provision for the prohibition, by law, of anti-Semitic propaganda.

The seventh plank is concerned with that minority group in this country whose problems are unique and pressing, and which is the most exploited racial group in the United States. The Communist Party insists on complete equality for the Negro people. On this issue the demands are very specific. There must be equal rights in all fields,—social, political, industrial, intellectual. Segregation and discrimination must be made a criminal offense; severe punishment must be prepared for floggers, kidnappers, and similar terrorists. **There must be death penalty for lynchers.** The 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments to the Constitution must be enforced. This plan is an organic part of the Communist program. It is a stand that is carried through all its work, absolutely unchanging in the face of changes of other policies.

The last plank is also one that is not made only for the specific needs of today, but is a part of the basic structure, one of the fundamental needs of

humanity as interpreted by socialism. It is a program for keeping peace. It includes the enforcement of the Kellogg Peace Pact, the support of the League of Nations, especially in regard to measures to curb Germany, Italy and Japan; cooperation with the U.S.S.R. in a peace policy, and the nationalization of the munitions industry. Moreover, it calls for the non-intervention in the internal affairs of the Latin-American countries, the Philippines, the complete self-determination of all smaller oppressed nations (such as Puerto Rico), and the non-recognition of territory gained by conquest (such as Manchuria, and Ethiopia). Finally, it demands that the huge funds now being appropriated for armaments, and so forth, be used for more constructive work. This whole plank emphasizes particularly the need for collective security, for international cooperation; and it is based on the principle that peace is indivisible.

Here, then, is the whole platform of the Communist Party, the eight basic propositions which constitute the program of that party. There are certain general characteristics which, if examined, will best show the direction of their policies as well as differentiate the unchanged fundamental position from the change in tactics. In the first place, the whole program is built on class lines. It recognizes the class division, and consistently puts forth proposals for the benefit of the masses. In regard to this, and also in regard to specific issues, the position is what might be called the traditional Marxist position; and in the case of the latter is added the inherent flexibility of the basic Marxist program in any given historical situation. Thus, the stand on racial minorities, and on peace is inseparable from Communist doctrine, though in the platform they are defined in relation to a specific condition,—that is, that of the contemporary scene. The other planks, concerning social security, assistance for farmers, for youth, and so forth, are merely a presentation on a smaller scale, as it were, of the ultimate program of socialism, whereby a more immediate possibility of realization is gained. In this form, moreover, the masses of people can grasp it more easily, and from this be led to an understanding of socialism proper.

Another very interesting point in the present program is the great emphasis on the use of legislative power, and the Constitution. This may result in some confusion, for it may suggest that the Communists have adopted the same tactics as the Socialists,—that of bringing in socialism by the ballot. But there is a real difference. The Communists have no illusions about the possibility of voting in socialism; they are trying to win only immediate demands that will wake the masses to a realization of the class nature of the world. However, they have studied the Constitution very carefully, and have found

the enforcement of that rather basic document desirable, with specific reference to the Bill of Rights, the 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments, and the power of Congress to curb the Supreme Court. Moreover, almost every, if not every plank in the platform proposes some legislative measure as a remedy for the situation to be dealt with. Not only are there general proposals for such action, but specific bills, such as the American Youth Act, the Frazier-Lundeen Bill, the Marcantonio Bill, are supported. This attitude is not new, but the prominence it is given is completely new. It is good, because it emphasizes a process with which the American worker is familiar, and to which he is sympathetic. It makes the whole program more concrete, more immediate, and therefore more easily understood and accepted.

Thus, on the whole, the present platform, and campaign of the Communist Party is a kind of education for the building of the American "People's Front", as well as an immediate effort to help defeat Landon. It will be, I think, more successful than previous educational campaigns because it is concrete and specific where the programs in the past were almost pure general theory; because it has dropped the demand for revolution for which the American masses were not prepared, and to which they were really opposed, and substituted immediate demands through which the workers can learn the lessons, first of the class struggle, and finally of the revolution. Lastly, a point which seems to me very significant and important, the platform's recognizing the people as an element in all programs; it has prepared their program in such a way as to be able to deal with them as they are, so that the language, the attitude, the methods and the whole psychology is now close to that of the American people. It is a sign of real development on the part of the Communists that they are becoming less alien and more an American party, without any fundamental change in the nature of the movement. It will be both profitable and interesting in the following years to watch the growth of the party both in size and in influence, which will, I think, come as a result of its change in tactics.

In the Sunshine

BETTY BOCK, Graduate

THOSE of us who attended the last meeting of the Liberal Club in the fall of 1932 were sadly convinced that the liberal attitude had departed from Bryn Mawr, that the more erudite of our friends were happy in medieval England, while those who looked to the future were concentrating on child psychology. The problems of the present were elusive. Only the light-minded or the restless would be foolish enough to chase bees and butterflies in the sunshine. . . . The analysis of the present was not a serious pursuit, but a pastime, an art that made conversation more or less pleasant—and like all arts subject to fanatical deviations or stodgy repetitions.

When our political habits weakened, our stress upon balance and order became more articulate—belief in the dispassionate view freed us from the obligation of decision. Theoretically we acknowledged the identity of God and the devil. Our simple-minded tolerance was easy and in its thinness strangely sure that it had intuited all knowledge in that it rejected an absolute. It was sure of its uncertainty, proud of its half-wisdom, of its unpretentious, contentless disbeliefs.

Disillusioned without direct experience of illusion, our childish maturity protected us from the terrors of childhood, from the violent absurdities of growing up, from the conviction and from the blasphemy of youth, and we rejoiced in our waste-land. Wistful and serious, we tried to live by a dispassionate methodology that was only the setting for a sterile dream.

Today, half waking in a world of political reality, we must use the early hours to plan for the heat of the day—to imagine the immediate problems that will meet a factionally organized student body.

At the moment directions of stress are changing. Ideological schisms are replacing national disagreements, partly because the insoluble questions can no longer be isolated spacially, and partly because principles as such may take on all degrees of simplicity and complexity—a property highly congenial to any mixed group. Understanding of the background of these principles and of their foreground—of what they imply in terms of each other is the difficult challenge to the ideologist that may be neglected in the first enthusiasm for participation. We can accept such a challenge only if we deliberately desire

to clarify issues, to purify concepts so that diversities may be measured and identities balanced. We must see behind apparent separation the binding implications of our ideologies. We must acknowledge the identity of perfect competition and perfect cooperation. We must moderate our levelling tendencies, if we have them, by reflecting on the necessity of differentiation if equals are to maintain functioning existence. Communism may carry in itself the central force of Fascism, for as the synthesis arising from the class struggle, it must in turn produce its own antithesis; when there are no more worlds to conquer, even an indefinitely victorious militarism must begin the task of peaceful consolidation.

If we can preserve our precocious heritage of discrimination, giving our former tolerance a content and our convictions a connection with the whole of things, we may attain an intellectual freedom that will foster effective political action. We will often be tempted to proceed from paralyzed individual deliberation into a period of disruptive group consciousness. Only if those of us who have had training as students approach our political problems simultaneously as students and as participants may we at once keep faith with our past and our future.

If this is heretical radicalism, or armchair liberalism, we still see no other way to achievement, for ideological conflict will be as bitter and as self-annihilating as national warfare. An aroused student body does not, and never can in itself guarantee the basis of its excitement. We must know far more than the label of the side to which we belong, and we must actively belong to the side whose label we take; but our activity must be in terms that indicate the relation of our views to those of our opponents. This is a plea for recognition of continuity. It asks for a politically minded undergraduate who can live gladly with those who differ from her,—not because academic tolerance is her heritage, but because her beliefs imply the beliefs of her antagonist; because they can strengthen each other; because each can squeeze the world from the word of the other. For them variety of political outlook is not irrelevant conflict, but is inescapable, because strictly necessary.

The Stranger Within Thy Gates

FRANCES L. FOX, '38

HE was not an American because he was German, and he was not a German because he was not Aryan. There were, of course, many like him. But teaching German, as he was, in a boys' school in Pennsylvania heightened the poignancy of his dual negativeness and made it more specifically his own problem. He had accepted it as such with the defensive self consciousness that recent experience had forced upon him; and in such moments as this, when his pupils, confronted with a map of Germany and a blackboard full of exercises, studied in silence, his mind would return to it, sucked back into it as into grasping quicksand, where it would struggle futilely, and without escape.

It had not been his custom to concentrate on himself in this way. But the last years of turbulence had set the whirlpools of his people's concern swirling in increasingly smaller and less inclusive circles. It seemed to him, wondering sometimes at this new property of his mind, that all things reflected back, taking on a personal significance. The map lesson to-day had appallingly assumed the value of an autobiography.

"This is Cologne," he had pointed out, "noted for its beautiful cathedral . . ." Its beautiful cathedral, where Hedwig worships. He had broken his engagement with her because his pride would not let him beg her to risk shame and danger in order to keep their love. "Have you ever been to Cologne?" one of his pupils asked him enthusiastically. I have been there, he thought, but I can never be again. He had gone to America without bidding her goodbye.

"This is Coburg . . ." Coburg, that he used to call home. Coburg, where his father owned a little store at which people had suddenly stopped buying. He remembered the summer morning when, after days without any customers, two very excited Americans had come in. The store to which they had first gone had not the kind of cloth they wanted, and the proprietor had directed them there. "Of course, it's run by Jews," he had said, "Still, if you want to go to such a shop . . ." They had not known such things happened outside of rumor and fiction. It would be better to leave such a fatherland, and come to America, they had said. There would be nothing to lose.

"This is Berlin, one of the greatest cities in Europe. You have heard of the beautiful Unter den Linden, and of the famous university . . .". The university that might have made him a great doctor, but whose race riots and whose cold rules had banned him, and the youths of his people; children of the book, who had wanted to be doctors and lawyers and scholars. Did they think that these young people came to the universities only because of a concerted desire to exclude the others? The question burned at one secretly, like an underground fire. "This is the North Sea. You will perceive how far north Germany extends . . ." Even a Nordic does not question the government or speak against it; a non-Aryan scarcely breathes, scarcely lives. So he had left Coburg and Cologne and Berlin, and had come to America.

This was America. The flag in the back of the school room was not the flag he was accustomed to seeing. He was a stranger to it and to all it represented. Germany, which had assumed more grandeur from being considered at a nostalgic distance, seemed far more right and desirable than this strange new country. He understood that all things American did not partake, as a matter of course, of this inferiority. It was the reaction of his forced exile, voluntary as the action tearing two hands from around one's throat before they closed in a final choking grasp, that made him long for Germany with this desire that flared independent of his judgment. Actually, he knew that he would not return; that he had no wish to go back to what he had been fortunate enough to escape. Germany was not Germany now. They were most German now who fled the land, carrying with them in their hearts the knowledge of what they had loved. He was glad to be in America. It had willingly opened its gates to such exiles as he, and had returned to them a feeling of freedom. Here he could talk, here he could seek education or a position as other people did, here a people who were accused of being clannish were not forced to remain solely in their own clan. But Americans were given natural precedence in their own vocations. A country had to take care of its own people first. Germany had said that too. America had been kind, but he still was a stranger.

The stranger within the gates. The phrase ran through his mind in a clipped unfinished rhythm. Years ago, he had sat in Sabbath school among the other students, younger than these boys before him, and they had droned it out in unison. ". . . and thine ox, and thine ass, and the stranger within thy gates . . ." that was the full portion. To the boy, the three had belonged together, like Adam and Eve, or Noah and the ark. Now he wondered bitterly if it was an inevitable sequence.

He had fled, as so many of his people did, because they had been made the ox and the ass. Oxen, yoked together as a scourged race, dragging the mountainous load of persecution that seemed always ready to topple and crush them; asses, who bore the pure Nordics, united by this bond of common hatred, on towards their goal of a stronger and greater nation. Even now that he had broken free from the halter and the goad, the spur and the burden, the commandment was not yet fulfilled. It was constantly being brought before him. "You're a stranger, you know," the head master had reminded him, "perhaps the boys and the school will seem very different, but don't be impatient if it takes you a while to get used to our ways." So, when people had said, "You're a stranger, we wouldn't have expected you to know"; when they explained politely, "This may seem strange to you, but I assure you it's the custom," he listened to them with patience. Even when one of his students curiously asked him why he had not stayed and fought back instead of running away, he had calmly explained the hopelessness of action. But he had averted further possibilities of such an experience, conducting his class distantly and impersonally. People observing his stiffness whispered "You must forgive it in him. He just came over from Germany."

"He just came over from Germany," he had overheard one of his students tell another, his first day at the school. "Mother says all those people who run away from Germany and come here are arrogant, though goodness knows they shouldn't be." Looking around the room, at the boys bent over their work, he wondered whose mother it had been. It really did not matter. She would speak of it from the head of her dinner table, not fearing the sudden entrance of government police, or that her guests would be criticized for visiting her. In their safety, they would spread the myth, that would travel swiftly, as such tales had traveled before. Couldn't they see, he wondered unbelievably, the plight of the stranger in the gates? Knowledge of one's powers and determination for success, that in one's own country would be considered initiative, now permitted only to true Germans, here were deemed presumption. Here where opportunity and freedom were integral in the kindness of welcome, assurance and pride were brazen and unadmirable. Could they not understand that a people, once bowed low under persecution and abuse, and seeing in bright contrast how low they must bow in gratitude, needed pride, confidence, a flaunted boldness? It raised them in their own minds from the ox and the ass,—it stiffened them from too humble thankfulness. They first had to welcome themselves, if they were ever to be more than strangers in the land,—if they would give thanks in an adequate degree.

Couldn't the others feel this, and sympathize with their forever acknowledged strangeness? Or would the word of this arrogance, this pride, which they needed for their very lives, spread out and out, in waves of misunderstanding, until the tide turned and submerged them as they had been submerged before? Make them see! Take away their blindness! his thoughts prayed, as if the class before him could read them and work his miracle. They must not grow to hate us here, too! It cannot go on forever! It is beyond endurance! The ox, the ass, the stranger within the gates,—was it for this that they had been written into the commandment?

The bell for dismissal cut through his thoughts. The boys rose with one accord, as his Sabbath class had risen when they recited in unison, Six days shalt thou labor,—but the seventh day is hallowed . . . He must not waste any more hours in such rambling, he thought. One only added fuel to a perpetual flame. But as he rolled up the map of Coburg and Cologne and Berlin, he could not help wondering, wearily, when the Seventh Day would come.

Plan or No Plan—By Barbara Wootton

Reviewed by JEANNE QUISTGAARD, '38

MRS. WOOTTON'S book, **Plan or No Plan**, deals with scientific matter in a scientific way. She describes the economic mechanisms of the planned and the unplanned society. She seeks the fundamental causes for efficiency or lack of efficiency therein. She suggests a practicable form of economic institution, and its requisites for accomplishment. Her book should be read by any one who wishes to know what these two types of states have to offer in the manner of economic guidance and well-being; what the relation of this to social and political well-being may be; what the socialist or communist means when he seeks to abolish capitalism; and why he advocates a planned state.

Plan or No Plan is a beautifully organized, clear, witty, impartial exposition. It is a book which can be read and enjoyed by any layman since all special terminology is carefully explained. The facts and economic laws it discusses are those with which most of us are already acquainted. The author

defines these, but does not have to justify them. She shows their application and effectiveness in the planned or the unplanned state, and analyses them in a succinct and thorough manner.

In terms of economic science the aim of the ideal state is to create "the maximum surplus of satisfaction over effort." This is economic efficiency. In assessing the capitalist and socialist states, however, Mrs. Wootton does not disregard the importance of political and social philosophy and tradition. If both the planned and the unplanned economies were equally efficient, the choice would have to be made on social or political grounds. But Mrs. Wootton is not concerned with ethics. "It is one thing to say that a system produces the wrong results. It is another thing to say that it fails to produce the results that it is trying to produce." Her analysis is one of the "how" of economic laws so far as they have been formulated and can be judged by actual experience. Her criticism is of the proportion of success achieved by the capitalist or socialist state, not of their aims. She chooses England as a typical capitalist state and compares it with the only modern planned state, the U.S.S.R. The first two chapters describe economic mechanisms, the second two assess these according to their efficiency. Mrs. Wootton has been accused of showing too much "sympathy" for the Soviet. In a discussion of this kind, it is impossible to accuse the author of prejudice. She is dealing with facts.

In analyzing a capitalist state, for example, Mrs. Wootton points out how, ideally, the mechanism of price as a guide to the distribution and production of wealth, and a distribution of labor, should effect equality and justice of remuneration for all. However, she carefully and clearly enumerates the reasons why this device could never be the means of reaching this goal. Because human beings are constituted differently with respect to their ability and desires; because the correct money policy to follow is a much disputed point; because the present money policy is of uncertain status; because certain elements of a planned economy within the price economy, trade unions, for example, which are nevertheless necessary, form rigid obstacles; because of all these conditions the mechanism of price is inefficient. And the result of the inefficiency of price is a "choke up" of economic activity. From this evolve many false theories, such as the "bogey" theory of scarcity. The factors which prevent a smoothly run price economy create what Mrs. Wootton terms the inevitable "centrifugal tendency" inherent in capitalism. This tendency conduces to profiteering, exploitation of labor, and unequal distribution of wealth.

In dealing with Russia, Mrs. Wootton first describes the aims of a perfect

planned state, then the actual state of Russia so far as it can be known, and proceeds to judge planned economy according to the elements of it which exist in the Soviet. Never does she lose sight of human failings and general psychological reactions, when she analyses an economic situation as such. Thus in discussing the fact that planning potentially has the cure for certain forms of degression, she does not forget that the causes for degression are not yet understood, and that therefore, even in an ideal state, they might not be obviated. But it is pointed out that the reasons why Russia has been only partially successful may be attributed to the fact that its planning does not extend to all fields, as well as to the fact that its people started and still work under terrific technical difficulties.

In her suggestion for a practicable, efficient, and just state, Mrs. Wootton does not forget the political and social philosophy. The answer, she says, "cannot be sought in economic terms alone." But Mrs. Wootton does not discuss social and political institutions. She starts with certain premises with which one may or may not agree. She states her position thus: "I, myself, believe that the ethical objections to the capitalist system, as realized in practice, are more powerful than any others, and that the system is guilty of grave and widespread and continuous injustice, such as is degrading to those who suffer, and tormenting to any decent-minded person who prospers, under it." In terms of her own philosophy, I think that Mrs. Wootton quite succeeds in justifying, in her foregoing analysis, the state which she advocates. She shows how it is possible to have a planned economy without denying human tendencies such as that of working better for a reward. In other words, though a communist state necessarily demands a planned economy, it would be possible to adopt a plan without adopting the social and political philosophy of Marx. The doctrine of dialectical materialism does not encroach on the realm of economic planning. A state, democratic in all aspects, can be achieved without communism, which in fact necessitates much violence and censorship not compatible with the idea of perfect government.

It is almost impossible to find a flaw in Mrs. Wootton's argument. She clearly demonstrates a planned economy to be more efficient than an unplanned one, which is reason enough for her to advocate the kind of state she does. She is a trained economist and has taught and discussed with adult workers. Her analysis is, therefore, trustworthy, besides being extremely lucid and penetrating. Her writing also possesses the virtue of being vivid and alive.

Although **Plan or No Plan** is not unique in its scope, it leaves the impres-

sion of being unique in its approach and treatment. Mrs. Wootton's state evolves quite naturally from her analysis. She does not start with a preconceived notion which she must justify by means of rationalization. She proves she is right. Books have been written about Russia from all points of view, giving all kinds of information, and containing adverse or favorable propaganda. Books about capitalist economy are legion. But to compare side by side the two economies and their effects, to clarify by analysis the present status of capitalism versus communism, from the standpoint not only of economics but also of the social and political philosophy implied in economics, this is an extraordinary achievement. It is what Mrs. Wootton has done.

Civilian Conservation Corps

ANNE GOODMAN, '38

THEY just told me that I got to leave. I'm taking the nine twenty train back to the city. The family are going to be sore as hell to see me. The only other guy I ever heard of that got kicked out of a C. C. C. camp went to jail for stealing. The family are going to think I done something like that. I don't give a damn what they think. It was worth it.

Al done it with me. But nobody knows that. Al's going to stay, but I got to leave.

Damn dirty bastards, they deserved all we gave 'em.

The Sergeant thinks so too, but he don't dare say it. So I got to leave.

I guess it was that night at the movies that it really started. Joan Crawford was playing. I went with Al. A bunch of them Reds was sitting behind us. I didn't notice them so much during the feature. Al's a real funny guy and he keeps making cracks all through it. I had to laugh at him. Then the news reel comes on. Jeez. It's a Hearst job and as soon as they see that they start jumping up and down yelling, "Capitalist" and all that suff. And leaning over and spitting on our necks and hissing. By the time Hitler's picture comes on they've gone nuts.

Al and me stand it as long as we can, then we turn around and say, "Cut it out." They jump around some more and tell us every man's got a right to show what he feels and stuff like that. So we tell 'em if they don't shut up we'll let 'em have it right there. We're getting excited, see?

They aren't exactly expecting that. But the girls get giggling and start egging them on. So Al and me get ready. Then the usher comes down and makes us all get out. Says we're "disturbing others." Al and me too. Jeez were we sore. I could've socked 'em right there but Al stopped me.

We hung around the village for a while after that. We'd got late permission from camp and there wasn't any sense getting back early and having all the guys ask why. We try to get back in the theatre but they won't let us. Then we try to get our money back but that don't work either.

On the way home we pass their cabins. We can hear 'em all singing the Internationale. So we spit in their direction a couple times and go on.

We're out working in the woods one day, chopping logs. The overseer's gone to get some water. A whole mess of 'em come by. God, their women are fat. And all in shorts that you expect to burst the next second.

First they ask us the way to the mountain and we tell 'em. Then they ask us what we're doing and that's so dumb we leave it. Then they start right in talking to us about how we aren't men, taking money from the government and never asking for our rights. They ask us if we're satisfied. And of course a couple of guys start in on how the food at camp is rotten and how they got blisters on their hands.

Well at that they get going. Do we know how much power we got? Why don't we use it? Why should some people have better food than us? It all sounds plenty dumb to me. But some of the guys start answering them back. Then the overseer comes up and they clear out pretty quick. We get hell for talking on duty. All of us. That's two times they got me in trouble.

Over at the lake they're worst. The lake is a county job, and free. It's the only one around for swimming so it's always got a mob. We're doing some work clearing up around it. Everything's O.K. there until they start coming over. Yelling and screaming and all those damn fat women trying to make the life guard and raising cain when he tells 'em to clear out. Then they all go and sit in the life boat and won't get out and sass him right back. With the men all throwing dirt around and squawking, you think you'll go nuts.

The park guards throw 'em out a couple of times. And did they kick up a fuss. All about how they had a right to be there and they wouldn't be thrown out. And how everyone was prejudiced against them.

Once a bunch of us are walking back to camp. There is a private place along the road with an orchard right on the road. And we think we'll go in and see if there's any apples lying around rotting on the ground or anything

like that we can eat. So we climb in, quiet like, so as not to disturb anyone up at the house. And there are a whole gang of those damn Reds picking up all the apples and climbing the trees and shaking 'em down. They all got baskets too.

We yell at 'em, what are they doing. They say picking apples. We tell 'em that's stealing and they start right in on that same old line again about who gave the people that own 'em the right to the apples. I'm so damn sick of the word rights.

We say if they don't get out we'll tell 'em up at the house. They don't move so we start up towards the house kind of slowly. We look back once and they seem to be leaving. So we let it go.

I wish we'd told on 'em.

It got so's I thought I couldn't stand seeing 'em. Always shooting their mouths off about something. They even started hanging around the camp, trying to hand over their papers to some of the guys there. The officers caught on pretty quick though, so that didn't work.

Every night they'd start yowling the Internationale so loud you couldn't sleep for the row. We tried drowning 'em out for a while but it wasn't any use.

Al and me used to talk about it a lot nights. The damndest part of it was we knew they didn't have any guts. But there didn't seem to be nothing no one could do. Al and me thought of it a lot.

The night we planned to go was as dark as hell. We got out of camp without any trouble. The watch ain't so good, and by Thursday they get bored and let up a little. So we got out all right. But we lost our way a couple of times after that, going over. We got in some bushes that scratched us up a bit and made us sore as hell. Then we had to wade the brook and Al got caught in some barb wire. By the time we got there we wouldn't have stopped at murder.

There was a couple of 'em still wandering around. A little fat guy with a blotchy face, and a couple of tall ones. We started in on 'em. They was just as soft as I knew they'd be and they yelled just as loud. Jeez were they yellow. They hardly put up a fight at all. I got my hands around the fat guy's neck and after a while he stopped screaming. I threw him on the ground and messed his face up a little. He was out cold. It scared me for a bit. Then he groaned, so I knew he was all right, and I stamped on him some and stuck his head in the mud. The others were even easier. They kept crying all the time for God's sake stop it, stop. Al was twisting one of their arms back and he was struggling something terrible. All of a sudden his

arm gives a sort of crack and sticks out funny so we knock him down and leave him.

You get strong at camp. We wasn't winded at all. We tackled a couple more that started coming up. I know I busted one guy's nose. There was another we kicked in the stomach and he falls right on the ground. The only one that worries me is the little fat guy that just lies there not moving. His face is bleeding so you can't tell if he's pale or not, but he feels soft and limp when I touch him.

Then Al pokes me and we see a whole mob of 'em coming with lights and all. So we beat it back through the woods. We can't run very fast though for laughing every time we think how they yelled when we lit into them. I kind of forget the little fat guy.

We get back and in camp all right and we're thanking God for a lucky break the next morning when a bunch of 'em comes right to camp. Jeez are they wild. They pick me out right away on account of my hair which is red. But they ain't so sure about Al. And neither of us says anything.

Well the Sergeant calls me in and tells me how it is. It seems they're all messed up pretty bad, one guy has his arm broke and the little fat guy is almost dead. I near strangled him and he got a concussion falling.

I'm glad he ain't dead. Honest to God I am. And it ain't just because I done it either.

I try to tell the Sergeant that. He's a swell guy, the Sergeant. But there ain't anything he can do. He says he's sorry because I seem to be getting on good at camp and all. But I got to leave.

Waiting For Liberal—A Simplification

MARY DIMOCK, '39

I AM in favor of that process which combines all difficulties under one cause. I advocate this process for two reasons. First: the solution to the difficulties is easier to detect. Second: the detection of the difficulties becomes easier.

Perhaps these reasons need clarifying. The reason for the first, that the solution to the difficulties is easier to detect, is that when all difficulties are due to one cause, the solution is easier to detect. The reason for the second, that the detection of the difficulties becomes easier, is that when the causes may be combined, the solution of these becomes easier to detect.

There is a prevalent theory that the aims of Communism and the aims of Liberalism are identical. Joseph Wood Krutch* is one of the more brilliant promoters of this theory. I say brilliant because he has explained this theory in great detail, establishing its logical and spiritual validity. The spiritual aim of all mankind is the good; they want the good. Therefore both Liberals and Communists want the good since they are obviously parts of mankind. This is perhaps the only point on which I can criticize Mr. Krutch. He is brilliant as far as he goes, but he has failed to take the last step in the logical proof. May I elaborate: The Liberal has always aimed for the welfare of individuals. The Communist has always aimed for the welfare of all mankind. Mankind is made up of individuals. Therefore the Communist and the Liberal aim for the same ends respectively.

At this time, a time of confused issues, it is well to simplify, clarify, and make lucid the intricacies of our problems. It is to congratulate Mr. Krutch for doing just this that I am writing now. But I also have another purpose. The world is waiting for a Liberal to answer the arguments of the opposition as they should be answered,—with constructive validity. I have a contribution to this answer, the lucidity of which seems to me to preclude fallacy. I have written to Mr. Krutch on the subject and anxiously await his answer.

This is my thesis.

The Communist dialectic—the fusion of thesis and antithesis into their synthesis—is fool-proof. We have seen it work in history, we see it work in all walks of life today, including sex. The Liberal has heretofore been baffled by its truth. But we may see the dialectic working today in the major political philosophies, working out in such a way that its resulting synthesis is undeniable. The Capitalist philosophy works **against** the interests of the many. The Communist philosophy works **for** the interests of the many. Here is a very evident case of thesis and antithesis. There must be a synthesis since we and history have proved the validity of the dialectic. This synthesis is the philosophy of Liberalism, for Liberalism is the only one remaining of these political philosophies existing to-day.

We have seen how the aims of Communism are identical with the aims of Liberalism. We now see that the means must collide and fuse into Liberalism. We now see that Liberalism and Communism, though seemingly as different in aims and process as black and white, are in reality as identical as Liberalism and Communism.

* Four articles in THE NATION starting September twelfth.

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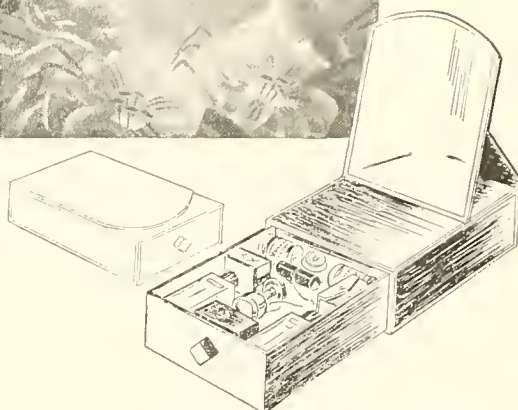
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Editorial

THERE are prevalent three ways of regarding modern art. It is to some no more than a mirage on the horizon, transient and bodiless; to some, a substantial enough reality, but false and insufficient; to others again, it is the truth. For thinking of it as a mere illustration in the minds of a few artists and critics, little justification except prejudice exists. It is far too wide-spread, too stable and enduring. Between its truth and its falsity, however, the judgment is not so easy to make. To judge with righteousness requires knowledge and understanding, while we confess that our knowledge is little and our understanding less. To us, the modern poet or painter often seems to be speaking in another language, portraying another cosmos. Yet the very fact that we cannot comprehend is perhaps a basis of criticism.

Supposedly modern art is expressing this age, this world, and this creature, man. If we and countless others who are men and women of this age and world do not recognize ourselves and the familiar things we know in the artist's expression, then his symbols are inadequate. Although it is logical that to us, the uninitiated, there should be subtle details and suggestions of not apparent meaning, it is not logical that we, who are part of what the art embodies, should be wholly alien to it. The writers and painters of the various schools and modes have, it seems to us, looked about them with a narrow view. They are interpreting a tempo and a temperament which apply to only a small part of the world. The desperate haste, the sterility, the morbid dwelling on the subterranean regions of the body and the mind which they emphasize are the characteristics of an abnormally sensitive few, not of the mass of the people. Most of us, the mass, still live at a normal pace, still look at ourselves and our earth with an unjaundiced eye, and still regard our existence as centering in the clear areas of rational wakefulness, rather than in the confusion of sensations and dreams. We are modern. We have an essence distinct from that of any other age; but it is not the essence of modern art.

This tendency to limit the inclusiveness of art has gone even farther. Painters who have wished to represent the subconscious have represented their own unique inner self in its own unique terms that have meaning for no other man. Dancers have taken the pattern of a machine as the pattern of the present, eliminating humanity from the design altogether and modelling their motion after the cold precision and angularity of intricate mechanism. Yet

however wild these fashions may be, however strained and exaggerated their relationship to us, they are not utterly dissevered from us. We are modern, as we have said. Nothing like us ever happened before, nor did anything like this art ever happen before. To both of us, newness is common. The difficulty lies in making our different sorts of newness congruent. Just what is the quality that distinguishes us, the people, from all other people at all other times, it is almost impossible to say. Easily enough, external differences can be pointed at: increased complexity of the bare act of living, accelerated speed, multiplication of science and knowledge. Easily too, ephemeral psychological manifestations can be seen: the levity and tenseness after the War, the discouragement because our economic and intellectual development has lagged behind our material progress and almost lost itself. But the vital difference is larger and not so perceptible; it is hidden within, influencing everything we do and say, yet indefinable. It is this that modern art has been seeking and has not found. Knowing only that what he was looking for was new, the artist has seized whatever was most unconventional as his material. To be sure that he was not remaining in the old tradition where he would be behind his age, he has leaped far ahead of his age. He has made the machine or his own subconsciousness or the unbalanced nervous structures of a few symbolic of his contemporaries, because he is sure that these symbols have not occurred before. They are, moreover, relatively simple; it is easier to explain a man as an automaton than as a man, just as it is easier to explain a single coterie for the world than all the world. From his very anxiousness to explain us at once, the artist has failed and has made his newness glaringly incongruous to ours.

Yet even if he has failed, what he has done is not to be neglected. He is like a musician groping for a chord, fingering the notes over and over until he sounds them in the right harmony. The notes that are being struck with such discord now are laying the way or are the very ones from which the tone that will be an absolute concord will suddenly arise. Among all the schools of poetry and music and painting, there are undoubtedly many that are insincere, fallacious, and worthless, but quite as undoubtedly there are many that have already grasped some of the truth, some of the real newness that is in us. If anyone, impatient of such madness as modern art sometimes seems to be, should cast it aside and begin again, he would indeed begin again — he would be walking in utter blackness and a wilderness when a path and a dim light were already prepared. And he would be far behind when the path at last broadened to a road, and the full light dawned.

Misunderstanding Modern Art

JEAN LAMSON, '37

THE status of art has always shifted — as has that of literature, religion, science, philosophy — with the interest that has dominated a particular phase of history. At the same time, art has ever been acknowledged as one of the forces exerting the greatest influence over the mind of man; even the revilers of art, from Plato to the Puritans, do not contest the influence of art, but object to what they feel to be the effect of that influence. Further, in looking back over the various stages of art history, this influence can be partially explained by the fact that the artistic mind has been able to clarify and present in sensuous form the ideas and ideals of his culture.

Today it would seem that the influence of art had reached a peak in art history. The public exhibits of painting, for instance, are attended with ever increasing interest and vigor. Is painting again functioning as a necessary part of our mental and social life — is its position today comparable to that which it held in Renaissance Italy? It is to be feared that if we could present a Renaissance man with a representative audience from any one of the contemporary exhibits of painting, together with one from a circus side show, he would be unable to distinguish which was which. He would find curiosity, amazement, disgust, amusement, perplexity in each case — and I doubt if he would interpret either of these combined displays as typical of a reaction to art as he himself experienced and understood it. If Modern Art is a legitimate and sane crystallization of contemporary attitudes and tendencies, as it has been (with exceptions, of course) in the past, why does this reaction, as toward something unnatural, something freakish, exist in so prevalent a fashion?

The analogy of what we are wont to call Modern Art with the circus side show may prove valuable if it is pursued a bit further. Both seem to me to illustrate a situation wherein we are confronted with something we do not wholly understand. Both are objects of curiosity as unnatural. In place of understanding, there are, depending on one's mood, impulses to dismiss either one as offensive, trivial, meaningless or ridiculous. Some people are frank in their admissions that they cannot see any "art" in modern painting. Others display their perplexity by eagerly embracing any signs of abnormality in the artists themselves (witness the critical approach to such painters as Gauguin, Van Gogh, Modigliani, Dali, etc.) — extending these abnormalities over the

whole of the artist's life and work so that they will not be forced to explain or interpret the painting as a product of a normal individual—as one whose thoughts are in any way comparable to our own.

This procedure is nothing new in the history of art criticism. The term "artist" has always carried with it something of the queer, the set apart, the inexplicable. The question which we must attempt to answer now is why this emphasis on the inexplicable and baffling element in art is the one most in vogue today. Is there actually a complete break between modern and classical art, or has our understanding of it been obscured by our approach to it?

To begin with, there is a sense in which art activity can be looked at as the production of a series of distortions. Few people have ever seriously contended that painting be a continuous attempt to reproduce objects in a photographic way. Yet it is by the idea of objects as they are presented to us in every day perception that we recognize and appreciate the divergences from "the real" in painting. And it is the success or failure of the particular means by which an artist makes his departure from the "real" objects that gives his work meaning. Distortion, then, cannot be the disturbing characteristic of modern art. For if we are upset by Cézanne we should likewise be upset by Giotto; if we classify Modigliani as unnatural, Botticelli must be dismissed on the same grounds. There is no complete break between their methods of distortion. Wherever the artist deals with natural objects, then, the criteria of his merit in its most simplified form can be, "does this reinterpretation of things (or people) clarify or add to **my** idea?" If it does, the art is significant, intelligible. And I should think that the degree to which distortion or reinterpretation of the painted object is tolerable would only be a question here of the interests and capacity of the observer.

It must be understood that the aspect of art perception and appreciation described here is but **one** aspect of a much more complex and subtle experience. But it will serve to focus and clarify the important point that, as art is not a representation of objects as every one sees them, but those every day objects seen in a special way,—in so far as every one possesses a standard by which to judge these new interpretations of natural objects—there is essentially no new and baffling problem in Modern Art where its subject matter is recognizable. It will either add an illuminating insight into objects for others or it will not,—in exactly the same way as classical art.

The trouble comes when the subject matter is no longer recognizable, or, if recognizable, is put together in a way that is never actually duplicated in nature. But much of the bewilderment will be cleared up if the aims of one

phase of modern art such as Surrealism are made a little clearer than they seem to be at the moment. (For a fuller discussion of what follows the reader is referred to Herbert Read's "Art Now.") Part of this movement, which took shape under the leadership of André Breton in 1924, directed its attention to the world of the subconscious mind, the world of instinct, of dream, of symbolism. It is clear that this new direction followed in painting was not a reaction taking place in that field alone, but only one expression of a more general psychoanalytical tendency, prevalent in literature, the theater and daily conversation, resulting from the immense popularity of the Freudian psychology. It may seem that this is a complete break from all traditional art. As far as I can see, the "insurmountable" difficulty is that the immediate object which the artist paints comes from within, not from without. There is still the artist, his object, and his painting of that object. The difficulty enters when paintings of dream objects or fantasy objects are criticized in terms of externally visualized objects. This could only bring contradiction and confusion, as the "idea" by which the criticism is being made is not the same sort of idea as that upon which the artist drew for his painting. But how is it possible for one person to approximate or appreciate the subconscious of the artist? — the answer is, that you never can, in an actual, concrete, visual sense. The appeal is less direct, more subtle, directed toward an inner phase of mental life. This is not as fantastic as it may sound. Not much furor is raised about Proust, yet his method is in part just that of the Surrealist school. There is a turning inwards, — in his case an exploitation of the deeper self by means of memory. Likewise the Surrealist painter tries to reach into himself by means of (in some cases) dream imagery. A perhaps even better analogy would be that of Max Ernst's paintings with the poetry of Blake. In both there is an understanding conveyed, but an understanding which would disappear if we denied the existence (or significance) of inner vision, of symbolism.

But over and above the differences in subject matter in modern and classical art, there are the lines, forms and colors of the painted object, which have as great an æsthetic appeal in the former as in the latter. In speaking of line, form and color, the elements which compose the **composition** of a painting, I wish to emphasize the fact that for any intelligent approach to art it is absolutely necessary that one conceive of them as divorced from traditional subject matter and the conventional patterns which that subject matter has established in classical art. The **art** in any painting, classical or modern, cannot be explained or fully understood by the story it tells (though it is true that in certain stages of art history, this aspect of art was almost the whole of

it). Neither has there been established in painting any one formal rule for the arrangement of color or form or line. Raphael's Madonnas are not any more correct or more "artistically" put together, from a formal point of view, than the abstract, cubistic, still lifes of Picasso. In short, there has never been a passage from "aesthetic" presentation to "unaesthetic" presentation. If modern composition seems ugly, it is better, before condemning it as bad art, to attempt to free oneself from habits of visualizing objects in the conventional way; and the best method of doing this is by attempting not to confuse the subject matter *quo subject matter*, with the subject matter as it is presented in a particular painting.

For superimposing the forms of classical painting (visually or intellectually) upon those of modern painting, is a fallacy similar to the translation of poetry into prose (making, here, nothing but a formal comparison)—the assumption being the old, familiar one that form and matter are separable; and further, that by shoving matter of one form into another form you get, in the end, the same thing more clearly expressed. Specifically, we would not consider a criticism of eighteenth century literature intelligent if the critic endeavored to force it into the confines of the Romantic movement; if he refused to acknowledge the aims and activities of the 18th century as significant except as they were identical with the aims and activities of the Romantics. No more can we hope to understand modern art if we persist in projecting its aims and method of approach into terms applicable only to an art based on quite a different attitude. If we analyze the complaints of those who claim that Modern Art is meaningless, we find that what they are really annoyed at is the fact that artists today do not see the way artists of another culture have, — and this, when even the lesser post-war cults of painting have pointed out constantly the extreme limitations of the classical method of approach.

It should be clear that such complaints are in fact no criticism of Modern Art as art, but simply a protest against attitudes present today (such as psychoanalysis) as compared to the attitudes which gave rise to the classical tradition. But every one is aware of the existence of negative aspects of Modern Art. With the turn of interest into the self (and the tremendous extension of subject material that was the consequent of it) there are many artists who, taking advantage of the relative difficulty of interpreting their work, produce utter nonsense. The sincerity of the Surrealist school may well be questioned in view of such remarks as the following one made by Mr. Breton: "A statue," he says, "which is quite devoid of interest in its proper place, becomes an object of wonder in a ditch."

But there are at least two consequents of Modern Art of far greater significance than whatever future generations may conclude about the status and value of contemporary art as an expression of our era. One is the necessity of approaching art with a perception free from conventionalized treatment of form, and the other is, that only by achieving this naivety, this freedom, can we expect to understand and appreciate aesthetically either the new art forms present today or those which are to appear in the future.

Vulnus Aeternum

ELIZABETH D. LYLE, '37

That a man should die is nothing much,
For there are countless of other such.
The void he leaves is a void in air—
The wind pours back and no void is there.

But a poet's death is another thing.
Not air, but the life of air, the wing,
The wing is hurt, and it will not heal.
The wound is as durable as steel.

Three Paintings

at the Exhibition at Frankfort in 1934

EDITH ROSE, '37

IN the exhibition of modern painting at Frankfort, the artist with the most classic restraint and at the same time the most modern tendencies was Survage. His picture represented a cubistic interpretation of a house beside the sea on a sunny day. Here he uses an analytical cubism that is so simple it almost borders on purist constructivism, except for the fact that the subject is recognizable. Survage has used two planes,—distorted rectangles overlapping in the centre. Into the left one he has built the symbols of a house. There is a curtained window and a section of a door with the thickness of wall painted in to give depth. The colors shade from square planes of sun-washed yellow to a cool, slate grey. From between two planes juts a green leaf, quite modelled and very large in proportion. It strikes a warm color note in the otherwise rather unexciting tones. It reminds one of Léger's use of extraneous leaves and pipes to give a plastic and decorative effect. To the right a woman stands upon the sand, holding a large bowl on her head. A tree trunk is next to her, crowned with segments of greenery pieced together into a formal design. Behind stretches a cobalt sea. The sky on this side is of pale green-blue, while above the yellow house it loses the green. The whole picture is done in a very broad neat style, with the paint laid on in flat, simple planes, with very few lines and modelling only in the tree, the woman and the leaf. Even though the picture is put together in an unrealistic fashion and the house is only indicated by pieced sheets of color, the mood and the effect are very naturalistic. It has the clean serenity of a sunlit seashore when the sky has been swept of clouds. The combination of the geometric planes of the house and the rounded forms of nature—the woman, the tree trunk, and especially the very modellesque leaf rippling from the flat wall gives a pleasant shock to the senses.

Artists should use this juxtaposition of cubistic and natural forms and also the modification of the natural subject by their individual interpretation rather than try to be too abstract. To my mind excessive purism without subject and solely formal or color composition seldom have sufficient power to move the observer. The purely geometric tendencies of constructivism, if they are

overdone, do not mean enough to people, who are essentially too elastic and unstable in their emotions and character to feel any stimulus from a frozen formal pattern. It is the stress and strain and the vibrations in these forms that give them meaning for any living being.

But to return to Survage. His composition of color is carefully worked out to give an unusual restrained harmony and a decorative effect, and at the same time to create the atmosphere of the seashore. This happy combination of nature and organized, abstract forms seems to me to be the chief value of his painting. It is a balanced and beautifully simple pattern, without being weak or insipid. Survage has shown the intention of the artist who knows at what point his work is finished, which is perhaps the sure sign of maturity in the artistic workman.

Another interesting painting was that of the "Sailing Vessels" by Jean Lurçat. He is an individual artist with a free, though not deep imagination. He has a flare for bright, unusual colors and active line. His picture shows two or three sailing vessels, — their hulls of dark red-brown and their sails of grey-white. A narrow strip of sea undulates vigorously in dark and vivid green, while the sky behind is a sheet of brilliant yellow, cut diagonally by a broad, jagged strip of white. It is a windy day and the sails of the boats are flapping wildly and the rigging and the banners flare out in crazy lines across the yellow sky. The masts of the ships lean fanwise across the picture. Lurçat seems to have been influenced by Kandinsky's pictures of the "Ferry Boats" and the "Zig-Zag." He is trying for an effect of dynamism and movement. The white streaking across the yellow gives energy to his picture. There is a feeling of strong wind and certain unhingement of pattern that is exhilarating to the observer and reminds him of the unstable speed in the "Zig-Zag." Lurçat's painting, however, has less force than the splitting effect that Kandinsky so often produces. His rhythms are those of lightning, bursting shells, spinning discs or tense objects strung to a snapping point, while Lurçat is more conservative, seeking the rocking sea, the wavering motion of wind, or the large curves of trees that he used so successfully in his set of "Les Jardins Publiques" for the Russian Ballet.

Lurçat's emotional effect is produced by his brilliant, almost lurid coloring: — combinations of magentas and deep blue, or luxuriant greens and yellows, streaked with white and black. His color in the pictures at Frankfort verges on that of Gauguin and the most violent of Van Gogh's paintings, but it is rendered more striking by his use of it in broad, rather than small patches. His painting might be termed as vigorous and brave decoration, not suited to a parlor,

but to the stage, where the effect should necessarily be short and startling. He is an artist with a free, original hand, and in the "Sailing Vessels" he has not only struck a fresh note in color harmony, but in his unreal, wild boats he has created a pattern that is at once decorative, but not static. The pattern is saved from crystallization by the rhythm of the sea, the diagonal whiteness and the wind that is blowing, just as *Survage's* "Seaside" loosens in the warm atmosphere of sun.

Genen's "Paris Market" is an attractive picture, — the type that is very nice in the house and always affords delight as any pleasant genre piece will. It shows the right side of a street, where stalls are lined up, piled with bright fruits and vegetables. "Le peuple" is clustered around, looking into the "boutiques," wandering up the street, or buying from the "marchandes." Genen's painting is very flat and simple. His houses are only indicated by line and color, and his people are done by strokes of the brush and pencillings of black. It is like a pattern and reminds one of the street scenes of *Pissarro*. The manner is very child-like, and goes well in the category of Fauve and primitive art, where the aim is to return to a simple, naive style of painting with little detail. It is like a simplified and flattened *Breughel*. Genen's figures are stick-like and static, but they are set alive by the brilliant, fresh color notes of their clothing, and the jewel-like gleams of the vegetables. He uses small patches of pure color without much shading, and his effect verges on the neo-impressionistic. The "Paris Market" has a naive charm and the interest that always comes from a painting of many people engaged in ordinary life.

The three pictures in the Frankfort exhibition show a wide difference in technique and subject matter, which is a refreshing encouragement in all art. There is in them both a tendency toward simplified stylization of a stiff quality and varying degrees of abstractness, and a tendency toward naturalistic form and a plastic curving rhythm. In some aspects they show the influence of well known masters, but in their whole effect they are individual. The painters have filtered visions imaginative or real through their own, individual temperaments.

Religiosity—J. Middleton Murry

A plea against intuitivism

JANE SIMPSON, '37

THIS intricate sloping of thoughts and senses toward sleep
Is truth of fellowship with essence:
Intuitive mind seizes the mystic agony

In the first thought-sleep dictator potential

Is world itself.

Artist sees divinity in essenced angel eyes.

Churchman on a Sunday ineffably

Is one with Christ.

Space to philosopher is self-identity

Entwined with curves and means of gold.

This semi-thought makes worldlings

Counterpointed sublimations of themselves

In mind-knowledge of utter subjectivity.

But men and poets fall into a dream-dusk,

Deeper into sense than thought,

Into the utter Being

They stand on bridges watching swans,

Lie under trees and smell the powdery balsam,

Jerk spontaneously on subway straps,

And fly in liquid air,

See red wine clash with painted lips,

And shadowed clouds roll over mountain peaks

To hang like mother-of-pearl on green seas.

Self passes swiftly by the human face of monkeys.

Then lulls sense-consciousness to sleep,

To Being quintessential

Nothing remains but the long breathing of sleep and dreams,

Divine exit from continuity.

Soothed, soothed away from the long weariness of life

I, Middleton, sleep in ecstasy of intuition.

Farewell

FRANCES L. FOX, '38

THE daisies' tough, cold stems tangled against her bare legs, and she kicked at them with a sort of savage delight as she stumbled through the field. Fifteen was the worst age in the world to be! When you were fifteen, nothing was sure. You weren't old enough and you weren't young enough. You had left so much behind, and you hadn't caught up with anything. You were unhappy when you wanted to be happiest, and felt lost in the places you liked best. Even here. Even in Maine.

It had not really been so long since she had been here. They had just missed one summer and that made it two years, but two years ago she had been thirteen and everything had been so different. Life had held a comfortable sameness, established by the accumulation of all the years she could remember. The very familiarity of everything had been exciting. The summer had its own accustomed rhythm, and you fitted into it unquestioningly. It always began when you rode all night on the train, and little bells tinkled in the darkness outside, — tentatively louder as you neared them, plaintively as you sped past. It always went on with the ride from the station next morning, passing the same old places that surprised you because you had forgotten to think of them. Finally you arrived at your own cottage, and quickly, with closed eyes, you walked through it, and out to the porch. There you opened your eyes and first really looked at Maine, and the silence of the whispering lake and the stirring pines swept over you in a sigh of contentment. You were back!

The rhythm kept on then, with the safe certainty of a nursery rhyme. If you did not find the rhyme in one line, it was sure to appear in the next. You wriggled under the barn to look for eggs; you scurried to bring your dolls in from the porch in wet weather so that their complexions would stay hard. The loons cried eerily from the lake at night, but they only made your little room seem smaller and cosier. The garden dried up and summer drew near its end, but you split open the dry pods of the pole beans, and strung the bright hard seeds into necklaces. Nothing failed you, nothing ever changed. And if ever some small disappointment came, there was always the rock.

The rock was where she was going now, thrashing so savagely through the daisies. You climbed up by small rocks piled at the base, and you sat

in state on a throne made by piling up small rocks that had been on the top. You always sat down at first, until you got used to the vast height and the distance. Far below you was the field, so familiar when you walked through it just a few minutes ago, but now stretching broadly around, like a great billowing piece of flowered cloth, its well known slopes and hollows somehow strangely exaggerated. Behind was the pine grove. You could not believe you had ever been small enough to have walked beneath its arches, or that you ever played in the barn that sat so impersonally at the top of a suddenly distant hill.

But until you stood, there on the rock, you never really knew, — for standing made new distance suddenly spring into being. You saw over the hedge of birch saplings to the neighboring fields that rolled away into space until the hill stopped them short. You saw the faint blue line of the lake over the top of a far-away grove. The sky arched high and bright above you, the earth curved away from the rock into a solid infinity. You felt the roundness of the world. It was as if you stood at the very top of the globe and felt it turning beneath your feet. You were taller than the pine grove; you could stretch higher and higher and nothing could stop you; you flung out your arms and the rounded weight of the world fitted into their eager curve. You were infinitely powerful in these moments, infinitely knowing. You were happier and more alive than at any other time.

It was this, more than anything else, that made going home in the fall so difficult. The city was all right in its way, of course. It had its own rhythm of friends and school and parties. You got used to it and liked it, and forgot Maine for long stretches of time, absorbed in this other tempo. At least, that was the way it used to be.

Unbelievably, the old rhythm had changed. Now that she was back in Maine, she must try to figure it out, she thought, wearily sinking down in the tall meadow grass. When she sat that way, the daisies grew as high as her waist. She could remember, dimly, when they had reached above her shoulder, surrounding her in a fairyland of white. She had known, carelessly, as she grew too tall for this magic, that time altered things for you. But she had never dreamed it could disrupt them, and turn them into confusion, so that the time between thirteen and fifteen years old seemed longer than all the rest of your life. There was a strange, terrifying newness in all that had once been safely familiar. You found only jumbled phrases of the old rhythm; you tried to set them back in their own order and found they no longer fitted. You clung fast to your friends, fiercely hoping that they would help you, but

they too had changed,—they no longer belonged to you. They clustered together, talking of troubling things you did not understand, or about which you did not care. Their strident laughter seemed to shatter something you thought would never break. Rebuffed and confused, you fled within yourself, but your unfailing stronghold was not as you had left it. There was no refuge there, no sureness. It could not be you who had changed, you wildly tried to convince yourself; it was only the others who were different. But you could not be certain; you did not quite understand what you thought, or whether you believed. You felt, intensely,—but you did not know what it was that you felt. You were unreasonably happy, you were acutely miserable, and through all the puzzling tumult you wondered if time had meant to do this. Was this what it meant to grow up? Only the idea of the rock, towering questionless and firm above the strong sweep of earth, resisted the conflicting upheaval of these two dreadful years.

The idea of the rock came to her more and more often as the two years wore on. It offered itself less as a refuge than as a solution. If only she could stand there alone, in the freedom of the wind, and feel herself as tall as the sky, and a part of the universe, she could regain what she had lost. She would see the world, far away and remote, below her. She would look endlessly out over the sunny fields and the trees, and the vastness would flow slowly on, engulfing all the confusion, making all things plain again. You were not expected to understand, she thought longingly. When you did not understand, you felt, even more clearly, the wonder of it, and the rightness. There were no questions here, only replies. She had to go back.

Well, they were back, she thought wryly, climbing the wall into the last field that lay between her and her rock. This was Maine; it had not changed. It would never change, she thought restlessly; it was rooted in immobility. She had never felt this before. And she had never before felt, as now, when she had stood on the porch, and opened her eyes for the first healing sight of the lake and the pines, that the silence was too complete, almost tense; that the rustling of the branches, and the quiet lapping of the waves against the rocks, sounded stealthy and restrained, as if the forest, like her, was achingly waiting for something to happen. She had changed Maine for herself because time had changed her. The rock was her last hope.

The little stones by which she had climbed up onto the rock were overgrown by bushes. She pushed them away hurriedly, sudden panic seizing her. If the rock could not save her, then she was completely lost. The old loved rhythm would be gone forever. Nothing would be left but strangeness—.

Fiercely she thrust the thought aside, as she pulled herself up to the top. It would be the same, it could not possibly be other than the same. She would sit in the throne, and then she would open her eyes, and all the whirling confusion and uncertainty of the last few years would become still before the height and the sweeping greatness and the peace. And if it did not—

You have opened your eyes, she told herself steadily, because if she had not, she would have thought it the heavy kind of dream from which you do not awaken quickly enough. You have opened your eyes, you are on your rock. But the field does not look any different than it did when you were down walking through the daisies. It is no larger than it was before; it simply rolls uphill to the hedge of birches and there it stops. You are standing now, but the farm you see over the top of the hedge is not some distant realm but a place you pass every day. The clear place beyond it is not a tawny serpent, but the dusty road, and the fish man is rattling along it in his old Ford, bringing the fish, which you hate, for dinner. This is your rock, but your rock has grown smaller, and the sky has grown farther away; you dare not try to reach it. You can no longer feel the curve of the earth against your outstretched arms, but you remember that the earth is round. Must you only learn answers, and never understand again? Will that be life from now on? Is this growing up? Something is lost—forever! Something is dead!

You must go away at once from this place that no longer lives. You must go away, and you can never come back. The cold rock scraped sickeningly against her hands as she scrambled down. You can still feel, she thought; you are not dead, too. You are only lost, because your world is gone and you do not know what to do. Adolescence—you had heard the word so often. Was it only a long farewell to everything that had meant most to you? You had to remember that the old ways were for you no longer. Before, you would have thrown yourself down in the daisies and wailed aloud in your misery. But now you only wept silently, leaning back despairingly against the rock, feeling the stiff grey lichens catch in your hair.

You were no longer a child; you should not be crying at all. Your handkerchief—. It must be still on the rock.

She turned, and barely on tiptoes, ran her hand along the top of the rock that had once been the top of the world.

Book Review

"New Directions in Prose and Poetry" **edited by James Laughlin IV**

REVIEWED BY SYLVIA WRIGHT, '38

THIS is an anthology of experimental writings using the techniques of surrealism, dreams, and indirect criticism. The apparent purpose in combining these and other diverse methods is to shatter conventional use of words. The belief that language conditions and limits thought is the basis for forming a new language that will attack concepts and word patterns that "congealed associations" have made static.

The criteria for these writings are, then, that they be unlike any previous writing and that they startle the mind of the reader out of his former grooves of expression and thought. In theory this is not enough; for the rejection of something formerly accepted requires, to be forceful, the adoption of something new.

The doctrine of surrealism does not specify what it will build up when it has destroyed the old tools. Mr. Laughlin suggests in his preface that this cathartic process is necessary for the construction of a new social order; i. e., in so far as language causes thought, it is necessary for propaganda that the language of the common people be destroyed, because of society's "incapacity to think along other than familiar lines." That Social Credit is the doctrine Mr. Laughlin and some of his colleagues wish to further; and that their purpose, subordinate, of course, to that of creating art, is propaganda, is irrelevant in an attempt to evaluate their work. However, since stated, it must be considered with their products. It can, of course, only be judged by its eventual effectiveness, but the fact that forceful and universal propaganda is essentially specific seems to conflict with their method,—that of presenting personal idiosyncracies that have been allowed to flow from the subconscious in no logical order. The inconsistency is between a method that to be successful must be individual and anti-social and a desired co-operative result.

It is, however, in their attempt to penetrate depths of the mind not yet plumbed and described that their theory has a potential value. Carlos

Williams, in his essay, "How to Write," divides the creative and critical processes that have hitherto, in an artist, acted simultaneously or interchangeably. He suggests that creation be isolated from all rules and that the writer allow anything that is in his mind to flow on to paper, uncontrolled. Emerging from a "quasi-hallucinatory" condition, the writer applies his critical ability to reject anything not "new and extraordinary." However spontaneous, he must eradicate any time-worn conception or symbol. Apparently this hypnotic state is a difficult one to achieve, for one of Mr. Williams' contributions, — the short story, "A Face of Stone," is a compromise with the conventional and comprehensible technique.

This compromise to a certain extent is true of the book as a whole. The story by Gertrude Stein, "A Water-fall and a Piano," not by a concrete idea, but by the use of details irrelevant to the idea creates overtones of atmosphere. Poems by Wallace Stevens and Dudley Fitts are in the Eliot manner. Mr. Fitts substantiates the idea that the subjects of poetry are limitless, for he combines under the heading "Six Clinical Orations" poems as varied as "What the Sea-fowl Yelped as She Sat on the Shore," "Experience in a Coal-bin," and "Bryn Mawr Conducts Zoo Day at Socony Center." There are three stories by Kay Boyle in the factual style of Hemingway. "Into the Night of Life," by Henry Miller, is a long exposition of the dream technique, successful in creating unusual effects by combining details and actions in the incongruously significant atmosphere of a dream. One of Ezra Pound's cantos is among the contributions. Mr. Laughlin publishes, as well as several poems, a short story, "A Natural History," which he characterizes in a foot-note as having been censored by Cambridge police when it appeared in the **Harvard Advocate**.

For the expression of a new technique, the surrealist method, as developed by some of these poets, is most worth considering. That a new combination of emotions or even a hitherto unknown emotion could be discovered by this method is possible from a psychological point of view. This, however, is not the concern of these writers. In order to excite the reader to fresh concepts, symbols are used that are determined by whim. If the reader receives an emotion, it is valuable, whether or not it is the one originally felt by the author. The uncertainty of the reader, which is caused by the fact that the medium in which the two minds are united is unspecific, destroys the force of the new emotion.

Indirect criticism, exemplified in "The Laic Mystery" of Jean Cocteau, is not radically different from former criticism. The transitions are not expressed so that the essay seems a collection of comments. The comments are acute,

however, and therefore valuable, but we do not find here a basic novelty of method.

When another leaf has been added to the heap that makes up literature, it will be more possible to determine the place of this book. At present since our criticism is embryonic, it must be personal. When a poem creates a tangible atmosphere, as Mr. Laughlin's "A Birthday Fugue" does that of hot confusion, we recognize an understandable worth. But until the new language begins, through its existence, to have power, and until the value of unattached emotion is more specific in our minds, evaluation rests.

The Monk

ELIZABETH D. LYLE, '37

From star to farthest star, from pole to pole
The insufficient substance of my mind
Is tautly, fiercely stretched; and with the whole
Revolving world, through all the arcs designed,
It whirls in giddy sickness. Ah! be still,
Be still, and shrink within a little space!
Within these thick-built walls and iron grill,
Within this cell, no, not so large a place,
Within this granite column be confined.
I am confined. My folded gown like stone
Is fluted, binding me as stone would bind.
Beneath it I can will my flesh to bone,
My heart to immobility. At last,
Despite the wide stars and the rolling world—
I can stand fast.

Time and Art

AUGUSTA ARNOLD, '38

MODERN art seems to be misunderstood or superficially regarded as bizarre and esoteric. It is regarded as something apart from, and not governed by the same set of rules, as all other so called true art. This is a fallacy. There are certain fundamentals which lie at the base of all art. The first is that art is the product of an attempt on the part of a particular man to express a universal in terms of the particular. This is an attempt to express the eternal essence of a thing in whatever medium the artist is using, and by whatever symbols or metaphors the artist shall choose. The goal of art is to express perfectly the absolute in the concrete. This is obviously a goal which can be endlessly sought but never reached. This principle remains constant and is necessarily at the base of all art. Thus to say that modern art is attempting to do what no other art has attempted is false, for all art has the same goal and the same fundamental principles. However, the method of modern art is certainly different from that of preceding arts. The poems of Eliot are certainly different in technique, emphasis and perception from the poems of Tennyson. This difference is to be accounted for in two ways.

The second principle of art is that it cannot be static. In the first place art moves in cycles, going from the primitive to the baroque and back again. It is either in a stage of perfecting the simple by making it more complex or else of trying to strip off the superfluous to get to the essential simples. Thus endlessly cycling through the same curve, art necessarily repeats itself, although this is no true repetition but only the seeming one by which we classify different periods and kinds of art as being primitive and simple or baroque and complex. It is analogous to the earth's revolution around the sun. In this cycle summer, fall, winter, and spring occur and reoccur forever, and yet a summer, the summer in which I was twenty-one, can never be repeated again in any conceivable time. Thus there would be a vectoral motion in time even if there were not in space. The solar system, while endlessly rotating, moves through interstellar space. Art, too, must progress in this vectoral way. Art is the product of man. But man succeeds man, and each generation adds its dead to the crowded past; and inexorably that many more men have lived. The increment is not lost as it would be if one at-

tempted to add finite numbers to infinity, because there was a time when man did not exist. His number may be indefinite; it cannot be infinite. Therefore there is a significant difference between the present and some past time, just as there is between that past time and some time prior to it. A work of art is the expression of a particular man in a particular age which has some definite place in our temporal progression. Thus although one can say roughly that art proceeds in an endless cycle from baroque to primitive and primitive to baroque, each work of art must be different from other, and each epoch must have a significantly different art from every other epoch.

In this sense modern artists are doing what has never before been done. We and every person today may be interested in the works of art of the past. Those that we judge to be good are the works that are translatable into the terms of a time future to the time they were made, because the expression transcended, in including the artist's epoch, and caught something of the absolute so obviously that people other than the artist and living years beyond him can appreciate it. However, the modern artist can not ever duplicate past art. It would be completely impossible for any artist to achieve fame or immortality by trying to work in the way that Leonardo da Vinci did. To do this he would have to see through Leonardo's eyes. He does not live in the early sixteenth century in Italy, and thus could not know either the manner of expression, in its innerness, which belonged to that time; nor could he understand the universals in the way that those artists did. In other words he can not seek to express, in a manner peculiar to a man living then, universals seen differently by each succeeding generation and, indeed, by every individual.

The modern artist must be modern. He must sincerely try to express absolutes as he himself shall see them, and thus it is impossible for art to stand still.

Every true artist recognizes the implications contained in the present. He is super-sensitive, super-aware of the changes and the social, political, and economic problems of his age. Therefore, he realizes before we do the medium through which men seek to understand universals. Thus true art, at the time of its conception, is future to the minds of individual people who live at that time. Failing to understand modern art, painting, poetry, and music, we cannot condemn them on the basis of their strangeness. To do this has been the retreat of the embarrassed public in all cases where they did not want to accept the onus of being stupid.

Time in Shakespeare's Romances

MARY MESIER

IN all of Shakespeare's tragedies and in his chronicle plays, the action is made dramatic and the incidents real by his use of time as a force. Each play is bound together into a single unit by the pressure of time, which, bearing down on the characters, drives them with a sure power to the end decreed for them. The plots are thus given a forceful reality that carries with it absolute conviction, and each of the plays as a whole receives strength. However, in the romances there is none of this feeling of pressure, no push that forces the development of the story and propels the characters onward. Yet time is also used in these later plays. It is here again the principal element, the element which accounts for the particular atmosphere and action of each play, but it is an altogether different kind of time from that which occurs in the tragedies.

The whole feeling of the romances is different. It is a feeling of essential unreality that, mixed with a gentle seriousness and melancholy in the manner of telling, creates the atmosphere that is so peculiar to them. This unreality is entirely due to the way in which time is used. Time is suspended out of the action of the play, taking from it all insistence and present reality, and in this suspension is gathered and held the feeling, the meaning of the whole play. Yet though the events seem thus to be removed into the past, there is no question of their not having once taken place. The griefs and the happiness of the characters are too real to be doubted, though they have lost their immediate significance; the events have all occurred, but they have occurred in the past, and in the plays, these old incidents and people are being remembered and set down as they are thought of. The movement of time is not according to the movement, the pressure of the events themselves, but to the succession of thoughts in the mind of one who is thinking about them and remembering them.

As the plays thus unfold themselves, the events flow together with a smooth continuity that is unbroken by swift changes of scene or the passage of many years — unbroken too by the sudden, sharp interpolation of a scene whose mood is apparently utterly unlike one that has gone before. Within this easily moving stream of thought consciousness, there is a tendency of the atmosphere to become generalized. Time softly suspending all action in airy timelessness

would seem to confuse particular things within its still, misty brilliance so that they dissolve into a meaningless whole. But although there is this peculiar oneness about the atmosphere of each of his romances, Shakespeare can at a single stroke enclose the whole of it, with a sudden hard compactness, inside a single object, a word or image that gives it force without losing any of the feeling of its wide diffuseness. In this way the play is given the strength of its own meaning and importance which might otherwise be obscured in the very quality of its timelessness.

The play must have a time significance within this timelessness if its importance is to be understood at all, and it is for this reason that the women of the romances are so important. In them Shakespeare concentrates all the thin bright threads of time hanging still, and as they move they draw in about them the whole feeling of the play and give it form. There is, in the character of all of these women, a certain resemblance to Viola in **Twelfth Night** who

" . . . sat like patience on a monument.
Smiling at grief,"

and like her too they are each the most important figures in their own play, though for a different reason. They are not important enough, as are the women of the comedies, to serve as the touchstone by which the other characters are shown up, but Imogen and Helena and Hermione give the other people meaning by making real the atmosphere of which they are all an indefinite part.

Particularly important is Imogen's part in **Cymbeline**, for in that play it is she alone who controls time, who moves all the other characters and events, to give form to the whole. Only with her do we feel time moving forward in a natural manner, to become one in the thin unreality that is the atmosphere of the whole. She looks at things directly and proceeds decisively towards them.

"I see before me, man: nor here nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through."

The events themselves lie within the diffused misty vagueness of time, but, although Imogen is the active instrument that brings all things to pass, she never rises out of the play's atmosphere; she is always of it, intensifying its feeling of thoughtful stillness even while she moves in it to draw it together into a more formed, a completer thing.

"Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus

Our neighbour shepherd's son!"

she says, at once introducing the bright atmosphere of the shepherd scene and the melancholy wistfulness of the impossibility of her wish. But she does not pause to lose herself in that wish. She moves on, as much a part of this lighter expression of time motionless, as she is of the hard, forceful intensity with which she suddenly compresses time and space into a single fixed moment.

"I would have broke mine eye-strings: cracked them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept."

Here, as always, even while definitely a part of the atmosphere, she is in absolute control of it. Never does she let the thread slip from her hands, and as long as she is present, time is held close with a just proportion kept. Particularly is this apparent in the scene in which Iachimo tries to make her believe that Posthumus has been unfaithful to her. If this scene is compared to the similar one in *Othello* where Iago tells the Moor that his wife has been unfaithful to him, the essential difference between the tragedies and the romances will be immediately understood. Whereas in the tragedy Iago's accusation gathers force, with an ever increasing tightening of the atmosphere, from the first faint suggestion that he insinuated into Othello's ear and as quickly withdrew, to his open declaration of Desdemona's guilt, the scene between Iachimo and Imogen is wholly without dramatic tension and, except for Imogen's close, steady control, completely lacking in time sense. Instead of the growing pressure of time drawing in upon the characters and hastening them to their doom, the feeling that is so strong in the tragedies, time has here been exploded and only the still smoky warmth of its exhausted force hangs dead throughout the room. It is Imogen who with the directness of her impatience cuts through the hot cloyed atmosphere Iachimo introduces with his insinuations, and pulling him up throughout the scene, holds the whole together.

Not until she sleeps and is thus out of time herself does she become lost in the brilliant misty timelessness that is so much of the atmosphere of the play. As she falls asleep Iachimo comes out of the trunk, and with his first words, the room is deadened to absolute stillness.

THE LANTERN

"The crickets sing,"

he says softly, introducing a new feeling of hushed timelessness. The whole scene has a peculiarly lifeless atmosphere, and in the soft lull, as Imogen sleeps, time hovers gently about her, filling the air with the warm sweetened fragrance of a threat from which all present reality has been removed. Iachimo notes the details of her chamber, and then, as there is a sudden compressing of the atmosphere, he steals the bracelet from her arm, the bracelet that he is to use as final evidence against her.

". . . . Come off, come off!

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!"

At the end of the scene, time again stirs faintly; Imogen is about to awake.

"Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;

Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here."

Iachimo counts the hours as the clock strikes, and disappears within the trunk.

"One, two, three: time, time!"

Even in the scenes in which she does not appear, Imogen holds the stage, reaching out to touch all the characters and draw them within the measure of her time. Posthumus, hoping for news of Imogen, eagerly greets Iachimo's return from England, calling up the soft bright atmosphere between the lovers when they were seen together in the first act.

"The swiftest harts have posted you by land;

And winds of all the corners kissed your sails,

To make your vessel nimble."

Confidently Posthumus calls attention to the ring that was his stake for Imogen's faithfulness.

"Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not

Too dull for your good wearing?"

Instantly the entire feeling of the scene in Imogen's chamber is recaptured, and she is again lying asleep while Iachimo takes over the action of the play. Posthumus is convinced that she has been unfaithful to him. With an unreality that is terrible in the sudden, quick opening out of the smallness of his image, he listens to Iachimo's description of the mole upon her breast. Almost as if it were a part of a nightmare she was dreaming while asleep, Iachimo questions him.

THE LANTERN

Iachimo: ". You do remember

This stain upon her?

Post.: Aye, and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,

Were there no more but it."

But once awake, she is again in control, and time moves at her bidding. With the clear, unhampered swiftness with which she meets all situations, she welcomes the news that she is to meet Posthumus at Milford Haven. She will "glide thither in a day," though it takes others a week to travel the same road. For,

". I have heard of riding wagers

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands

That run i' the clock's behalf."

Even when, at last, Pisanio confronts her with Posthumus' disbelief, time does not slip out of her grasp. In her alone is the situation centered and has meaning; her grief is the only reality, the only point at which the generalized atmosphere, the timelessness, is pointed, and given significance. Pisanio watches her read Posthumus' letter and comments:

"What shall I need to draw my sword; the paper

Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander

Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath

Rides on the posting winds and both belie

All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave

This viperous slander enters."

and these lines, bringing together the whistling haste of the wind and the rich sluggishness of the Nile, give the diffuse atmosphere of swiftness, with, at the same time, a static quality, that is wholly typical of the romances.

But Imogen centers this diffuseness with the directness of her grief. Use your sword, she says, and pierce:

"The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.

Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief;

.....

I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear

Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,

Nor tent to bottom that."

All time is concentrated on Imogen and once she has broken away from the court, all movement within it ceases. It remains motionless, fixed, while she weaves with gentle insistence in and out through the light fabric of the play, bringing all things into motion and gradually drawing them together so that, in the end, they shall be united with the court. Planning her departure with Pisanio, Imogen says she must account for:

" the gap
That we shall make in time from our hence going
And our return."

Considered from the point of view of the court, this is a very real gap in time, for no sooner does she withdraw from it than all feeling of time is lost and for it is substituted a new conception of space. The greatness of England is understood through the grandeur of space, and in the magnificence of this conception is concentrated stillly all the motionless power of time. Caesar's ships that tried to conquer England:

"Poor ignorant baubles! — on our terrible seas,
Like egg shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks."

And in contrast to this description of his power is given the account of Caesar's ambition:

"Which swelled so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world."

Imogen, having exiled herself from the court, moves with time and drifts gently into the society of her two brothers. Though their relationship is unknown, Shakespeare does not use either their meeting or subsequent connection with one another dramatically. The scenes at the cave have an even greater unreality than any others in the play, for here the brothers and Belarius, who have lived entirely without any relationship to time, upon coming into contact with Imogen, slowly absorb her time into their lives, and it is made to stir among the still shadows of the woods. Time, itself, is felt as it softly emerges from the bright unrelatedness of the life in the cave, for, until Imogen appears, the boys have been living a life completely devoid of time in the ordinary sense. They have lived from day to day, a natural life following the order of nature, and remaining completely within the law of the seasons, of the sun and the cold and the thunder. Never have they tried to "stride a limit" — to break out of this atmosphere of which they are a part, for, though:

" Their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces,"

the initiative for such a break must come from another, who has, within himself, a measure of time, a power over time, and such a person is Imogen.

Closely following on her appearance among them, Cloten enters, and Guiderius, incited by Cloten's insults, eagerly welcomes this opportunity for action and kills him. Already time has begun to move, but for a moment it is again suspended, as Aviragus carries in the body of Imogen, unconscious. "The bird is dead," he says, and once more time clouds about her head and hangs there stilly. When she awakes, it is within this same dead stillness, but there is an added weight to it that she feels and tries to brush away. She has again slipped from time and has now lost, as she thinks, a husband. In control of time; but still with this weight about her, that is not dispelled until she is finally restored to Posthumus in the last act, she addresses Lucius and promises to follow him:

" But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig;"

There is a new speeding towards the end now, as Imogen moves about in the enemy camp, drawing together the threads of the story. Her brothers can no longer be content with the life they knew before she visited them, and they resolve to join the coming battle. Belarius comments:

" aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter."

So they at last shake off the old seasonable timelessness and join the fight. Throughout the swiftness of the battle the action is gradually brought to a head, until in the last scene of the play all the characters are forced to move in slowly narrowing circles about Imogen. When she is at last recognized, the play suddenly flattens out, and time, emerging from the misty, bright diffuseness of the atmosphere, moves onward with a normal order. Pisanio indicates this new movement when he first sees Imogen;

"Since she is living, let time run on
To good, or bad."

Posthumus, wakened out of the dreamy unreality in which he has been living

since he was separated from Imogen, throws himself upon her, as *Cymbeline* describes the scene.

" See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all."

Thus Imogen binds all together; the queen alone being left out of the final reconciliation. For it was impossible for her ever to be brought into harmony with Imogen; since she was made to represent all the wickedness that has occurred throughout the play, her death is necessary to dispel the last possibility of another misunderstanding; and thus it clears the air for a perfect reconciliation. The last hint of such a possibility is destroyed in the doctor's description of her death.

"With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself."

There is nothing to interrupt the final rounding out of the play.

"The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace."

Time moves normally, reconciling all factors in a timeless, unearthly happiness.

The importance of Imogen's part in *Cymbeline* can hardly be over-emphasized; but although Marina and Miranda are important to their two plays, *Pericles* and *The Tempest*, they remain much more a part of another force which is in itself the unifying factor of the play. In *Pericles* this force is the sea whose power is so great that there is no need, as there is in *Cymbeline* and the *Winter's Tale*, to concentrate its atmosphere in one woman. The sea is the atmosphere and it lends to the whole a strength and deep seriousness that would otherwise be lacking in the almost naive quality of some of the poetry and the impossibility of the events themselves. Yet in *Pericles*, as in the other romances, the action of the sea is suspended and moves without the pressure of present time. Here again, the whole play is remembered, and the sea becomes not so much a **tragic** force as a **philosophical** reflection. Thus the scene of the fishermen in the second act where their comparison of the fish in the sea who live "as men a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones,"

is as much a part of the sea as is their description in the same scene of the violence of the storm that shipwrecked Pericles.

It is the same depth of philosophical feeling that, alternated with the airy, high flown quality of the poetry, is given a sudden intensity through the compression of its phrasing. Antiochus assures Pericles that, should he fail to guess his riddle for the solution of which he is to be given the king's daughter, he will be put to death.

" because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy **whole heap** must die."

Time is nowhere felt except as it is reflected and philosophized upon. Thus Pericles thinks of time as he is remembering his own former greatness and his father's, now in him brought to poverty;

"Whereby I see that time's the king of men,
He's both their parent and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave."

Yet again it is not as though the events of the play had never occurred, or that the sea had not once raged madly, tossing about its victims. Time here has been merely abstracted from the atmosphere and though the tragedy and grief and happiness are real, they are all recalled with the same melancholy wistfulness for things past. Dionyza, sending Marina for a walk with Leonine whom she has engaged to kill the young girl, says to her:

"Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood."

Time here is just faintly remembered to have hung about its victim with violent threat; but now it is waiting to drop softly with merely the consequences, not the horrible impact of, the doom it bears to Marina.

But no violence is committed on Marina, and in the end all misfortunes are diffused into a general happiness. As the writer remembers the tale, all misfortunes are smoothed out and lost in the atmosphere of the whole, the feeling of the sea. It is the sea that is important, and only the feelings that the sea occasioned — the tragedies and griefs and happiness it brought about, are thought upon and expressed. The only reality that the characters have is in so far as they have been connected with those events of which the sea has been the instrumental cause.

Something of the same formality is found in **The Tempest** as occurs in **Pericles**; but in the latter play, this formality is due to the choruses and the style of the poetry, whereas in **The Tempest** it is owing partly to the use of the elements as the foundation of the play and partly to the pattern which is care-

fully followed in the development of the plot throughout. As in **Pericles** too, the feeling of the sea in **The Tempest** dominates the atmosphere, giving, through the "wash" of the water, the feeling of time suspended through air and flowing softly, with no active relation to particular events. But in **The Tempest**, the sea is used as an **instrument** rather than as in itself a cause. It is the sea that brought Prospero and Miranda, Alonso, Antonio and the others from the **normal** outside world to the **natural** world of the island, and it is the sea that will be the means of returning them to that normal world at the end of the play.

All time, as a measure of men's actions, is suspended as soon as the shipwreck has occurred, and the men have been cast on the island. In its place is substituted the timelessness of the elements — elements that are timeless only in the sense that they follow their own time. Ariel, bid to go on an errand, replies,

"I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat."

All other feeling but that of the bare elements is dissolved — nothing hinders the lightning swiftness of Ariel, any more than it speeds the grotesque, lumbering movements of Caliban. Air and earth appear; stripped of all modifications, and they are represented in imagery as distinct and barely clear as the elements themselves. Like the brothers in **Cymbeline**, Prospero and Miranda live naturally without reference to time except as it is day and night, winter and summer. The only time that they know is the time of the elements.

Questioning Miranda on what she remembers of her life before the sea bore them to the island, Prospero asks,

". . . . What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?"

This abysm of time is the world from which Alonso and his court have been hurled, and it is the quality of timelessness on the island by which they are so utterly confused. The only moments when there is a faint suggestion of time stirring is when Antonio and Sebastian plot against Alonso's life. But there is never any chance that they will succeed, nor will the attempt of Trinculo and Stephano succeed either, an attempt to get possession of the island by killing Prospero that is a burlesque of Antonio's plan. Both actions are ridiculous because they belong to that "abysm of time" which they all struggle to induce in the unfamiliar atmosphere of the island. Vainly do they try to find themselves, to obtain a grasp on time.

The only feeling of time that can be called up, however, is in the recogni-

tion of its absence. Prospero explains the vision that has appeared to Miranda and Ferdinand at his bidding, and has vanished

" like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

For just long enough to be made to feel the absence of the time of "the great globe," time is introduced. Then all is dissolved into the clear, bright timelessness of the island dream that is like sleep and death itself. Time's equivalent here is expressed in sounds and smells, making the atmosphere though timeless and without pressure, full of the light and swiftness and impending threat that time expresses in the temporal world.

"The wind did sing to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass."

Now, at last, however, Alonzo and his court, Prospero and Miranda, must return to the world. Slowly, Prospero gathers his magic about him and then dispels it.

" The charm dissolves apace,
And, as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason."

The elements retreat into the distance to be lost in the new sense of time called up from the "abysm." Alonzo and his friends are startled awake, and time, measured normally by man's actions, is led in softly. They return to the normal world with a new knowledge of themselves; a new, more just proportion of time kept:

" all of us ourselves
When no man was his own."

The world is fully restored to them.

All's Well That Ends Well is a romance in the sense that it has some-

what the same wistful melancholy in the feeling of the play and in the poetry. However, it has not their same sense of time suspended, with the action performed without compulsion or pressure of time. Here, the woman is still the most important character of the play, but Helena does not have time concentrated in her to the degree that Hermione and Imogen have, although she, too, is the principal of the action of the play. The events, however, take place in the **present**. The play is not a story set down as it is remembered to have happened in the past; there is none of the exploded violence of the other romances in it, but the action all occurs with wistful commonplaceness, not so much concentrated in Helena as it is diffused about her, since she nowhere has the control of time that makes Imogen the active center of **Cymbeline**. Helena is controlled by her "baser stars," stars that envelop her in a poetic melancholy inside of which she moves. The reference to stars and their control of men's lives is made frequently throughout the play, and it is their dominance of men's lives that accounts for the atmosphere of **All's Well That Ends Well**. Their removal of the action from its every-day concreteness and not as in the other romances the removal of time from the action and a transference of the whole into the past, makes for the difference in this play.

In Hermione in the **Winter's Tale**, however, we find all of time concentrated and perfectly controlled. No matter in what atmosphere she is placed or what situation is forced upon her, she remains unchanged. She alone of all the characters in the play is unaffected by the passage of sixteen years. Asked by her husband to urge Polixenes to remain longer at their court, she does so with grace and naturalness, capable of at once enlarging her meaning with a wide free sweep of the imagination and narrowing it to the size of the smallest detail.

". . . . but I
 Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
 Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' "

Throughout the rest of the second scene, when Leontes, unable to control his jealousy, is raving wild, incoherent nonsense to his son, Hermione stands watching, uncomprehending and untouched by her husband's madness.

Hermione, unlike Imogen, does not influence all the other characters and through contact with them, give the romance form and a time significance. She does not bring Leontes into the measure of her time, and control his jealousy, but she preserves time unchanged within herself, as those about her lose control. They, as Leontes, slip out from under and all proportion of time is lost. As Hermione and her son sit in a room in the palace, telling stories

softly to one another, time is poised delicately above them, held trembling through the thin, quiet air. Leontes enters with the news of Polixenes' flight, and, as he fills the room with the heavy violence of his suspicions, Hermione draws in the threads of time about her and listens, quietly in control of herself and judging him with perfect fairness. Later, he will know the truth, she assures him:

Hermione: ". . . . gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly than to say
You did mistake.

Leontes: No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top."

From this moment on, such images are common to Leontes. Once having lost all connection with time, everything for him becomes increasingly solid, having a fixed measurement within space. More and more he begins to see and feel and smell all things as sensible objects:

"You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see it and feel it,
As you feel doing thus: and see you with all
The instruments that feel,"

he says to a lord who tries to reason with him. All about him there is a growing conception of the atmosphere as **spatial** instead of temporal as it is with Hermione. Antigonus declares his belief in Hermione's innocence.

"For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false
If she be."

In Hermione alone does time continue to move with a stilled, measured pace, and once having declared her innocence, she silently suffers her husband's insults. Her only ally is Paulina who with direct abruptness tries to intervene with the king for the sake of Hermione's new-born child, and thus precipitates the young baby's fate. She alone can go between Hermione and Leontes, now so completely have they become separated, for she alone has something of the spirit of both—time held in control, and a direct use of it that is understandable to Leontes. She fails to reconcile the king, however, and Hermione, subjected to a trial and openly accused, is overcome when at last she is freed of all suspicion of guilt by the pronouncement of the oracle.

As she dies, time ceases altogether and in its place is substituted the time of the seasons.

Perdita exposed as a babe to the wild beasts of a strange land, began life with all the savageness of winter about her.

" thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough,"

says Antigonus as he leaves her. Rescued by a shepherd, she is brought up by him, and sixteen years pass. Between the winter of her infancy and the spring of her sixteenth year, however, no time lapses except that time that is marked by the changes of the weather. In this lull no pressure or order is kept; here in this timelessness there is time for minute descriptions of flowers and the light, happy life of the country.

There is still no feeling of time when Perdita is restored to her father and Polixenes reconciled to her marriage with his son. Not until the last scene of the play where Paulina shows Leontes and all the court the statue of Hermione does time begin to move. Then, as she cautions Leontes who attempts to touch the statue, time stirs faintly;

"No longer shall you gaze on' it, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves."

As time slowly comes to life, there is a growing tension in the atmosphere, till, at last, Hermione comes down from the pedestal to greet her husband and daughter. Paulina's job is done; as the instrument of time, she has brought Hermione back to life, and thus drawn all events back into proportion. Thus, though Hermione did not, like Imogen, control all the characters through contact with them, she holds the play together by inclosing the whole within her time, giving form to the timelessness of Leontes' possession by space and to the atmosphere of the seasons within which Perdita grew up.

The principal element of the romances is, as in the tragedies, the element of time, but here it is a suspension of time out of the action to remove it into the past where it occurred, rather than to emphasize and make more real its present occurrence. Each play is told with a time sequence of the thoughts within the mind of the writer who is remembering it, and each is given the special significance that he attributes to the events in his mind. Within the timeless unreality of each, however, there is a formal conception of time which, whether centered about one woman or about a storm, lends unity to the whole and gives to each its real meaning that would otherwise be lost in its timelessness.



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"The Glass of Fashion and the Mold of Form"

IF THERE IS ONE THING in the world which should not be bound by form and fashion, it is education. It should be constantly seeking and advancing, hampered by no taboos, no etiquette, no fluctuations of opinion. None of its principles should stand unquestioned except the basic one of man's desire to know. As it actually is, however, it is cramped and frozen by custom, often waylaid by ephemeral social proprieties, and too much dependent upon rules which have been accepted as unchallengeable.

From the time children enter the first grade until they are men and women with two or three diplomas packed away in their trunks, they advance through a traditional system that has varied little for several generations. The fact that many more children, of a different century and of many different sorts and ranks, are now included in the system, especially in its higher branches, has not altered it in any fundamental way. What was once good is still good, regardless of changing times and changing individual needs. But what was once good or what now is customarily taken for good need not be so at all. Custom is no standard by which to judge the present. The custom is to be judged and accepted only if it works.

Conventional education does not always work. It has become the convention, for instance, that college should be an almost automatic sequel to high school, as the fourth grade is after the third. If children attend a private school or if in a public school they show ability or merely seem well off financially, college is represented to them from the beginning as the ultimate objective of study. All along the way their courses are planned in terms of college entrance requirements. By the time they are ready to enter, they are so accustomed to the prospect that it seems perfectly right to them. They may indeed ponder the matter before they sign all the necessary dotted lines, but their minds are so habituated to the idea of going to college that they rarely decide otherwise in the end. They have no sufficient knowledge of other possibilities to be able to weigh them in the question too; nor have they sufficient knowledge of themselves to realize whether they will be able to profit by continued academic education or not. However logical their decision seems to them, it is almost always mechanical; they wish to go to college since their entire training has rigidly looked forward to this end.

When they attain their wish and some of them realize that it is not what they wanted after all, it is often too late for them to reverse their course. They stay where they are, but reluctantly. They do not want to study so much, or they cannot study efficiently enough, or again, they have discovered that their real interest lies in a field their training does not touch. They are unhappy, not through a fault of their own, but through their having been subjected to a tradition they did not fit. Nor are they the only ones who suffer. To accommodate them when they refuse attention to regular subjects, colleges introduce extraneous courses, without relation to a rational plan; to accommodate them when they will not or cannot work intelligently, studies are made more elementary, more dogmatic. The students who do fit the tradition, therefore, do not derive its full benefit. Having the ability for concentrated work and original research, they spend much of their effort upon matter which requires neither. They attend classes conducted in a calm pedestrian manner when they have minds that rebel at such gentle progress, minds that were rather meant to thrive in an atmosphere of intellectual intensity and a giddy whirl of ideas. They, who belong in college, are as ill at ease as those who do not belong, because they suffer from the concessions which it has become customary to make to the fault another custom has caused.

Yet such faults could be rectified with comparative ease, by opening children's minds to other possibilities, by teaching them more clearly of what an academic education consists, by testing their aptitude for it and admitting only those who are definitely fit. There are other long established fashions which work not a whit better and result in maladjustments far more difficult to remedy. Thus the length of time required for college preparation and the material to be covered are set in a definite form that is the same for all individuals and has been for years. So too the schedule of graduate and undergraduate work is timed and arranged by customary pattern. But unless the students have chosen professions, such as law and medicine, that require a high degree of technical skill which only time can give, the stretch of years they must pass in study is far too long. If they avoid this difficulty by omitting graduate work, they are in a majority of cases quite unequipped to pursue any special vocation, and quite out of contact with the practical affairs of the world. They often waste their best energy in blundering and shifting just as those who take up graduate studies often waste their young enthusiasm and creativeness in amassing facts they do not use until they have lost the power to use them most brilliantly. Granted that there are many

who need length of time to mature, there are nevertheless an equal number whom too much time dulls. The vigor of neither should be thrown away.

Neither would have to be thrown away if the rigidly arranged academic program were made more fluid. Then whoever thrived best in long preparation might follow a curriculum like that in use at present, while whoever needed to act quickly before the ability for acting could wane might take another course. For this, the work of undergraduate and preparatory years would have to be readjusted. Much that is now taught in the first four semesters of college could easily be taught before. High schools are cluttered with futile projects that take up valuable time, time that could be appropriated to make the useful work more thorough and broaden its extent. Even in grammar school, time could be gained. Countless hours are spent to no advantage there, and the children are not too young to prevent those hours from being utilized in the teaching of such things as elementary French, German, and Latin, and English grammar, which ordinarily still have to be given in high school. If this plan were carried out, it would mean that material which at present is not covered until the end of sophomore year in college would be covered before the beginning of freshman year. In some excellent schools, this is already almost true. It would not be difficult for a graduate of the Brearley School, without any further education, to match most college sophomores in knowledge and ability to apply that knowledge. By the junior year, then, students would be able to begin such specialization as is reserved to graduate schools; and by graduation they would be prepared to do active work—at twenty-one or twenty-two, not twenty-nine.

It is likewise a common convention of education that before specialization begins, whether this occurs after graduation from college or two years earlier as has just been proposed, a broad cultural background should be provided. Since such a background undoubtedly is a means of training students to think capably; giving them broad concepts from which they can draw wisdom, whatever their task; and rounding out their characters so that they can understand the arts and pleasures of living as well as their own narrow businesses, its value theoretically cannot be disputed. So static has the customary pattern of it become, however, that its value as it stands deserves to be questioned. It was fixed before it was wholly formed, and although by tradition it bears the name of general culture, it can rightly be called only one-sided. Thus it insists upon an extensive knowledge of literature, especially English literature, while it comparatively neglects the understanding of the other arts and quite neglects the sciences. English is always required,

but rarely the history of painting and sculpture. Music is either a minor course or is forgotten altogether and study of but one of the sciences is considered sufficient. Although it can never be said that too much can be known about literary classics, too much can be known about them relatively, if nothing else is known. And to some students, who have devoted most of their attention to the study of languages, little else is known. While it is probable that anyone who does not read "Anna Karenina" in the process of his education will still read it some day in the future or will hear some symphony he has never heard, it is not at all likely that anyone who misses psychology or chemistry will ever rectify the omission. When the one and only opportunity exists, therefore, psychology, chemistry, and the other sciences should be taught. Time could be spared for them from the teaching of the arts, because the arts, or literature at least, are now allotted a disproportionate amount of time, and the opportunity for them is continual throughout life. Granted that if a full year's course in chemistry were required, a general revolt would be raised, still the fact does not alter that an acquaintance with at least the elements of this subject is as important to culture, the expansion of the mind, as an acquaintance with painting or poetry. A survey course of all the various sciences might resolve the dilemma. Surely it ought to be resolved. The general academic training which it is held the sacred duty of institutions of higher learning to provide can hardly justify its name, let alone its existence, when it allows students to issue from its discipline who know not one of the laws of physics, scarcely what strata are in the earth, and only with mystification hear the word "Gestalt." By intention, the cultural background is an element of education as pliable and progressive as all education should be, but by custom it has been frozen until it is often more a hindrance than a help. It has not ceased to work, but it works inefficiently.

There are other forms in which education has been caught; yet it is not only within education that stoppages and outworn principles may exist. It is possible that the entire conception of education itself may be really false and accepted only by grace of custom. This is one problem into which above all others education must probe, to know if its own heart is sound. For even its most fundamental concepts are based upon an approach to man as he appears to be. What man really is being unknown, there may be countless falsifications and barriers between the education which attempts to form him and improve him and the depth of him where all real forming and improving must work. If education is to advance confidently, guarded against a mere playing with appearances and a juggling of the word against the word, it

must first of all devote its attention to the study of man, whom it has taken too much for granted. Nothing would sweep away from it the static forms, the decayed ideas, the concessions to momentary fashions so thoroughly as a new understanding of man's true nature or a new confirmation of what has already been dimly understood. It could then suit its form and fashion to him by measuring and judging, not by guess and by the patterns cut generations before.

Poem

JANE SIMPSON, '37

Disparity in moon and primrose lies
In number, for perennials may not
Surpass the cycles of the moon:
Likeness between the two exists
In sequence of their growth, decrease, secession
From the visible.

Except the night,
Which is avoidance of a deadly constant,
Fate allots to us continuous existence
Of necessity ending
In eternal secession.
There is no cyclical, no perennial recovery:
Progeny is ours initially
But leaves for sake of self
And is not ours without tyrannic pressure—
Pressure of identity, seed of passivity.

The climactic self is analogous to
Fullness of moon
And height of yellow in primrose;
Is identified with nature and ideas
Occurs in recognition of the incalculable,
In knowledge that climaxes are
Not repetitious.

What Should an Academic Education Be?

MARJORIE A. GOLDWASSER, Graduate

THE QUESTION which we put to ourselves here is a far more difficult one than is at first evident. It is difficult because any attempt to answer it involves a plunge into the realm of emotionally controlled, unarticulated ideals; indeed into the part of that realm in which the emotional involvement is strongest, and in which the essential difficulties of articulation are accentuated by an unwillingness even to attempt such expression. This truth is a direct consequence of the fact that our notions of academic education are intimately associated with our idealistic aims for youth, and we are all aware, at some subconscious level, that these aims somehow embody the very essence of a civilization. To express them would be to make open confession of the weaknesses of that civilization, to show wherein one particular cultural life falls short of the maximal fullness possible to man. The problem before us is, then, more than a simple answer to a direct question. For the question is directed toward that emotional part of our thinking which evades simple answers—or, when possible, refuses to give any answer. To reply to it adequately would be to understand the whole meaning of life, in our case, life in an American democracy. I make no claim to have an answer which is adequate in this broad sense, but I can and shall try to show one direction which such an answer might take—the one, in fact, which I feel it must take.

The first answer which is given to our question by most people, whether inside or outside our colleges, is that academic education is a preparation. If we press our point, and ask, "Preparation for what?" we are generally told that it is a preparation for life. It is scarcely necessary to point out that this line of inquiry leads inevitably to the impasse predicted above. There are few people who are ready or willing to answer the next essential question, "What is life?", or, more directly, "What life?" It seems to me that many of the weaknesses in our present educational system spring directly from this reluctance. We are all quick to censor the German and Italian universities, yet surely there is a sense in which they are more sincere than we. They know that their education consists of preparation for a definite way of life, and they are willing to state explicitly what that way of life is. They are factories, turning out nationalists and fascists, and they admit honestly that this prin-

ciple or goal dominates every aspect of university life, every course given under the auspices of the university. But for all our criticism, we are less open than they. Our universities, we say, prepare students for life, but we do not say what life. Presumably it is for life in a democracy that we wish to train our young people. There are, apparently, two basic qualifications for such a life; first, the ability to use one's vote with "intelligence"; and, second, the background to read the newspapers understandingly, so that freedom of speech may be not an empty right, but a useful tool.

Are we, then, to say that it is the proper function of an American university to attempt to supply, in so far as possible, these two qualifications, and to accept the necessary sequel, that the question we have asked is one which can be answered in formal terms only, the specific content being subject to national limitations? That is, are we to say that in general academic education should be a preparation for life, and specifically, that it should be a preparation for life in Germany, life in England, or life in America? I feel strongly that if education has any real significance, we must be able to answer these questions with an emphatic negative. There are three closely related, yet distinct, reasons for this negative. First, if we examine closely and honestly our disdain for the present educational trend in Germany and Italy, we must admit that it is based on something deeper than a mere conviction that fascism is not the right way of life. It is based, rather on a very fundamental belief that each man has the unassailable right to evaluate all possible ways of life, and to choose his own. Our resentment is based not on our own subjective evaluation of fascism or national-socialism, but on the general principle of treating propaganda for any one way of life as information about life. If we could be sincere and unemotional, we would admit that education must be free of all political bias, and that communism, and the kind of democracy which is only pseudo-liberalism are as destructive to true education as fascism. The second reason for our emphatic negative is our abiding belief in the "international company of scholars." We all admit a certain arbitrary character to all national boundaries, yet are hard put to it to find anything which is not restricted by these barriers. If there is anything which can transcend them, it is true education. Finally, we must say no because we all believe that men, and some kind of civilization, will outlive all specific governmental forms. There is no Utopia, and there will never be an actual Utopia. That our ethicists and social theorists continue to write of the ideal state is but a symbol of this faith of ours that we shall always be able in the future to achieve a governmental form more perfect than any

existing in the present. The progress is not unidirectional, and history gives almost as many examples to oppose this optimism as to support it. But the faith, and the hope, remain. In clinging to them we entrust our ideals to the only group of people who can transcend national boundaries in any real sense, the scholars. If they are to carry our faith that civilization will always evolve new and better governmental forms, it is evident that their education must not be restricted by any one of those forms—that it must not be a preparation for the way of life prescribed by any particular political ideology.

Our first conclusion, then, is that academic education must be a-political. This is really no more than a negative predication—but it has many positive implications. It means that education must be abstract, in the sense that it must deal with all possible alternatives, and disregard whether or not they have been actualized, or, at least, accept such actualizations not as evaluative concepts, but merely as historical facts. To put this in the most concrete terms possible, it means for me that while history and literature may be major departments, English history or English literature cannot be, if we are to have real education. In the sciences, in mathematics, even in philosophy, this problem is less acute, but even here we must guard against studying the works of minor men merely because they are or were compatriots. Education, in brief, is to be based on the achievements of mankind, and not on the achievements of a particular race or nation. All honest scholars will admit that academic divisions between departments are matters of expediency only—they must learn to admit that to make national distinctions within departments, or to develop some one department along entirely nationalistic lines is to falsify the principle of all true learning. Education is not a preparation for a way of life. We have still to consider whether it is a preparation simply for life.

I wish to answer this question too in the negative. For we are restricting our consideration of academic education here to education beyond the high-school level. We have said above that such education must be abstract, and must deal with the achievements of mankind in general, along one or more of the lines of his activity. In what sense could such an education be a preparation for life? It may change the meaning of later experience, and endow it with a richer significance, but it cannot tell the individual either what choices to make, or even, in a concrete situation, how to make his choices. Aside from this difficulty in understanding the way in which a true education can constitute a preparation for life, it seems to me that to maintain that this defines the purpose of education is to underestimate the value which we actually assign to education qua education. We feel, subjectively, that in

some senses education is more than a means to some other goal, that it is in itself an end better than most ends. To say this is perhaps to do little more than state an emotional preference, but I shall maintain it nevertheless. Education is a preparation for life only in the sense that through it we can attain a better understanding of life. Actually, this understanding is itself education, and any effect which it may have on living is in a way extraneous to it—its very attainment is the end of education—its effects are but necessary consequences of education, and, though far from unimportant in themselves, they are not ends to which the understanding is but a means. College education is not for everyone. It is only for those qualified to transcend the boundaries of race and nation, and able to live in the international realm of true scholarship. Even for these selected scholars, education should be a background for living, rather than a preparation for life.

Up to this point we have treated only one of the two chief aspects of our problem. We have been talking about the ideal relation between a society or a civilization and the college—that is, we have been discussing from the outside what an education should be. Our conclusion has been that universities must transcend politics. It seems to me that at the present moment this conclusion might well be taken as a goal by most American universities. We are beginning to pride ourselves on our "liberalism", and we are becoming extremely deaf to this aspect of the problem, as a real one for us, as it is for Germany. Unless we become more self-conscious about this side of the question, begin to consider more carefully who shall go to college and why, and what shall be taught in the colleges, our universities will fall, as the fascist universities have fallen, victims to a lack of free speech. For as we have said above, free speech as a right means nothing, unless it is also used as a tool.

But once we have faced this aspect of our problem squarely, we shall still have a question to answer. A proper relation between state and university, and a complete transcendence by the university of particular political ideologies is a necessary but not a sufficient condition for the best in academic education. Once that condition is established, we still have problems to face, this time within the university itself. For the great danger in establishing universities without political affiliations is that they will become political units of another order themselves, and, in this process, will lose sight of the ideals of an academic education. Since the first step, that of political independence, has by no means been attained, it would be presumptuous at this point to attempt to outline the exact nature of the problems which will then arise. But

these problems are present to some degree even now, and, in so far as this is true, it is permissible to treat of them here. There is, within the university, the omnipresent danger of over-formalization, of forgetting that education is an end itself, and of accepting such objective ratings as degrees as the ends, rather than as merely expedient measures of achievement, hopelessly inadequate in themselves. This situation is particularly evident today in the women's colleges. In their earlier days they made a real virtue of necessity, and appointed scholars to their faculties, rather than doctors of philosophy, simply because there were very few women who had attained the latter rank. Today fewer and fewer appointments are open to candidates without the formal qualifications, no matter what their scholarly abilities may be. It is to be hoped that administrators will become aware of the stultifying effect of this trend before it is too late.

This formalizing of education, with the consequent appointment to facilities of people whose scholarly attainments are often in a sadly limited field, has another even more regrettable result. We find students specializing in a branch of knowledge which seems incredibly narrow and trivial. It has been said above that division of knowledge into departments is entirely a matter of expediency. The ideal of a true education is that the student will transcend any particular department in which he may make his approach, and, by coming to understand the relation of that branch of knowledge to all of man's knowledge will enter into the realm of true learning. This is the ideal. The present tendency toward over-specialization, with the accompanying emphasis on the Ph.D. as an end in itself, is causing us in many cases to fall far short of this ideal. For example, let us consider a student who is studying ethics. His instructor is an ethicist rather than a philosopher, having in all probability been chosen because of his brilliant thesis on some ethical problem. The student may transcend ethics, and come to understand philosophy. But can we expect that he transcend philosophy, the periphery of which is very hazy in his mind, and through it come to understand science, and the other comparable divisions of man's knowledge? I think not. If this understanding is the goal of true education, and it seems that it must be, then colleges must find a more certain means of attaining it, which will count less on the ingenuity of the individual student. Specialization in ethics would be less harmful if the instructor were a philosopher rather than an ethicist, or if the student himself had a sufficiently well-rounded background to approach ethics with the perspective of at least an embryo philosopher.

All of this, I think, points to a necessity for rephrasing our original ques-

tion. We must ask not what an academic education should be, but rather what a liberal education should be, for the only answer which can possibly be given by those within the colleges is that it should and must be unacademic. This is not so paradoxical as it sounds. It means simply that education must avoid intra-mural restrictions, just as it avoids extra-mural restrictions, and "academic" has in recent years become definitely a restrictive adjective. "Liberal" is a somewhat ambiguous word, but it is chosen here because it is by no means strange to the realm of education. It means simply that since education at the college level is intended to train scholars, in the best sense of that word, they must be instructed not only by those who fall within the established pattern, and whose doctoral theses rest safely in the archives of some university, but they must also be led along original lines by instructors who themselves have true education, in that they have a scholarly background for their living but, who have themselves failed to conform to "academic" standards.

In short, a university, as the instrument of true education, can exist only where free speech is actively practised, and, within such a university, true education, or liberal education, can exist only where academic laws are, at propitious moments, either forgotten completely, or subordinated to liberal principles.

Note: Perhaps it would be well to add that not only is this article not malicious in its intent, but further, that the author believes, rightly or wrongly, that Bryn Mawr College is an exception to many, though not all, of the criticisms here directed against universities in general.

A Valentine's Day

JANE HEARNE FARRAR, '38

I CAN STILL REMEMBER that warm February afternoon. It was a bright springlike day and in anticipation of the approaching excitement I sat at my desk in the school room in an exultant mood. The smooth blackboards at the front of the room were covered with clouds of formless erasures and the orange shellac on the cheap paneling below shone with the reflection of the fresh sunlight outside. I felt a rush of sympathy for the effort and work which had been forced from puzzled brains down arms and out through white rods of chalk onto those blackboards, day in and day out for so many years. And I smiled with pride when I thought of our very recent inheritance of this beautiful 4A room, the largest in Eastwood School. The day on which we had marched into its cloak rooms the whole class had rushed in early from recess. In neat letters we had written on the blackboard: EASTWOOD IS THE BEST SCHOOL IN COLUMBUS, OHIO, and then we had all signed our names underneath, all, that is, except the new little German boy who didn't know any of us very well.

The heads around me bent over wide olive geography books gave me a feeling of great contentment. These people were my friends. The woolly head across the aisle brought the same glow of affection as that of the little blonde girl in front of me. And I was happy in the thought that when he reached the part called EXPORTS AND IMPORTS in the chapter on Brazil the colored boy across from me had promised I could chew his gum for a while.

At that time none of us were conscious of racial differences. We were still at that perfect age, when one is about nine years old, the perceptive, quick and eager age which comes before awkward dismayed adolescence. As yet we were unentangled in the meshes of emotion. We liked the school routine, our teachers and each other not in a superficial manner, but rather in a way that did not involve us wholly and bitterly. This was to be one of the happiest periods of our lives while we were still free of the net of self-consciousness, of love and of hate and of pity. Our imaginations had not yet taken an introspective turn and instead raced along with our thoughts.

Particularly on this day were our thoughts aroused, for it was the long awaited Valentine's day. Everyone was becoming restless. The large paste

board box on the teacher's desk with the slit in its top and, on the front, a large red heart surrounded by a lacy square exactly like a paper doily in a tea room, drew our fascinated interest. In art period each of us had made match box candy holders with a similar decoration which we had finished only the day before. Amused, I recalled how I had had to help the little German boy in the back row make his. He was a shy boy and I was greatly surprised that I had to introduce him to the ancient pleasure, long familiar to the school child, of cautiously eating pieces of the delicious white paste which we scooped from a glass jar to smear across our boxes.

Our teacher suddenly stood up from behind the desk on which she had placed the large box. There was a murmur of excitement, a rustling of paper and a shoving of books as we cleared our desks. Then we sat nervously flipping the copper, trap-door ink well covers up and down while the teacher opened the box into which we had been dropping sealed envelopes for the past two or three days. I nearly choked with joy and expectation. Valentines had no sentimental meaning for us at that age. They were merely signs of friendship or even of tolerance. But there was a certain wild mystery about the sealed, white envelopes and there was a heady enjoyment in beholding the scarlet hearts, the golden arrows, the white doves, brilliant flowers, frothy lace and the words written in fancy letters. Often Valentines were resent year after year. Sometimes the name of the sender of the year before was not erased, but instead only crossed out by its last recipient and then sent on. Colored and white alike we treasured them and colored and white alike we had sent them to each other for the past three years.

When the Valentines had been distributed and every desk had been piled high with white envelopes we sat looking at them slowly in tranquil content. The afternoon had been a perfect one and I thought happily of the short walk across spongy vacant lots to my home. In my mind's eye I could see myself there already, sitting with the heap of Valentines beside me, a slice of bread thickly spread with peanut butter in my right hand and ROBIN HOOD lying open in my lap. A peaceful comfort came over me as I thought of all this and as I looked around at other happy faces all examining and comparing Valentines.

Suddenly I heard a strange, slow, tapping noise in the back of the room. It was not very loud and no one else seemed to notice it. I turned around and looked back. The little German boy was sitting at his desk. Not one envelope lay on its inkstained, carved surface. The tapping sound was caused by the occupation in which he was apparently completely absorbed. He sat there

picking up his decorated match box and dropping it to his desk again and again. Horror seized my throat and I thought rapidly. But I realized that it was too late to do anything at all. I had been so careless in forgetting him. Why hadn't I thought to send him a Valentine when it would have been so easy? I could not bear to watch his pretended nonchalance and when the bell rang I stumbled blindly into the cloak room.

I cannot remember the walk home. When I came into the house mother called to me jokingly and asked to see my Valentines. I gave them to her and then ran to my room crying. She could not understand why I wept and I could not tell her. To her there was no apparent reason, for never before had I cried unless in wrath or pain.

It Set Me Thinking

MARION JACKSON

(Reprinted from the Bryn Mawr Summer School Magazine,
"Shop and School", of 1936)

WHEN first I learned of Bryn Mawr's Summer School for Women Workers in Industry, immediately I decided I would like to attend. I never once took into consideration the true purpose of the school. I have always had a craving for knowledge, but I have never had time or money enough to complete my education; so, when at a Y. W. C. A. conference I found out about this school, I thought, "Oh, how nice! Now here's a chance for me to learn a little something. Who knows? Some day it may come in handy."

I have always felt one should learn all one can at every possible opportunity. I am terribly ashamed to say that I thought only of my own selfish gain. I was thinking of a possible chance of getting a better job, and I believe that foremost in my mind was money.

I am a piece-worker in a dress factory. My work is seasonal. It is not a very comfortable feeling when you realize that the end of the season is near, and soon your income will cease while your obligations will go on. For that reason I have always hoped for a steady job with steady pay, for secure employment.

I knew that this school was neither a trade nor a vocational one, but I believed that it gave one prestige to attend the school and meant much in one's favor when seeking employment. I therefore set out to gain admittance to Bryn Mawr.

On Monday, June 15, at the official opening exercises, I listened with profound interest to President Park. She related the origin of the school. It was a vision of former President M. Carey Thomas that led her to create a place where women working in industry might go to prepare themselves to meet any problems that might confront them in their field. Then Dr. Susan Kingsbury in her address very clearly pointed out that any woman receiving this training should, when she has returned to her home, feel it her duty to render a service to fellow workers through leadership or individual service. This meeting to me was really an awakening! The true purpose of the school was unfolded.

It set me thinking. I began asking myself, "What can I, in my small way, do to contribute to labor or humanity? I am only one little insignificant person among a multitude."

I come from the large and prosperous city of Philadelphia. There we have our trade unions, workers' education, adult education, peace conferences, youth congress groups, churches, and other civic organizations all seemingly well organized and fairly advanced in their movements, and so I still wondered, "What then could I do?"

I was walking through the hall in Denbigh on Tuesday afternoon when the girl in Room 13 called to me. She wanted to know what I could tell her about the Scottsboro case and about Angelo Herndon, the Negro organizer. I am a Negro; still I was forced to confess that there was very little I could tell her. Many of us feel that the Negro problem is a tremendous one, and we feel so helpless in regard to it that we take the easiest way out and shut our eyes to much of the real suffering of our people. Of course, we know that this is the wrong way to look upon the matter; but then too we often feel that we are only one-tenth of the population, and that is a very small minority. Then the girl in Room 13 reminded me of the fact that nearly 90% of the Negro population were workers, and the workers are the masses. Therefore we need only to unite our forces and we will bring about a betterment of conditions for all. Through unity of forces we can break down race discrimination.

I am glad my sister student called me into her room that day. She set me thinking in an entirely different direction. I no longer think in terms of

dollars and cents. I think in terms of what I can do for my fellow workers and my race. I feel that I too can do my part, be it ever so small. I feel that I will have accomplished a great deal if I am able to convince other Negroes that we as a race must stop sitting down and taking it on the chin.

We must stop looking for the path of easiness, for we must face facts and learn truths,—know the cause in order to find a cure.

I intend therefore on returning home to connect myself with the National Negro Congress and to learn Negro history, since what education I do have I have received in the public schools and any favorable facts pertaining to the Negro were very intentionally omitted.

I have then to thank Bryn Mawr for putting me on the right track.

Forgotten

KATHRYN WILLIAMS

(Reprinted from the Bryn Mawr Summer School Magazine,
"Shop and School", of 1936)

You gave us minds, that we might think and ponder o'er your earth and
 heavens,
You gave us bodies strong, that we the soil might leaven,
You gave us hearts, that are loving and tender as a mother's prayer,
You gave us souls, that we might listen in ecstasy to a bird's song in the air,
You gave us all these things, the same as other races,
But one thing you forgot, dear God,
You gave us, black faces.

Two Ways of Looking at It

ISOTA A. TUCKER, '40

N OBODY IN CARRICK liked Martin but Johnny. Martin was a college graduate, Harvard, some people said, and maybe Johnny was impressed with his learning and his way of talking. Anyway, when Martin went down to the tube works about a week after he came to the town, he stopped and spoke to Johnny. After that they became pretty good friends and Martin moved to Johnny's boarding house to live.

Jake, the foreman down at the plant, didn't like all this. "Something is up with that Martin guy," he told his wife, "something is up his sleeve. I know enough to see that people don't hang around a town like Carrick for nothing and he hasn't got a job that I can find out. Besides," Jake said, "I don't like the way he is treating Johnny."

Jake was right. Martin did have something up his sleeve. He had been sent down to Carrick by the C. I. O. to organize the Barnes Tube and Iron Works and to start them striking. Johnny was popular in the plant and the men listened to what he had to say. Martin squinted his little green eyes at the wall of his room while he figured all this out. Johnny was a nice boy, intelligent for a roller hand and big, too. That counted with the men at the plant, they wouldn't follow any little runt who came along. Brawn impressed them. He would get Johnny working with him to organize, he would get him to lead the strike, even. It ought to be fairly easy.

Every night Johnny went up to Martin's room while they drank beer and talked C. I. O. He believed in unions because he thought that organizations would help living conditions. Ever since Johnny graduated from high school he had been hoping something would happen to make it possible for the men to demand better hours and more money. It wasn't the workers' fault that they lived like animals with dirt around and cracks in the walls. Nobody could do any better with the salaries Barnes paid.

Johnny was grateful to Martin for giving the workers a chance to say something. Tired from his day over the rolling tables, he would lie down on Martin's sofa after dinner and watch him twisting the little silver ring on his fourth finger and throwing back his curly hair as he talked. His mouth was like a girl's, and his skin. Martin was an intelligent man; he was young

but he had a brain that worked fast and logically, he never got muddled. He adored the theories of the Union, the intellectual forces of its making. But he had never known many of the men for whom it was formed. He had known only one or two workers besides Johnny.

Night after night Martin outlined carefully what they were going to do, how it was to be done. He wanted no violence if it could be helped, it was bad policy. Still, if necessary, it was a last resort that could be used. Over and over he reviewed the plan of action with Johnny until it became stamped in his mind. Then about twelve o'clock they would walk down to the dog wagon and get a sandwich before they went to bed.

Barnes Iron and Tube Works was a small company, so that it did not take long to get in touch with the workers. Within two weeks three-fourths of them were signed up, and within a month they went out on strike. The demands were wage raise, shorter hours, closed shop and seniority rule. The men didn't care so much whether they got the last two but Martin insisted. Shorter hours and wage raise, though, were necessary to the men with families; Barnes had not been giving them enough to live.

The strikers started well. They picketed vigorously and sang the songs they had got from the union men over in Hartsbury as if they meant it. Then the food sent up by the union began to give out. When sandwiches were passed to the picketers some of the men raided the distributors and tried to take the stuff home to their families. Others failed to turn up for picket duty. The mass meetings became less and less frequent and the men gathered in twos and threes to talk about how the children were sick from undernourishment and how they couldn't stand it much longer. The whole town had the blues.

Johnny began to change too. He felt sick and panicky when he walked down Jansen and Walnut streets and saw the workers sitting around staring. They never stopped him or tried to talk, but sometimes the women would run out and grab his arm and ask him for God's sake to do something. But the men never asked him anything. They had pride about it, he guessed.

One afternoon he went home and told Martin how he felt. He said that the strike wasn't getting anywhere and the men were starving now worse than in the winter of '32. He said he was scared of the way the men were feeling and he wanted to get them back to work. He said it didn't matter about the union getting a whole lot of demands so long as the men could live. Martin was mad. He called Johnny a yellow son-of-a-bitch with a blank where his brains ought to be. Then he bought Johnny a drink and talked

him into believing in the union again. Martin could talk Johnny into believing anything.

On November fifteenth after the strike had been going about five weeks, the rumor got around that scabs were being brought up from Hartsville. Eight trucks, somebody said, but nobody knew for sure. By eleven in the morning everyone had heard about it and from nowhere a crowd began to form in front of the plant. No one talked except in whispers and the thing grew and grew. Johnny came down alone; Martin had gone into the city until supper time. He saw Jake over the heads in front of him trying to keep people from shoving and trying to get them to go away. A cop on the corner rushed to a little telephone on a telegraph pole and began to talk, waving his free hand up and down at the crowd. It made them mad.

Someone threw a brick at the gate. It was locked. The mob drew back in one body and charged with a howl. The lock tore loose with a long ripping sound and the gate went down. The mob rushed forward again, separated into individuals and scattered over the factory yard. They merged again into a black shape, moving and changing all the time. They were getting madder and madder; no one even listened when the cops drove up with sirens screaming bloody murder. A line of blue bodies collected quickly and advanced into the yard, waving their arms and shouting a lot of disconnected phrases to each other which made no sense. The forces met in the middle of the yard, waves of black and blue. Yelling became spasmodic and the cops' billies clicked now and then against unprotected skulls.

A potato stuck all over with old razor blades flew high up over the crowd and thudded against a policeman's face. He turned and ran, his hands held up over his eyes and the blood running in four streams between his fingers. The black line became quiet, motionless and the cops eased back. Eight or nine workers stretched awkwardly on the gravel. And then the tear gas began to roll up over the yard, covering them over.

Johnny had not been hurt; he had allowed his body to be carried by the force around him, and he had hit out as hard as he could with his arms. His mind was too mixed up to see what he was hitting. Suddenly at the sight of the gas he came to, the fog faded from his eyes. He pulled at Jake's sleeve.

"Jake, listen Jake, for Lord's sake get them to go away quick. I got to get these guys home somehow." He waved at the men on the ground.

"Sure, I'll do what I can, Johnny, I'll do what I can."

* * * * *

Martin sat running his hands through his hair and squinting at the plaster wall. Every now and then he looked over his shoulder to see if anyone were coming up the stairs and then he turned back to the wall. It was nine-thirty when Johnny came in at last. One of the men had been dying and he stayed with his wife until it was over. Martin looked at him to see if he were hurt and then walked over to the window. For a moment he stood with his back to the room and then turned abruptly.

"Well, I guess you and Jake managed to make a hell of a mess of the whole thing. The men have compromised. They had a meeting at seven o'clock with the company representatives."

"Thank God."

"Yes, thank God, damn you, thank God and a couple of lousy fools who don't know what they're doing."

Johnny was calm. He was glad it was over, awfully glad; he could afford to be calm. "What were the terms, Martin?"

"The men get a 10% wage raise and shorter hours. But Christ, what good does that do me? I was sent down here to strike for the union, not for a bunch of fatheads. And what happens? The men get a few extra pennies and a few hours to get drunk in and then stop fighting. They don't give a damn about the union."

"The union doesn't give a damn about them, as far as I can see."

Martin's face grew red. He walked over to Johnny and grabbed his tie. "Listen, one more remark like that and I throw you out of here for good and all, understand?" He let go of the tie and put his hand on Johnny's shoulder. "Listen, maybe I'll need you next spring, when we start agitating down here again. So keep your mouth shut, Johnny-boy, and maybe we can put it across next spring if you just keep your head."

"Don't worry, Martin, I won't be bothering you."

As Johnny walked down Jansen street he looked at the river and the lights from the factories burning in it. Martin had been surprised when he walked out. He almost fell over. It's too bad when a man overrates his personal strength like that, too bad when he is left flat. Johnny felt in a vague way that Martin had liked him a lot and he was sorry to throw him over but he couldn't help it. He would never be able to see Martin's point, he never wanted to.

Jake was sitting by the bar when Johnny walked in. He was drinking beer and wiping the foam off his white moustache with the back of his hand.

"Hi, Johnny," he said, "come on over and buy me a beer."

"Sure, Jake, I'll buy you two beers maybe." Johnny sat down by Jake and put his feet on the bar rail.

Neither of the men mentioned the strike but they were thinking about it. They were glad that the men would be going to work early and eating again instead of just sitting around glooming all the time. They were glad to be getting back to their own jobs in the big engine room.

"Hey, Johnny, what are you doing around here with no girl? Ain't you got a girl, Johnny?"

"Not right now, Jake, I haven't. But you wait and see. I'm going to find me one quick, a pretty one, too."

Jake laughed. "Boy, I better go home and warn Rosalie. 'Rosalie,' I'll say, 'There's a handsome young fellow around just looking for a girl like you. You better start fixing up now we got money again, you better start fixing up'."

It was the first reference they had made to the end of the strike. Johnny put two nickels down on the bar. "Set up two more," he said. Jake looked at Johnny over the rim of his stein and winked.

Criticism and Appreciation in Education

NAOMI COPLIN, '38

THE INTELLECTUAL seems to have developed a kind of isolation, a detachment from things and from himself that is at once useful and unhealthy. It is indubitably necessary in criticism, and criticism is necessary for human life and growth. Indeed, the very condition of isolation, it seems to me, grew out of a stress on criticism. It is in the supreme effort to be rational, objectively intellectual, that pure criticism has not only been emphasized but disproportionately emphasized, almost to the exclusion of everything else. The intellectual, consciously or unconsciously approaching all things critically, finds himself in the peculiar position of one who is interested in a world from which he has detached himself; he is not living

in this world. But since he, as a man, can live nowhere else, he, in a sense, is not living at all. He is only analyzing.

No one can deny the need for such analysis, or the fact of its importance. One denies only that this analysis is sufficiently meaningful by itself. The other element that is needed may be called appreciation. As one needs isolation for criticism, one needs for appreciation integration with the real and an awareness of real relationships and of things. Criticism abstracts, conceptualizes; appreciation deals with the stuff, the concreteness of experience. (There is, indeed, a kind of criticism—the greatest—that involves appreciation, but this is something different in quality,—truly, a manner of creation as much as is a symphony.) The lack of this appreciation, and the need for it, are evident in the intellectual's approach to art. Either he must attack his object critically, analyzing those characters that are objectively analyzable—and then he rightly feels that that in the object which was art has escaped him and is utterly lost; or in an attempt to find another angle of approach, he abandons criticism and finds himself in a welter of emotion and in grave danger of sentimentalism which, so far as discovering the nature and value of the object is concerned, is completely barren. If he could approach his art appreciatively,—that is, being aware of it and of himself in that peculiar manner which comprehends that element of self and object which is below the level of abstraction, and sensing some internal relation between himself and every other part of the universe and the object, being aware of the meaning it has in him and the meaning the world has in it,—a curious integration of uniqueness and universality,—he would, though he understood no farther, have the satisfaction of knowing that the object is art. Then, applying his criticism, it would be possible for him to throw light on other aspects that might give him a more complete and richer understanding of the whole significance. This happy state is very rare in the intellectual world.

The unfortunate results of the more usual state, which regards criticism as an end sufficient in itself, are apparent in many fields; but nowhere are they so clear and so clearly undesirable as in education. It is not that we are over-critical, for on the whole I do not think that is so, but that we are critical to the exclusion of all other ways of understanding,—as if one had to choose between absolutely contradictory elements,—which is unsound and harmful. It is the lack of a principle deeper than that of criticism that is responsible for a great misunderstanding of the very meaning of education, and for such attitudes as the shallow utilitarianism generally present in regard to education as a whole. The element which I have postulated as needed to

correct such a condition is very hard to define and to demonstrate, so that in education it has been easy and natural to develop that which could be developed precisely and overlook that which is subtle and difficult. At times a good teacher who is also somewhat of a genius may uncover that force, and then one has a course that is living in itself, and usually characterized by the students as inspiring. Sometimes certain types of activity are brought in, that involve appreciation; but this is on the whole unorganized and sporadic, and very much by chance, and there is no general recognition of the character of the added element.

I have offered one illustration of the manner in which appreciation functions—that is, in the case of art. Now, in order to be able to show what place appreciation could have in education and how it could be diffused through the whole process of teaching and learning, it is necessary to attempt to define it more precisely. Appreciation, then, involves an awareness of an integration, from some particular angle, which includes one's self and which, in its being, leads to a more complete integration and a greater awareness. This integration in no way obscures or diminishes the uniqueness of the entities involved, but rather enriches each element peculiarly in accordance with its own nature. Such a principle is clearly fundamental to education, not only in reference to particular fields but in a much broader sense, in so far as education determines the pattern of one's character. For this latter sense includes not only the particular and restricted material with which one deals directly, but also that which extends beyond the line of specialization; it is, or it should be, I think, the basic value of education, that it penetrates the foundation of one's whole life and comprehends all of one's possible experience. This structuring of the fundamentals of one's character is the chief work of education, and can be done only by education, in the world as it stands today. Perhaps, in the past, religion furnished the necessary dynamic force for integration. Today it does not affect the actions and attitudes of people, on the whole, so completely or so absolutely, that it is able to bring about so general and fundamental a condition. For some individuals, a principle may become so strong that it orders and integrates the universe and the life of the individuals in terms of itself. But this is just as likely to lead to distortion both of character and of one's universe as to a true integration, and therefore is not to be desired as a general means of achieving unity. That the home as it is now constituted is not an efficient instrument for such a task is, I think, fairly obvious. Education, then, is the mechanism, or better, the process in which one's personality and therefore also one's universe, must

be structured. This cannot be achieved by a saturation of critical analysis, even if one includes the recognition of mechanical and physical relations between different specialized fields. One can never get a whole world out of parts. And if one cannot structure a world on criticism, how much less can one build a personality,—particularly when one recognizes that man has a nature that is more than critical, and a person who is developed only as a critic is only part of a man.

There have been various attempts to remedy this situation, and to make education more complete, all of which have been more or less unsuccessful. In public high school, for example, one often finds what is called "character education,"—a few hours of discussion slipped in as a required course, usually poorly planned, short sighted, and very superficial, in which ethical questions of different kinds are dealt with stupidly,—the discussion usually centering on either the infinitesimal and ephemeral problems of school life, or the great universals such as Justice and Honor (spoken of in all possible clichés, intellectual as well as verbal). A somewhat more successful mechanism is that of extra-curricular activity. Such activity, however, has developed in a somewhat random fashion, and a very little part of it is of such a character that it could have an appreciable influence in creating an awareness in the character of a person, or in structuring the world in reference to that character. The whole manner of most extra-curricular activity is too haphazard, and the matter too unplanned to allow the activity to function effectively as a broad and inclusive system. Most of one's outside activity is outlet for some interest often as specialized as one's studies, and it is a happy accident if one falls into a type of work that calls for any special awareness of things and their peculiar integration with each other and with other things and with one's self.

It is wrong to leave so basic a matter as the development of the fundamental principles of character to chance,—to something as undeveloped and uncontrolled as "outside activity." Yet it is equally foolish to make it a separate subject of a required course, for which, even if one had a good and conscientious teacher, no possible material and technique could be developed, because of the nature of the subject. Appreciation is not merely atmosphere; it is objective and can be defined and discussed. But it cannot be acquired in the same manner that one acquires an ability to read Latin well, or to ride a bicycle. It cannot be taught directly at all, but only insinuated, injected, as it were, into the being of the situation, so that any understanding of the

experience will involve a calling into play of such an awareness as I have termed appreciation. It can be suggested by the instructor who speaks, himself, from such an awareness, and criticizes in the light of it. There are undoubtedly other ways of leading the student around to being aware of the integration, to being appreciative, but these I leave to be discovered by those who are more ingenious than myself. There are, undoubtedly, ways of so presenting the scholar with this principle of understanding and so embedding it as an approach that it will be applied not only to those fields in which he meets it, but also to all his experience. For it is necessary in order to live completely, to be aware of the various integrations as well as the peculiar character of every experience one ever has.

Nowhere, perhaps, was the need for a universally holding awareness, the need that appreciation should be a basic and eternal principle of experience, so distressingly clear as at the Shan-Kar ballet, in the attitudes and reactions of a part of the audience. Certainly the audience here at college was on the whole of a superior grade of intelligence. Yet of this highly intellectual group many found Shan-Kar's dances "boring", "repetitious"; many found them amusing—as a child laughs at the strange accent and dress of the foreigner, with no recognition of the value of his thoughts and words; or many found them interesting—as one is "interested" in things so alien, so far from one that any more significant relation is impossible. They laughed, as children laugh, at things that were new and strange—certain movements of the arm and head, for example—and let the strangeness and humorousness (they are synonymous for little children) of these minute items not only completely obscure the meaning of these gestures, but tremendously outweigh the whole dance in a manner that betrayed such lack of discrimination and of a sense of proportion as should belong only to the untaught and to fools. However, I think that this shameful condition can be explained almost entirely by the lack of any awareness of the dance as a thing in itself, unique, different from any of one's past experience so that it would be necessary to realize new relations, to find the peculiar integration of one's self and the dance and the world. There was only a recognition of the difference, and no realization that the same principle of understanding underlies all experience. In fact, it is very likely that many of those in the audience who were bored and unhappy had no realization that such a principle as appreciation existed, and had only a principle of criticism that was not universal but was developed for and applied intelligently only to our Western culture; so that they could have no understanding of what was happening, and therefore

no basis for discrimination, for valid criticism. They either had to force the experience into the inadequate critical system, and therefore distort the meaning, or discard the critical approach and flounder hopelessly without any definite point of view, losing therefore all possibility of understanding, and of recognizing the true relations and values of the different parts. Here very obviously one needs only the basis of appreciation to unite logically and actually the individual with his experience; and one could from this unity develop a criticism that would be adequate to the nature of that which is to be criticized.

Of all the experiences we have, those most important to us as human beings are those somehow involving relationships with men. And I think that it would be right to say that most of all one should be aware of one's self as a human being and of the immediate integration of one's self with humanity. It would seem that such awareness would come with almost every experience one has; yet it is true that even in many of the things done collectively this consciousness is lacking. A few cases where it is remarkably present can be observed, however. There is, for example, any true ensemble work in music, from a symphony orchestra to a trio. The quality of the play is of little note; the real thing is that in a good ensemble each player is supremely conscious of the presence and meaning of the other men, not merely of notes or instruments. This same feeling, it seems to me, is the virtue of "Big" May Day:—that here where each of us see more of each other's ideas than of each other's distinct individualities, May Day brings us into contact with the concreteness, the dynamic reality of the people around us and makes us perceive our real integration underlying the abstractness of our ideas. For the last and greatest example, one can refer to the lectures on the Nature of Man. These, it seems to me, were what all lectures, all classes should be like in order to realize the full meaning of education. Here the bond between the lecturers and the auditors was not merely a stream of words; there was a unity arising from an appreciation as well as a critical comprehension of a fulfilling of a peculiarly human need, that of the search for truth. Such a unity is not impossible in ordinary classes,—it is indeed found in some,—and its lack is painfully felt by both the instructor and student in others. Such a unity would change the whole relation of student to student and student to lecturer. Probably the whole system of preparatory school education would have to be changed really to prepare students for such an integration. Yet all these changes are necessary if we are to achieve a greater completeness, from which a criticism that is truly valuable and essential can be developed.

Poem

JANE SIMPSON, '37

Meaning of desire, love, hate?
Wandering of time, jerks, pauses,
Some time flowing, light and dark,
Souls, bodies swept, and changing moods.

I've asked these questions
Of the God
And have received
A protean nod,

A sudden glare
A fired eye
A clicking heel
Off in the sky.

Earthly voices
Mutter low
Insinuate
Where changes go.

Stoic voices
Say, "Sit tight,
The world is right
And right **is** right."

These webfoot children
Love the dead,
Vicarious crowns
Sit on their heads.

Some say death
Is but an end
Whither good souls
All should tend.

Others say that
Death begins
A peaceful life
Without our sins.

Some say, "Go to hell
And fry
Where hot devils
Never die."

I saw a cemetery once all overgrown and wild;

It seems the people buried there

Come out on moonlit nights

And with their skeletoic arms

Fling all the tangled white rose bushes

Into harsh disorder.

The dead unscratched by thorns

Rattle o'er the grass and toss their hairless heads

And hang their bones in air and look

Upon the wholly perfect moon;

So incomplete and longing they stand wanting.

In Sickness and in Health

MARY R. MEIGS, '39

MARJORY was a perpetually healthy person, intolerant of anybody else's sickness. Sick people annoyed her by their fussing, their helplessness, but particularly by the dark, still look in their eyes. Edward was not very sick, she was sure of that, but he had "that look", as she called it, and when it was combined with a fit of shivering, she found it almost unbearable. "For heaven's sake," she would say, "pull yourself together." Edward would control himself with a violent effort and stare up at her, unblinking and reproachful,—"I'm sorry, Marge."

Once when she had determined to be good-humored, she found herself looking at him in terror,—at his limp hands, at his thin yellow face, and at his eyes, unreflecting and black-ringed. My God, she thought, when she was married there had been light in them, the dancing light of humor and gaiety. The change had been so gradual that she had hardly noticed how the light had faded from day to day; she had only watched him become more and more silent and moody, and correspondingly more annoying. She hated herself for her pettiness, in one of her few moments of self-perception, and said suddenly, "Edward darling, I'll get Dr. Walker,—you know, the osteopath man. He'll be able to do something." An osteopath was, to her, the cure of all evil. Edward nodded, and smiled wanly. Let Marge have her way, he thought,—they could do what they wanted with him. And besides, her face was bright, she had dropped her mask of cold sophistication,—and he saw her that way so seldom.

Marjory considered the "osteopath man" thoroughly satisfactory, but to Edward he meant only pain, endless, daily and hourly pain. At the end of three weeks a telegram came from his mother. Marjory read it to herself, and tore it up in a rage. Edward was better, Dr. Walker said he was better, she had even bullied him into thinking he was better, and her mother-in-law was interfering, telling her to get a good doctor. Whose husband was he, anyhow? She had been quite rude to her aunt the day before about the very same thing. It was maddening of Edward to be sick, but to have people accuse her of not taking care of him,—why, she'd done everything for him, everything. Her aunt had advised her to send him down to New York in an ambulance, but she had laughed at the idea. "He's all right, I tell you. You

ask him." Her aunt had turned away with a helpless gesture. Of course, Edward would say he was all right, if only to please Marjory. "He's killing himself for her," she thought, "and yet he'd die sooner if he saw her once the way she is. He wouldn't want to hold on to life any longer. Perhaps she is helping him, without knowing it, helping him to live for her and in spite of her."

There was no "in spite of" to Marjory's philosophy. She continued "the cure", thinking that if a sick person was treated normally, he would be normal. She might have been a Christian Scientist if the element that drove her blindly forward had been faith and not stubbornness. Edward's sickness was a figment of the imagination. Consequently, when she saw him trembling with fever on the train, she merely said, as usual, "Stop it, Edward. Pull yourself together," and when he stiffened, she felt that she had won a moral victory. She did not know that every moment was agony,—to her such self-sacrifice would have been impossible and ludicrous, and so when Edward's mother met them at the station and insisted that he be taken to the hospital, she went cold with fury. "What business is it of yours?" she almost shrieked. "You seem to forget that he is my son," said Mrs. Taylor coldly. "All right, take him to the hospital. You'll see that there's nothing the matter with him,—you'll see."

They took him and operated immediately. That night as Marjory was waiting for him to regain consciousness, she felt rather than heard Mrs. Taylor's cold voice break in on her reverie. She had been thinking joyfully, "He's better. I knew he would be," when other words mixed themselves among her mental words, negative words cancelling positive, and finally overwhelming them entirely. "I've been talking to Dr. Packard. He says Edward's case is very serious, that if he'd had medical care sooner, the operation might never have been necessary. If he dies you will have killed him."

"But he won't die, he can't die. I did everything I could." Marjory was still trying to justify herself; and death was as remote to her as sickness. She went up to Edward's room, and watched him open his eyes. Mrs. Taylor followed her into the room. "Do you suppose you could leave us alone for a few minutes," she said. "I would like to speak to him."

"She'll ask him how I took care of him,—she'll think I did it all on purpose," thought Marjory, and said aloud, "Is there anything you can say to him that is unfit for me to hear?" She turned to Edward,— "You don't mind, do you, dear?"

"No," he breathed. "There,—you see?" she said and seated herself beside the bed.

Edward died early in the morning four days later, at the time when vitality is at its lowest ebb. Marjory leaning over him saw the light come into his eyes and then go out. With it went all her elaborately built-up pretence, all the web of self-justification which she had woven around herself. She had staked a life on her own convictions and had lost. "If he dies, you will have killed him." Marjory glanced at her mother-in-law and caught her eye, as cold as granite, as accusing as a pointed finger. Her grief had already worn itself out. But Marjory knew as she turned her head away, that all her life she would avoid other people's eyes, would pretend not to see the writing on every wall. Well, she would be heard, too. She would meet look with look, would clothe herself in an invulnerable shell,—like armor. Armor,—she tried to fix her thoughts on it, to escape the blankness that was closing in on her; she could see it gleaming, blinding her eyes,—and then, slowly,—fading away into nothingness.

Cotton Mather

ELIZABETH MARIE POPE, '40

IS AUGHT AMISS? — You thought you heard me cry,
And call on God for mercy with a scream?
A pity that I woke you, sir, but I
Sleep evilly of late, and it would seem
That when I roused you in such frantic style,
I was but clamoring within my dream.
Will you sit with me for a little while?
I'm wakeful, and your presence may dispel
Some shadows. It is good to see you smile,
And know tonight I need not think of Hell;
Nor wonder where it lies: in some far place
Beyond the farthest starlight? Who can tell?
Or in the utmost reach of naked space,
Where dead stars quiver in the baleful shine

That flickers on the stolid heaven's face?
Or does it lie within this room of mine?
For when I think of Hell these latter days,
I hear the wind go rustling through the pine
Outside my lattice, and the moonlight spilt
In lattices of silver on my quilt.

The dream, you ask? — a foolish thing, and vain,
In sooth, I know not why it frightens me:
Eyes in the darkness . . . faces marred by rain. . . .
Stiff floating bodies, with long hair afloat
Upon the waters; and their sharp white chins
Pointed above the pulsing in the throat. . . .
Some dead men smile. Their dreadful, flaccid grins
Are loose and hideous. They seem to me
Like devils leering at men's secret sins. . . .
Or almost worse, if any worse could be,
They hold their hands out as they sink and die,
In supplication, crying hopelessly,
For help and rescue — hopelessly — and I
Am bound and powerless to ease their pain.
They cry out to me and their desperate cry
Goes shrieking through the arches of my brain.
O God! God! God! what is it I have done?

Nothing at all. This dreaming is a lie.
I must hold fast to that; I know that one
(Who for his ends can quote God's words awry,
And clothe himself in brightness like the sun,
Or as the angels) since he cannot shake
My steadfast righteousness with sin, has come
To move my faith with doubtfulness, and make
My wisest deeds seem those which God forbid,
Murder and frenzy; but I will not quake
Neither deny my faith in what I did.
For as a woodsman in a field must grub
Unwholesome roots and poison-vines to rid

The land of evil, so was I the hub
Of God's great harrow. I dredged out and slew
Those vilest servants of Beelzebub,
The witches.

Sir, what else was there to do?
I was steel-cold and merciless. What then?
God's servants are not soft; the chosen few
Cannot be pitiful like other men.
Lord grant me mercy! I was always weak,
And my whole soul went shudderingly when
I heard those wretched women sob and shriek. —
The devil often urged me on to spur
My horse against the gallows, and to seek
Release for some poor witch. I did not stir.
I prayed to God for strength and I was strong.
I am strong still in Him. How else, good sir,
Do you suppose I have endured so long
The insults of my enemies? the crass
And brutal whispers of the common throng?
The daily burden of that mad young lass
(You know her mother was a witch of fame.)
Who screams out curses at me as I pass,
And calls down maledictions on my name?
Were I not cloaked in perfect righteousness,
I could kneel in the street for very shame,
Kissing the edges of her ragged dress,
Praying her pardon for her mother's death,
And weeping with her in her wild distress. —

But I was right. I could not draw my breath
In falsehood. Tell me, how might I go down
Into the market-place, and stand beneath
The pillory, and cry unto the town,
Confessing sins my nature does not own?
It is too cheap a way to purchase peace.
God may forgive a liar who repents;
Will He absolve a man who seeks release

From sins he does not own, for preference,
For futile power, or the altered gaze
Of foolish people — some small reverence
To cheer the winter of his aging days?
Recant, deny my faith, as some have done,
To buy a little meed of public praise!

How mean is faith that vaunts it in the sun,
But cowers at the shadows and the cold!
My friends fall from me, and my people shun,
My wife is dying; I myself am old. . . .
The more behooves it that the faith in me
Should walk uprightly, neither bought nor sold!
These dreams are evil, and disloyalty,
To my clean faith; the snares of Satan set
To catch one whom he seeth walking free.
I will not be entangled in his net.
"Thou shalt not suffer that a witch should live."
My God has said it. I will not forget.

Why should I pour more water in this sieve
Of empty argument that wastes the night?
It is not yours to judge me, or forgive;
But God's, and those who walk within the light
Of wiser days than mine. Posterity,
Cleanse thou and vindicate me in the sight
Of all mankind! Cry out that I was right!
This foolish generation will not see,
But stands vaingloriously ignorant,
Most fixed in superstition, loving cant,
And certain that to them alone God gives
The highest heaven where all glory lives,
Yet when you bring to day all that is hid,
Chide them not for it, and especially
Forgive them for the wrong they laid on me!
It may be that they knew not what they did.

Fair

JULIA GRANT, '38

OLD MR. GATES—Hosiah Gates—was taking the Jersey heifer down to Vernon to the fair. He was up almost before daybreak shuffling over the planked kitchen floor in his slippers, grumbling to himself and eager to be off at sun-up. He had not been alone to Fair Day for more years than he could count. His son had begun to think him too old, saying that the winter was getting into his bones, and he had always come along bringing Emmy and a crowd of chattering womenfolk. This year Hosiah would get away by himself. He would take Emmy's preserves and put them on the shelves for her, and he would show John's heifer, but he would do it alone. He had cared for the heifer this year, so it was really his and he was proud of her, and a little bit thankful that John would be down at the mills in Utica for another month yet. He was thankful too that that baby had come along just then; it would be noisy when it grew older but he could forgive it for keeping Emmy at home this year. Old Hosiah was as happy as a child and he hummed a cracked little tune under his breath as he boiled his coffee. His movements were stealthy and secret, for he must get on his way before Emmy woke and that baby started its morning song upstairs. He had to hitch up the roan mare too, and, since he was alone, he would take the buggy. She was a bit big for it but she was good in the field, and she had more endurance than a lighter beast. Hosiah was proud of the mare because he had bought her at the fair three years before, a lean bony animal, and John and Emmy had laughed at him, but he had fattened her up and now they were glad to have her. Her harness was tougher to buckle on than he had remembered, and he guessed that John was right when he said the winter was getting into him. He tied Margery, the heifer, onto the back; she was an amiable creature and pretty too. He wished all females could be as peaceable as that, but he knew Emmy, and she made a man lose faith. He must get on his way quickly or she would be calling after him about pills and that herb medicine for his heart. His heart was all right and he had no belief in the stuff she picked up from pedlar people. He felt well now in the summertime, although the sun beat hard on him, and sometimes out in the field his heart felt as if it was running along without him, but the feeling always passed off again.

Hosiah surveyed his job carefully. The mare was restive to start and the heifer behind was placidly nosing the crate of preserve jars in the back of the little buggy. His smile was full of satisfaction as he climbed onto the carpet-covered seat and tilting his rough straw hat-brim over his eyes to keep out the rising sun, he flicked the whip on the roan's rump and they started off, alone and triumphant. He did not know that Emmy had heard him go until a faint murmur of her strident cries floated down to him, as he turned the Knob Hill corner onto the main road to Vernon.

* * * * *

Hosiah Gates was proud of himself as the mare ambled into Vernon and turned the corner by the school house. He felt natty in his tan trousers and dark green cloth coat; he was a smart man for all his years. His hat was just at the right angle and he wore the wine colored tie that his wife had knit him long ago. It was his best, and she had always tied it for him when he went to the Fair as a young farmer. He had learned to do that for himself since she died, and it looked quite well, he thought. His black boots were as shiny as hot tar, just the way he had done them after their last trip to Clinton church on Easter Sunday. The heifer looked well too, although she was hot and her tawny coat was streaked with dark sweat-moist lines, but she still tossed her head carelessly hanging long threads of saliva on the edge of the buggy, like spider webs. He would wash the dust off her hoofs and brush her down before the judges saw her, but she was a fine beast and they could not help but notice her.

The trip had been a nice one, and only once had his heart felt strange. He had put up the buggy roof and in its shade he was cooler for only his knotted, leathery hands stuck out into the sun, almost as tough as the reins they were holding. Little wisps of red and white hair had caught on the whip socket where the mare had switched her tail across restlessly, and he had grown dreamy watching them flutter in the breeze the buggy made, as they trotted along. Now and then he had noticed the country; the rolling hay-fields lay red and broken with the early fall plowing, checkered among those that were still yellow and soft with ripe grain. The apples were doing well this year from the moist spring, and many of the trees were weighted down with red pippins. The Northern Spies were almost ready to pick, and silently Hosiah prayed that the thunderstorms would hold off until they had been gathered in. All the hay had been carried into the lofts by now but still the smell of it and broken clover hung heavily in the air. It seemed warm to him, like July, but he had glimpsed a touch of yellow in the great maple at

the Vernon Center corner and the big striped tabby cat lay sprawled in the sun as if she sensed that soon she would need to seek her warmth on the hearth. Hosiah was glad of the fall, for it was the loveliest season of the year in the upper Oneida County, except for the apple blossom time, even though it did bring winter in its wake. He didn't feel up to another winter, and he would like it to be always spring or fall.

He had heard the noises of the fair grounds long before the roar reached the edge of Vernon; queer sounds, familiar yet always exciting. He felt as if this might be the last fair he would go to alone. He could not count on Emmy to be laid up next September, and John would be back from the mill working on the farm, and he could not even be too sure of himself with another winter coming. He was going to make the best of it. He touched his hat to the old gateman; that quaint figure had been there taking tickets for nearly forty years. Hosiah smiled to see him so bent and hobbling, and wondered if he would be like that in another decade, but that was too long a time to think about.

* * * * *

Hosiah had tied up the mare in the dusty field behind the cattle stalls. He had brushed Margery and polished her hoofs and left her dreamily munching her hay. Emmy's preserves were all on their shelves and he had four hours to see the fair before Margery's showing. He was happy as he wandered through the confusion of candy stalls, fortune tellers, shooting galleries, and booths full of prizes. He would have to take a present home to Emmy and the baby, and to John. The noon sun beat down hotly on the crowds of people, making the motley colors of their clothes brighter than ever. They were strong primitive colors and above them faces were red or ruddy-brown, shining with heat, some smooth and downed like peach skins, some creased like old winter apples. Queer voices broke the regular throb of sound; high-pitched childish voices begging for sweets and toys, deep men's voices rumbling about the crops and weather, strident women's voices calling lost children, laughing, arguing, and admiring, and above all these rang the arrogant, impelling tale of a sideshow barker, selling, from his painted platform, the sight of a Five Legged Calf to the pushing mob at his feet. Somewhere far off the mechanical music of the carousel beat monotonously through the confusion. Dust was kicked by the pressing feet, and clouded the air; Hosiah's shined boots were covered with it, and it clung in his tawny trousers, invisible but heavy. He had had to hold his straw hat in his hand, for twice jerking arms had knocked it off, and now the sun felt oppressive on his almost bald

head. He was swept on by the people that seemed so many in so small a town. He almost wished for Emmy and her decisive sharp elbows to push a way for him. He had tried the shooting gallery but his hand had shaken a little, and his eye was not as clear as he had thought. The Five Legged Calf was forlorn, and he felt sorry for it standing there twitching miserably in the swarms of flies. He must still buy the presents to take home, but they could wait until evening after he had shown Margery. He must get back to her and give her a last brush before the show time, but the crowd seemed to be pressing against him. His heart was beginning to race away from him, and he knew it was the sun; he should put on his hat, but his hand hung heavy and lifeless. He could no longer feel his heart; it seemed to be a part of the throbbing fair, and he moved mechanically with no sensation of going anywhere. He would be all right in the shade of Margery's stall. He would brush her carefully and she would be sure to win her ribbon. Suddenly he felt cold and light; he no longer wished for Emmy. He could go on alone; the pushing seemed to have stopped and he was moving smoothly and lightly. It seemed to be almost evening for it was growing darker. He would have to hurry or he would be too late for Margery. The voices of the crowd were dulled and mingled into a monotone, only the demanding call of the barker rang through the steady drone, accompanied lifelessly by the musical machine at the heart of the carousel. Hosiah's heart raced on, leaving him alone at the fair.

* * * * *

A day later a procession of wagons and buggies wound out of the fair-grounds. A nip of fall was in the air, and women wrapped warm shawls around their bright dresses. Children ran along beside the carts to keep the blood circling in their veins and the men, irritable with the new cold, snapped the long buggy whips over the rumps of their animals. The groan of the wheels kept in tune with the dull rhythmic plod of cattle hoofs on the beaten road, but the loud voices were stilled and the people thoughtful. Their minds were filled with memories of the winnings and failures of the past two days, but they kept their silence more for the little buggy that had been driven from the fair-grounds early that morning, and the gaunt young man, still pale from his long summer in the Utica Mills, who sat on the carpet-covered seat. The roan mare had still trotted on in the shafts, and the Jersey heifer ambled behind, tossing her head lazily, both unaware of the burden they carried home.

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THE LANTERN

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Editorial

THE background and framework of the mental processes of our age is a lack of belief,—the acceptance of an ultimate question mark. Our ancestors, if they did not believe that the question would be answered in this life, extended the existence of an answer into the next. They expressed this answer in terms of the concrete satisfactions of virtue and beauty which they knew, and at the same time recognized it as the unexperienced perfection of what they knew. Content with giving a locus to the solution, they based their action and opinions on the fact that the solution must exist. The nature of the world prevents us, as it did them, from believing that we will find anything here, and we have cut off the possibilities of the after-life by denying its existence.

Because we have limited our identity to this world, we feel a greater disappointment in its triviality. Our concern must be the relations of the human being to visible things, either to other human beings or to nature. Politics and science,—inquiries into a tangible and common world, lack the imaginative intensity of religion, whose goal, because it is outside the empirical world, is secure from the worldliness of human whim. The materials with which we

must work constantly call our attention to the fact that they are unable to solve the problems, of which they are the tools, and we cannot, therefore, hope for their ability to solve those outside their own sphere.

We are constantly called upon, however, to express opinions about these forces, because their inseparability from society eventually involves the individual. The problem of decision is the more difficult, because there is no stable standard against which their worth can be measured. Decision in terms of his own wants is possible only for the individual whose wants have become simplified by circumstance to physical needs. The intellectual, because the immediate focus of his mind need not be on his own well-being,—because action for him is a future fulfillment of present theorizing, finds it more difficult to marshal his opinions in terms of action. Because he finds emptiness where he should have principles that would influence all his actions, he is fearful of any action. He distrusts action when it is motivated by the fanatic devotion of religion and he dislikes it because it is an outward commitment,—a static symbol of an opinion in which he sees faults and fluctuations. He is thrown into an unhappy

isolation, at once refusing to involve himself in action that does not embody all his doubts, and recognizing the ineffectiveness of his beliefs without the concreteness of reality.

The only value of such an isolation is the perspective it gives to inquiry. We, however, have already rejected the alternatives which we should be questioning. This rejection,—an attempt to justify isolation, is a destruction of little things. We criticize and reject the superficial and visible elements of the things we are judging and discard the whole because of dislike for the parts. The reactionary critic rejects the whole of modern poetry because it is obscure, without attempting either to penetrate the obscurity or to ask whether it does not express something that cannot be said simply. The Communist discards democracy as a system, because under it, capitalist exploitation has taken place. The business man denies the labor movement any worth, because his personal profits are endangered by its activity, not realizing that to suppress the labor movement will eventually bring a crisis that will destroy his whole business. The liberal declares that working for peace is futile because a peace meeting has proved vague and ineffective. We ac-

cept our first personal and whimsical impressions and devote ourselves to rationalizing these impressions into reasons, unconscious of the necessity to question the impression.

It is obvious that the whole cannot be known completely in these things. To reject it for surface flaws, however, is an indication of fear, either of mental exertion or of gaining an opinion that demands action. The whole must be given due consideration and it must be questioned in its own terms, not in those that apply to other things. Modern poetry cannot be criticized only in the terms of the poetry of the past, for its purpose is different. The only standard that could apply to different things would be one that was so inclusive that it applied to all things.

The emotional element cannot, of course, be utterly removed from decision and it is often the final motivation that changes a judgment into an opinion. The mind, however, must ring the changes on the heart. It must question the relation of the individual to the whole purpose and nature of any movement as well as to the whole itself. Only when the whole of a movement or force has proved basically faulty is isolation justified. Until then it is inexpressive and sterile.

The Craftsmanship of Henry James in "The Golden Bowl"

MARY KATE WHEELER,⁴⁰

"THE GOLDEN BOWL" by Henry James is extraordinary because of the manner in which James approaches his subject. The plot of the book and the characters themselves are revealed through mind analysis. By depicting what a character thinks and feels about himself and also by showing what this character feels about his relation to what other people think and feel, James tells the story of Maggie and Mr. Verver's connection with Charlotte Stant and the Prince. The plot is subordinated to the workings of the characters' minds and the way they reach their inevitable judgments, inevitable because, as the book unfolds, James shows which attitude the character will take before he or she actually assumes it. The very first words in the book concern a state of mind. They are about a feeling that the Prince has toward the city of London. The nature of that state of mind is not as important to the reader as the fact that the Prince does have a state of mind. The reader's interest in the book is to watch the evolution of mental attitudes. These attitudes concern the importance that the characters attach to the significant meaning in the details of other's lives and show in the way the characters correlate that which they have deduced from these details.

The plot moves forward by cycles. The subject or character understands the full meaning of another person's deeds. This understanding stimulates his thoughts and thus directs his own action. His action makes the other person concerned change his attitude, which attitude again offers itself for consideration by the subject. At the basis of these cycles is the idea of intuitive relationships. One person is concerned with finding the essence of another so to be able to act agreeably and harmoniously on him. Because the Prince and Charlotte were successful in doing this they were able to deceive Maggie and Mr. Verver. James' characters form their feelings on such relationships into thoughts. These concern subtle qualities, such as that of the Prince wishing to catch the "tone" which Charlotte will set on their first meeting after his engagement, so that they rather lie within the field of perception unaccompanied by deliberate reasoning. When Maggie feels something is wrong between the couples of Portland Place and Eaton Square she shifts their

relationships to find out what is the matter. She has no specific knowledge at first. To gain her ends she acts on what she thinks the others are thinking. Her conduct is regulated by instinctive perception, which James indicates by thoughts.

The characters are formed into distinct personalities by what they show of themselves through their contemplations. The fact that Mr. Verver thinks of Maggie as a statue, "a slight, slim-draped antique . . . set in motion by the miraculous infusion of a modern impulse," gives a basic part of his character: that he attaches values to other people's relations to him just as he would estimate the quality of an ancient vase before buying it.

James' style emanates from his method of approach toward the plot and characters of the book. His writing reflects the characters' manner of thinking. He inserts long deviations from the actual situation of the moment in which he reveals subject matter unrelated to the immediate circumstance, except as it concerns the person which is being presented to the reader. James is careful to have his digressions develop out of the situation. He carries the mind of the Prince from gazing into shop windows over many occurrences of his past, even to the details of a conversation with his wife and his observations about it. Throughout the ruminating of the Prince's mind, as throughout the whole book, James exercises strict control over the many deviations he introduces. As a man can think comprehensively, that is, think about a thing with other observations in mind, so James writes comprehensively. By digressions James draws out what is in the back of the Prince's mind. Each of his thoughts reveals the past upon which the present is built, and it influences his future. James constructs a mind fabric for the Prince, as he does for the other characters. Also each of the thoughts show the character of the Prince. To connect them with the present James brings these ruminations to a close with a comparison to shop windows, the same subject that is a point of departure for the Prince. These studied transitions are consistent with transitions of thought.

Because James makes excursions into a man's thoughts, time in his novel does not march directly forward in logical sequences. His characters' minds may wander from the present to the past to the future to the past again. In this, his writing parallels the way of thought, which is not bound by time to the present as action is. By consistency in clear and plausible transitions he correlates the divergences in the time element of his book. Yet his transitions are not transitions alone. They are constructive toward his thought building. Where a transition might have no purpose, except as a transition, he eliminates it. He takes Mr. Verver from meditation in his garden to Brighton

with Charlotte without a word of explanation for the lapse of space or time. Such elimination of all irrelevant details, as how they got to Brighton or how soon they went after his period alone in the garden, builds up toward the illusion of mind that James creates. He only presents the occasions which Mr. Verver would remember as important in this phase of his life.

Since the subject matter in the book is understood always through the mind of one character, this character serves as a focal point about which the rest of the book revolves. Anything that is presented has to effect the character's mind and once it is said it is always a factor which can be reconsidered at the person's will. The first half of the book is understood through the minds of the Prince and Mr. Verver. Maggie is the center of the last volume. Through her observations the reader perceives many different facts about the people around her. These facts she juggles in her mind until she attaches the proper significance to each. The book completes itself when she is sure of the meaning and the real relationships of the elements in her life. Her final achievement is knowing by unmistakable signs the Prince's devotion to herself.

James portrays another kind of mental analysis than that demonstrated by Maggie's deliberate reasoning. The reader is conscious of a quality of awareness in the characters' minds. This kind of awareness comes when one's knowledge of something becomes so illuminating that the restrictions of words are not needed to express it. The knowledge that it brings can be acted upon without one's consciously stating in so many words why he is exerting himself. Ordinarily it would not be defined by the subject unless he needs to balance it against other knowledge to reach definite conclusions, as Maggie did. James has to put these mind impressions into words formulated by the character himself, but he gives, through reasoning thought, this awareness by discussing extremely subtle relationships. In a more direct way it is transmitted to the reader by his style.

The descriptions in the book penetrate to the essence of the object described. They are not presented to impress one's vision, but to impress one's whole mind. The reader understands through them how one might feel about the object without having to deliberate on it. Maggie "supremely believed in the majestic value of the nurse, whose experience was in itself the amplest of pillows, just as her attention was a spreading canopy from which precedent and reminiscence dropped as thickly as parted curtains . . ." Through this brief description the reader perceives the essential quality of the nurse. It has a wealth of suggestion in it, which the reader may or may not develop according to his imagination. James' metaphors have this character-

istic of giving an impression or setting a tone which one of the characters feels and which the reader should also feel. They form pictures which ameliorate the thoughts expressed before them and penetrate into the inarticulated perceptions of the character. James also hints that the character's thoughts are not always products of conscious reasoning. He may insert a phrase such as, "had he analyzed it," in the ruminations of a character. This points to the fact that the character knows what James sets forth in analysis but he has not cared to figure it out himself.

The moving force of the book is smooth and quiet. It has no sharp climaxes, no unexpected twists of the plot. The swinging rhythm of time underlies the consistent flow of the book. James could be said to use time in layers. The present time is always the starting point, that is, the actual hour in which thinking or conversation takes place. The character may think about something as having already happened but about which the reader is not yet acquainted. The first layer is the hour in which the man thinks. He thinks into the past, a second layer, which is the future to the reader, a third layer. Because of such juggling of time there are no surprises in the book. The action is forewarned by conversation. James turns the reader's mind into the direction of the coming events in the book by giving a foretaste of the conversation to him, the reader, through picturing the conversation as remembered by the participant. The characters, because of their intuitive sense for their real relationships with each other, have premonitions of what will happen next. An obvious example of this is the fact that the Prince knew of some impending danger when he did not return home until late on the day that Maggie found the significance of the golden bowl.

James' manner of reflecting his subject through his style can also be observed in the even tenor of his book. His principal characters would seem, to ordinary eyes, to be living a well-ordered, harmonious life, acceptable to every one concerned. The reader feels this same tranquillity in the construction of the book. By complete analysis James has so placed the different facts he introduces that they give an impression of harmony, even though they cause sharp anguish to the characters concerned.

All the principal threads of the plot and characters are introduced in the first chapter. The rest of the novel is a further development of these ideas. In this one chapter James refers to the principal theme of the book several times. It is found, for instance, in Maggie's words to the Prince about his finding out all there is to find out about her and her father. It is also seen when the Prince thinks of the fortunate circumstances of his marriage and wonders if

his security—"would mean but that, practically, he was never to be tried or tested?" The novel builds toward the Prince's "finding out" about Maggie and how he bears "the test" that is put upon him, the test of Maggie's knowing of his duplicity to her.

The division of the book into chapters is directed toward a smooth flowing development of the ideas. In one chapter James will set the scene, give thoughts to build it up and start the conversation in the right direction. In the next one he will complete the thoughts and feelings of the characters by giving them expression in words or action.

The structure of the book is erected after the fashion of well-running cog-wheels. James traces the reverberations of every idea that he introduces as they are transmitted from one phase of the book to another until they come back with a new interpretation to the character that originally launched them. He is able to do this by his contrary use of time, which his transitions intimately connect with his exhaustive study of character. Let us take, for instance, the Prince's idea of what Maggie is, which is really no more than his attitude toward her. The reader sees it in the first volume through him directly. He gives it to Maggie, she remolds it lightly by her "value" and gives it back to him. It is a gentle transmission of awareness from each to each. In the second volume the reader sees the Prince's attitude toward Maggie through Maggie herself. The communication concerning this grows in intensity. It is earnestly changed but the intrinsic value of Maggie is kept. The Prince dimly felt her value at first but he did not realize its full worth. He rather stood off from it, building a wall between it and himself by his affair with Charlotte.

"The Golden Bowl," in its structure and its thought import is an entity. James not only entirely disposes of a whole phase in his characters' lives but he assigns every idea he introduces to a definite place in the final rearrangement of their relationships. His carefulness to do so and his full treatment of such ideas may be exaggerated, but this exaggeration seems a necessity to make the completeness convincing. It is needed because he presents aspects of people or their relationships that are not ordinarily obvious to the casual observer. Furthermore, he shows the contents of the book to the reader always through one character's mind. That character must reinterpret what has actually happened to himself, and thus, when it has been reinterpreted by the reader again the points will by reason of double interpretation, come out in relief. James intends that these points be exaggerated. By no means does he give the slightest leeway for misinterpretation.

James comes close to reality through his style and subject matter by repro-

ducing an experience of every man. A man must understand the world through himself and James always exposes his story through one person. He does not let his characters be recognized for their face values. He penetrates to the essence of what they are. Having reached the intrinsic reality of the characters, he shows the undercurrent of their relationships and catches the rhythm of their lives. Every man has known at some time or other a feeling of as deep an understanding of himself as James' characters experience. The book explains us to ourselves in analyzing this experience and it promotes a fuller understanding of the personal forces in the world.

Metaphysical Poem

EDITH ROSE, '37

One in Spring is rarified,
Purged complete of growth and passion.
Two in Spring are unified
Into Summer's large fruition,

Where emotion takes a shape.
The golden Sun precipitates
Into coin forged in heat
That hardens as it satiates.

But the single youth untouched,
Limned in clean, cold air and sea,
Still is young at Autumn's ebb
As the Everlasting Tree.

Thin he grows, but strong as glass:
Vial to hold the Winter Sun,
Dissect its rays upon the grass,
Create the many from the one.

And on the vegetable paint
The iridescence of the soul:
The spirit's breath that served to taint
The long-interred Egyptian bowl.

Ich Hat' Ein'n Kameraden

ELLEN MATTESON, '40

I DON'T know where he is now. At Easter, when I asked at the flying field, they said he had been gone since February. I asked Franz Lerse, the head mechanic, what he could tell me about his former apprentice, Joachim Hirt. He told me all he could.

In his last week at the field, particularly the morning he left, Joachim had been frightfully stirred up. His face was red and he was grumbling and swearing. Franz noticed that he wore a bandage on the old scar on his right arm and kept running his fingers nervously over it, getting it dark with grease. He hadn't inquired, however, since the whole shop knew the scar's history thoroughly. Joachim was complaining that his girl, Ilse, hadn't seen him for a month, had been seeing only the new blond aviator.

In the middle of the morning Joachim had suddenly come up to old Franz, holding out his bandaged arm and pointing at it with his monkey-wrench.

"Do you know what happened to my arm?" he had asked in a hoarse whisper.

Franz had said that he did.

"Oh, but you can't. It is the most

terrible thing. The doctor says I am taking it very bravely. I almost lost the use of my arm!" Someone had interrupted him with an oath, telling him to be quiet, they knew all about it. Then Joachim had stood still, breathing noisily, with his eyes, that used to be so cold, filling with tears.

"Why," he had cried, astonished, "you don't care! It means nothing to you that your fellow worker, your comrade, has almost lost his arm! You have no feeling, no sensitivity for a fellow creature's suffering!" He began to shriek hysterically. "Ilse doesn't care either, nor does that aviator. He doesn't know what it is to suffer!"

He had then made a dash, with his monkey-wrench upraised, towards that aviator's light scouting plane; it happened to be standing near, in the door of the hangar. Franz had grabbed him before he did any harm, and Joachim suddenly collapsed in his arms, weeping like a little boy. Then Joachim had gone off to change back into his suit, walking with his nose in the air, looking, Franz said, ridiculously like a girl who is pretending to be insulted.

The secretary said he came into the office to report that he was leav-

ing. He threw down his pay envelope in a rage, crying that he wouldn't accept anything from people to whom it was nothing whether he lived or died. He wanted to hand back all his past pay too, but, since on emptying his pockets all he had found was a bolt and a couple of washers, he picked up the envelope surreptitiously and went out. But he slammed the outside door. No one at the shop had heard of him since.

Funny, that a year before, when we were together in the Arbeitsdienst, he could have been so different. He was a very attractive fellow, looked like the golden boys on the travel posters that bring the American girls in crowds to Germany, hoping to find us all like that. He was a star athlete and very intolerant of all who were not as strong as he. If he had ever been able to win an inter-camp championship he would have been unbearable. I, as his old schoolmate, was exempt from his bullying, and since he was the swimming champion of our division in the Arbeitsdienst, with fourth place in the Landkreis contest, the others endured him and kept out of his way most of the time.

The day Joachim got hurt, two weeks before our service was ended, we were cleaning our boots after lunch, and talking about Hänschen Mauer. Hänschen had cut his foot with an axe, slicing his middle toe

clean off, and the cry he gave we heard all over the hillside. He kept shrieking hysterically while they carried him down to the first aid station, and the boys in the barracks next to it said he moaned off and on all night, like a swamp full of frogs, or a gasoline pumping engine. Joachim was disgusted, really shocked.

"One would think the donkey had never been hurt before," he said. "Crying like a girl, worse rather. My sister didn't cry so when I tied her up to the clothes-hook with her braids."

When I reminded him that Hänschen was already one of the most promising poets of the Third Reich, for I always spoke for the opposition no matter what I thought, Joachim snorted and went on polishing his boot, looking at it, down his Praxitelean nose, with as much scorn as if it were Hänschen. I started to ask whether it weren't just possible that he, Joachim, had never been hurt enough to know what it was like. But I remembered that he had skied most of his five kilometers in the winter marathon with his collarbone broken, so I went on polishing my boot.

That afternoon a falling branch hit his arm as he was chopping brush on the new roadway, and a fresh-trimmed fork drove into his forearm. He went over to the captain of his division to ask to be al-

lowed to return to camp to get a dressing. Then, taking his axe, he walked over to the dispensary. Passing us where we were hauling out stumps, he moved impatiently away from the curious crowd, saying it was nothing. I asked what had happened, since from where I sat on the tractor I hadn't seen. Young Ulrich told me in horror that Joachim's arm was practically torn off, and that he was pumping blood like a fire hydrant.

We were to be through with our service in two weeks anyway, so the camp doctor sent Joachim back home to Hildesheim immediately, since he would be unable to work for a month. A crowd of us went with him to the evening train. Some of them were speaking to him for the first time, I believe.

They all were saying, "Ach, what a shame. . . . The hand will not be good for a month. . . . Schade. . . . Does it not give you pain?"

Joachim was embarrassed by their attention. "Schweigt," he said to them, and turned to walk down the platform with me. "Lieber Gott! Will they have no end to their talk? Has no one ever cut himself before that they are so excited? It does not hurt enough to kill me, and I will be sound again in a week, so why all this noise? I am no fearful Händschen!"

He climbed aboard the train and sat on the side away from the plat-

form for fear we would speak to him through the window about his arm.

I only saw him for an afternoon after I got home from the camp. The courses at the University began right after Easter so I had to go at once. Frau Hirt let me into their apartment crying.

"Ach. How beautiful that you come to visit my poor sick boy."

"Is he sick?" I asked, surprised.

"Alas, it goes not so well with him. His unfortunate arm hurts him, and gives him fever. But come into the living-room. There he sits."

Joachim was in the big chair by the window with an afghan, embroidered in cerise with roses, over his knees. Ilse was feeding him raspberry juice with a spoon. The doctor was bandaging his arm. Elspeth, the sister with the braids, was combing his hair, and the other sister was hovering around looking vainly for something more to do for him. I almost burst out laughing.

"The dear arm," I said to tease him, "does it give you such pain?"

I thought he looked a little sheepish at being found in such a pampered state, but instead of telling me to hold my tongue he answered in detail about the number of nights it had kept him awake with its throbbing. The family looked solemn and nodded as he spoke.

"Ach, it was not that kept you from sleep, I'll warrant," said I, trying to be merry in my astonishment.

"You were thinking of your pretty Ilse here."

There was a silence. Then Joachim went on to tell me that if the branch had driven just three millimeters deeper it would have paralyzed the first three fingers of his right hand. As it was, the backs of these fingers would be quite numb to feeling, although he would be able to use them as well as ever. He said that the doctor had told him he was taking it beautifully.

"Ja, ja," said the doctor, bowing.

"Taking what?" I said. Joachim started all over again to tell me what might have happened. He couldn't make a trip with me to Eschershausen on his bicycle to look for the first wild flowers because he didn't feel well enough.

I left, then, promising to bring Frau Hirt some flowers if I found any.

"Oh," I called, as I went out into the hall, "Hänschen has a position in the Bureau of Education and Enlightenment."

Joachim didn't answer.

Summer vacation began in the end of July. I asked Joachim to bring Ilse to play tennis with Lotte and me at the club one evening.

"Gladly," he said. "It is all right for my arm to play tennis."

As soon as he saw Lotte he said, "Hello. Do you know that I can play tennis with my arm?"

"How terrible!" Lotte exclaimed.

"We play with our feet."

I was the only one who laughed.

Joachim rolled up his shirt sleeves and we started to play. The scar was quite dramatic, like a red worm against the sun-tan. We played until dusk, and when he and Ilse had beaten us thoroughly we went on to the ice cream parlour. Joachim led us to a table near the center and sat with his sleeve still rolled up. A lady with a Berlin accent looked at the scar and remarked to her daughter: "The poor man. It must have hurt terribly."

Joachim turned around happily and said to her, "Ah, gnadige Frau, it did. I almost lost the use of my hand, but I did not cry out once!"

"Oh," said the lady.

Later, when I bicycled with Lotte, she told me that Joachim had done that several times before. Most of the girls in town had stopped showing sympathy, even though he was so beautiful a youth.

"Is he working yet?" I asked.

"Yes, he is apprentice mechanic at the flying field. He uses his hand perfectly well. They say he is very good."

I saw him again at Christmas time. He was at a party at the Kaffeegarten, looking like an N.S.D.A.P. poster in his black S.S. uniform. But he had unbuttoned the right cuff and pushed it up so he could stroke the scar. It was now pale in color, shiny

like a snail's track, and wrinkled. Ilse sat next to him, talking to a blue-uniformed aviator who sat on the corner of the table. Joachim poked her with his elbow.

"See," he said. "It still gets red when I poke it."

"Oh," she said, and turned back to the aviator. Joachim looked at her reproachfully as though he had expected her to have greater aesthetic appreciation and went on playing with the scar.

Then I came up to him from where I had been standing.

"Hello," he said. "See the scar."

"Look here, Joachim," I said in a fierce undertone. "You can't do that in public. Nobody's interested

in your old scar. Come over here with me. I want to ask you something."

"I will not. You don't care about me at all. Do you know that I almost lost my arm! The doctor said . . ."

"Shut up," I snapped, still being brutal. "Do you want to enter the ski race down the Brocken or not?"

"I'd have to ask Mother. I'm not very strong and it might not be good for me."

Since I was unable to answer he walked off without saying good-bye, and went back to his table, still nursing his arm.

That was the last I saw of him.

Night Piece—A Dramatic Encounter

ANNE LEIGH GOODMAN, '38

Characters:

Howard Carleton

Betty Carleton, his wife

Nick Borody

Time:

The present—12:45 A. M.

Scene:

(Howard Carleton's study in his home in a country suburb of New York. Center back is a large window with a balcony outside. Left is a door. Right center an oblong table with a number of books and papers and an

open brief case on it. There is a standing lamp beside it. Right and left back, on either side of the window, is a book case filled with books including a complete set of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

As the curtain rises, **Howard Carleton** is discovered working at his table with an ash tray full of half-smoked cigarettes beside him. The package and his lighter are lying in the center of the table. He is a large, powerful, rather distinguished looking man of

forty-five wearing a dark blue dressing gown. The only light in the room comes from the lamp by his table. He is apparently working very hard, for he keeps thumbing through the books and papers, pausing now and then to take down notes and to push his hair back from his forehead in a characteristic gesture. He curses under his breath from time to time. A timid knock is heard.)

Carleton

(looking up)

Damn.

(The knock is repeated.)

Carleton

What the hell do you want?

(The door opens and **Betty Carleton**, a pleasant-looking woman of forty in a dressing gown, enters carrying a tray with a cup of coffee and a sandwich, enters.)

Carleton

How many times have I told you that I cannot be disturbed?

Betty

I'm sorry, dear. I brought you something to eat. You had so little dinner—

Carleton

Hmph. Thanks. (She puts the tray on the table.)

Betty

How is it coming?

Carleton

(furious)

Will you stop asking me that. I don't know I tell you. I don't know.

Betty

I do hope this case is over soon. It's making you so tired and nervous.

Carleton

(irritably)

Lawyers should expect to be tired.

Betty

(thoughtfully)

Don't you ever wonder, in the middle of a case like this, whether you're really right or not?

Carleton

No, never. Will you please let me work.

Betty

I'm sorry. Good night, dear.

Carleton

(tersely)

'Night.

(Exit **Betty** left. **Carleton** puts the tray on the floor under the table, mutters something unintelligible and begins working again. A shadow passes across the window, after a minute the form of a man is silhouetted against it, then he enters. He is a small, thin man with a queer, sharp face, bare-headed, wearing an unpressed blue suit. His left hand is in his pocket. He has entered so quietly that **Carleton** has not heard him.)

Man

(in a faintly amused voice)

'Evening, Mr. Carleton.

(**Carleton** starts violently, gasps, swings around. **Man** bows slightly.)

Carleton

(choked)

Who the devil are you?

Man

Don't you remember me?

Carleton

(regaining control)

No—how the deuce did you get here
—and why?

Man

I tried to make it earlier but I
couldn't. Then I thought it was a
little late for a call, but I saw your
light so I came up that way (nod-
ding to window) so's not to disturb
anyone, you understand.

Carleton

What do you want? (The **Man** does
not reply.) Will you get out?

(The **Man** shakes his head.)

Carleton

(trying to cover his discomfort
with anger)

Do you realize that you're house-
breaking? You could be arrested for
that. Now get out before I call some
one.

Man

(suddenly pulling his hand out of his
pocket revealing a pistol)

No.

Carleton

(looking at his hand, startled)

His left hand! (looks up at his face
again). Good God—Nick Borody.

Nick

Yeah. (He goes over to the table
leaning against it and still covering
Carleton with his pistol.)

Carleton

(shrinking back)

What do you want?

Nick

(still in easy, amused tone)

To talk to you.

Carleton

But your gun—

Nick

Maybe that's in case you shouldn't
want to talk to me.

Carleton

I'll talk to you. I won't call anyone.
Put it away.

Nick

(quickly, almost like a snarl)

No.

Carleton

(starting nervously)

But you said—

Nick

(his voice is sharp and strained now)
I said maybe.

(**Carleton** draws back and stares
fixedly at the gun, finally he forces
his attention away and looks at **Nick**
who has not moved.)

Carleton

When did you—get out, Nick?

Nick

Yesterday.

Carleton

You came here—very quickly.

Nick

Sure. I been thinking of it.

Carleton

(desperately uncomfortable)

Oh (he reaches out to take a cigarette).

Nick

(making sudden movement with gun, in same snarling tone)

No.

Carleton

(quickly withdrawing his hand)
I only wanted a cigarette.

Nick

You don't need none. (He reaches out and feels for package and lighter keeping his eyes on **Carleton**. He pulls out a cigarette and lights it.)

Nick

(with a return to his half amused tone)
Handy little inventions these. (He glances at lighter for just a second, puts it down.)

Carleton

What are you going to do?

Nick

(his eyes narrowing)
Kill you, maybe.

Carleton

(studying **Nick's** face for a moment, terrified)
Christ, no—no, Nick—you can't.

Nick

Why not?

Carleton

(struggling to find an answer)
It—it'd be manslaughter.

Nick

I been to the pen once for that (significantly). Remember?

Carleton

Yes, but you—you were guilty.

Nick

(leaning forward)

Yeah?

Carleton

You pleaded guilty, Nick—you know you did—you should have had a longer term (almost hysterically as he stares at the gun)—you pleaded guilty.

Nick

(crushing out his cigarette)
Sure—so would you've when they got through with you.

(Suddenly he slides along the table towards **Carleton** and sticks the gun in his chest.)

Nick

(snarling)

O. K. Tell me—it was in a riot—wasn't it?

(**Carleton** licks his lips nervously. Nods, staring at gun.)

You didn't give a damn who did the shooting, did you? All you wanted was a guy to pin it on and you nabbed me because you could spot my left hand—cleaning up the city for society and to hell with them that swing for it. Am I right?

(He digs the gun into **Carleton's** chest.)

Carleton

(with a gasp)

Yes.

(**Nick** pulls the gun away and

slides along the table to his former position.)

Nick

O. K. You've confessed.

(**Carleton** obviously ashamed of himself sits shrunk in his chair staring ahead. Finally he wipes his head with his hand and sits up.)

Carleton

For God's sake, Nick, will you give me a cigarette?

Nick

No.

(He levels the gun.)

Carleton

You aren't going to shoot me?—You can't—do you hear—you can't shoot me—you'd be mad. They'd catch you and this time you would swing surely—swing, Nick (trying to gain assurance from the words) they'd hear the shot and come in before you could get away.

Nick

(grinning as he glances at the pistol) This baby's got a silencer.

Carleton

(desperately)

They'd find your finger prints.

Nick

Don't know as I've left any (picking up the lighter), I'll take this—

Carleton

(watching the gun almost as if fascinated)

Don't kill me, Nick—listen I admit I did wrong to you, but we have to—don't kill me.

Nick

(considering him and dropping the lighter)

Would you write that down?

Carleton

What? (realizing the significance.) No—no, I couldn't do that. It would ruin my life if they found it out, my whole life.

Nick

(moving the gun slightly)

Won't this ruin your life too? (As

Carleton is silent) Well?

Carleton

(despising himself but helpless in his terror)

I'll do it. (He reaches for a sheet of paper.)

Nick

(sharply)

Wait. (He hands him a sheet.) Go ahead now. You know what to say—the regular stuff—

(**Carleton** looks at him but his face is set. He forces himself to write.)

Carleton

(handing him the sheet, furiously)

There, is that all right?

(**Nick** reads it, repeatedly looking from the paper to **Carleton** and keeping him covered with the gun.)

Nick

Sure, it'll do (he folds it clumsily with one hand and puts it in his pocket and slides off the table).

Carleton

What are you going to do with that paper?

(**Nick** stops, looks at him and grins.)

Nick

That depends. I'm not exactly aiming to make trouble. I've had enough of that and blackmail's a filthy racket. I just like guys like you to realize everything isn't quite as straight as you'd like to make people believe, or quite as certain either.

Carleton

Did you come here to get that paper?

Nick

(slowly)

No. I came here to break you down. After the way you acted in court two

years ago I kind of thought you ought to know how it felt. If I'd come two years ago I might've shot you, but you get cooled down on most things (he glances at the table where the papers are spread out). Working on another case eh? You might think this over anyway—think it over.

(He exits through the window.

Carleton sits motionless, staring after him. Then he reaches in his pocket and takes out a handkerchief to mop his head. Slowly he gets up and goes over to pick up his cigarettes and lighter. Holding them he turns to the window.)

Curtain.

JEAN LAMSON, '37

Strange blinded eyes hearts
Bound to wisdom
Wisdom of words that argue and shrink
To immobility the mobile.
Materialization. Lives centuries writhing twist
Life tormented souls into achievement
Of the non-existent.
Canvas itself material brute pigment camel's hair
Without life beget threads binding object to object
A motionless thing not of earth not of spirit
But of deepness of sorrow of wonder, nay——
Death cannot do this
Only the living.

Else I would use my eyes . . .

Material procreation lying offspring of theory
Categorical defiance solidified to laughter
Deafens material ears.
Paralytic betrayal of a truth man-given
Intrusion not of God
To God impossible.
More secret more vital the self to earth giving
Of matter to matter . . . not for nature
The power to wrest from her children
This secret of life.
Chrystallized adamant this I have done
Forever eternally shielded from words
The whole of my being both subject and object
Life contradicted.
Inarticulate knowledge all else without meaning
No tongue can express nor body endure
Without wings without mind
This materialization.

The Tempest and Faerie Queene

ELIZABETH BINGAY, '37

A COMPARISON of two such great and such unlike poets as Shakespeare and Spenser promises, at first thought, to consist more of contrast rather than of affinity. Initial dissimilarity of purpose and treatment eclipses the correspondences which really do exist. The fact that Shakespeare and Spenser derive much of their subject matter from a community of tradition leads to many specific resemblances. The fact that both authors were concerned with understanding and portraying human nature makes their writings more generally comparable and furthermore gives a significance to the consideration of their differences as well as their similarities.

In **The Faerie Queene** Spenser decided that the ideal human being should be, what virtues and qualities he should possess. He then divided this one man into his component characteristics and made each into a whole person. Many ideas, concepts and abstractions that are present in the mind of man he also personified. The result was a multitude of single-charactered figures.

In **The Tempest**, on the other hand, Shakespeare followed the opposite procedure. He assembled all the various characteristics found in human beings and combined them in the persons of only a few individuals. He built up his *dramatis personae* by interrelating and uniting many different traits.

Since Spenser's characters represent single qualities, they are of necessity all different and, theoretically, all independent. They meet and exist side by side. Saint George, Knight of Holiness, loves Una, who is Truth; and, for all apparent motivation resulting from character, he might just as readily love Alma, the Soul; but he would not love Abessa, who is Superstition. Shakespeare's *dramatis personae* have a complexity of personality which causes them to react in more intricate ways. Miranda, for example, ought to distrust Ferdinand, because, as an obedient daughter, she should have heeded her father's disparagements; however, she is also a young girl who has just reached the moment when inner emotional potentialities demand external realization; the latter tendency, overpowering the former, causes her to fall in love with Ferdinand. Even this description of Miranda is blatantly oversimplified, since many more forces are operant which inhibit or actuate but finally bring about her love for Ferdinand.

Shakespeare, then, gathers up and fits together numerous traits within

each character, and the characters themselves within one dramatic situation. He strives toward condensation. Spenser creates more and more characters, which have little dramatic relation. He likes to spread out the content of his poem, by extending and, at the same time, simplifying.

These general tendencies of the two poets may be seen in more concrete and specific manifestations. Shakespeare wrote about an island, which had a definitely limited circuit and which, bounded by the sea, was cut off from the larger world. Spenser wrote about fairyland, and he set it no boundaries at all. There is a feeling of endless space. Una, for instance, when she tries to find the Red Cross Knight, rides on and on; she wanders through deep forests and across "wildernesse and wastfull deserts," encountering strange adventures and going many long miles before she meets her knight again.

The island of **The Tempest** rises boldly out of the sea; it has steep cliffs and rocky caves, dense woods and morasses, but it is small and compact. Fairyland, though, extends outward on every side; it is, in contour, essentially flat, just as its inhabitants are almost always flat and two-dimensional.

Time, too, is unlimited in **The Faerie Queene**; it passes unnoticed. Spenser's original plan of the twelve-day feast imposes no restrictions and is forgotten. **The Tempest**, in contrast, has a definite time limit of three hours; no other of Shakespeare's plays has such a precise unity of time. Spenser's unemphasized chronology allows the multitude of major and minor incidents to occur unhurriedly and reasonably. Shakespeare states almost immediately how long the action is going to take, and this prediction of a definite period, after which all complications will be resolved, strengthens the whole play; Prospero's and Miranda's life on the island, for so many years, is made believable and even natural, because their isolation comes to an end, and because they will so soon return to the outer world.

Much of the pictorial imagery in both **The Tempest** and **The Faerie Queene** describes realistic details of nature and contributes greatly to the beauty of the poetry. The same sun and moon shine over fairy land and the enchanted island and the world of ordinary people; the same flowers grow in all three. The island remains, however, uncharted; and fairy land is even more distant, with its atmosphere of unreality and essential "otherness."

These, then, are the backgrounds of time and place against which the characters move. Before the characters themselves are discussed in detail, however, a word might be said about how the form, in the two compositions, is made perfectly to correspond with the content.

Spenser chose, for the form of his poem, the epic, which, like its prede-

cessor, the folk-tale, was wide and limitless. His proposed twelve books gave him a space that, in the end, he only half filled. He knew that he could include anything and everything he wished, sooner or later. Things apparently incongruous found places side by side; the lifelike and the fantastic, the literal and the allegorical—each achieved existence in one form or another.

Shakespeare, choosing the closed form of the five-act drama, had to decide upon a center around which everything else would be arranged. He decided to present real, living people. Hence, when he wanted to include allegory, he did not create a new figure to carry the personification, but fitted it into the character of one of his existing dramatis personae; for example, when he wished to suggest the power of reason and learning, he incorporated that idea within his portrayal of Prospero, making Prospero the wise man subordinate to Prospero the whole, living man. Whenever he intended to symbolize or typify, he added these new and further interpretations to the various characters. He combined all these hyper-meanings to make complete personalities, thus producing the complexity and richness of characterization for which he is so famous.

Shakespeare, in **The Tempest** more than in his other plays, does allegorize. He also represents "type" characters and characters embodying traditional attributes. This is the main reason for **The Tempest's** being comparable to **The Faerie Queene**. In the latter, of course, the allegory is of the highest importance; the main characters represent the desirable virtues, while their enemies are the principal vices that must be overcome; other traits, both good qualities and weaknesses, are the minor characters; and innumerable abstractions from various sources make up the vast company of subsidiary personifications.

None of the characters in **The Tempest** are, strictly speaking, allegorical, because they are all much more than that. They are selected to represent certain dominant qualities; but, unlike Spenser's characters, they combine several of these qualities. The exclusion of secondary qualities, which complicate personality, is not complete as in **The Faerie Queene**, but is more evident than in real life. Shakespeare relies more on symbol and suggestion than on deliberate allegory.

Miranda is, doubtless, the clearest equivalent of a Spenserian allegorical figure. She resembles several of Spenser's women, but Una in particular. Una personifies Truth; Miranda, too, suggests truth, since she has been kept from all falsehood and evil, has been taught, by her father, the wisdom of many centuries, and has been brought up in surroundings where she could

study the phenomena of the natural universe as they actually exist. Prospero's magic may or may not be considered a false permutation of truth; but Miranda does not, in any case, have anything to do with her father's enchantments. Even Miranda's appearance is like Una's: Spenser writes of the latter

. . . Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shadie place;

while Ferdinand says to Miranda

. . . 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night.

Miranda possesses the modesty and innate delicacy of Spenser's women, their sincerity in loving their "sweet lords," and their invulnerability in the face of evil. Her father's warnings to her and Ferdinand about the virtue of chastity can be paralleled by many passages from Spenser; she really needs no admonition, though, like Spenser's heroines, she is naturally as pure as she is beautiful.

Caliban, who, in the complexity of his nature, is so fascinating, has numerous parallels in **The Faerie Queene**. He suggests more than one vice: of the seven deadly sins, he reveals idleness, gluttony, lechery, and envy. Yet he is not as repulsive as the Deadly Sins, who are unbearable to think about, in their excessive, abnormal depravity. His worst vice is a passion which is wholly natural, since he is half animal. He is given, indeed, the form of a monster, with partially human features; in this respect, too, he has counterparts in **The Faerie Queene**.

Caliban represents the forces of harm but not necessarily of evil. He represents the rougher aspects of nature and is not consciously malicious. He stands lowest in the scale of living beings, being associated with earth. He is uninhibited by human concepts of morality and taste. In his naturalism, he is like the satyrs into whose company Una comes. They worship her beauty, and

"Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obey."

She sees in them a potentiality for good:

"her gentle wit she plies,
To teach them truth."

So Miranda and Prospero had taught Caliban how

"To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night."

The gentle Miranda failed to impart her own virtues to her pupil, because of

his innate crudity of emotion. Una, too, suspects the satyrs of wishing to do her harm, so that she devises a way to escape without their knowledge; she has decided that they are wicked, hopelessly incapable of learning virtue.

The fact that Caliban could possess virtues as well as vices differentiates him from the characters in **The Faerie Queene**. In so far as he is human, he is noble: he speaks poetically, he very justly accuses Prospero of depriving him of his island, he hates living in a "sty" and having no fresh water to drink. Within the scope of his understanding, he is right in hating Prospero; Miranda he never curses. The very fact that he is partly human and animal, feeling the instincts and desires of both without ever being able to reconcile the conflict, makes him a rather tragic figure. He is understandable; he does appeal to one's sympathy, whereas Spenser's "villains," being wholly base, do not. Caliban, and indeed the real human beings who have evil traits, are blessed by some virtue.

Both **The Tempest** and **The Faerie Queene** derive in part from tradition and folk lore. Various characters, then, are of similar legendary origin. The best example is Prospero's likeness to Archimago. The latter is constantly weaving spells and deceiving people in all possible ways; he especially practices transformation. Prospero's magic is much simpler, much easier for him to perform. He does not tend to the macabre and diabolical, as does Archimago:

'Then choosing out few wordes most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spells like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame
And cursed heaven, and spake reprochfull shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.

Prospero has his books, his staff and his cloak; Archimago too has books, but he uses charms, powerful herbs, and a whole host of magic implements to effect the spells of sleep and transformation which Prospero produces by a word or gesture.

Although Prospero is noble and good as a man, as a magician he brings harm to himself and others. He had studied magic arts to the exclusion of all else: he ignored his kingdom and even his daughter. He made no effort to gain his brother's love but, instead, tempted him, through pure negligence. Archimago goes much farther and actively uses his magic to bring about the downfall of others. Prospero, once involved, employs magic to bring happiness to everyone; then he voluntarily renounces his supernatural power, promising

I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

In **The Faerie Queene**, Archimago deserves destruction along with his books of magic.

The main difference between Prospero and Archimago illustrates again the two poets' method of characterization. In Prospero's case, the magician is combined in the more complex character of the man himself, the man who is a father, a prince, an exile, a scholar, and, at heart, a poet. In Archimago's case, however, the magician of tradition is simplified to one fundamental trait, hypocrisy, which really forms the whole character of Archimago. Consequently, Prospero and Archimago are comparable but by no means equal.

Shakespeare, like Spenser, deviated from the strict tradition of supernatural lore. His two principal spirits he changed altogether: Caliban he made almost human and Ariel he made wholly ethereal. Ariel is not a fairy; he is a spirit of the air, and when, in the end, he is freed, he seems really to become a part of the air, indistinguishable at last from his proper element.

During his existence on earth, however, Ariel obeys Prospero's commands and shows some of the same powers possessed by Archimago's spirits. He performs his master's requests

To tread the ooze of the salt deep,
To run up the sharp wind of the north,
To do (him) business in the veins o' the earth.

So one of Archimago's sprites goes on an errand:

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe . . .
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe.

Often Prospero merely suggests what he wants and Ariel carries out his wishes in every detail. Ariel particularly loves to vary his form, to appear as a flame, as a water nymph, or, best of all, to be invisible and yet make the "mere mortals" follow his wandering music. So the witch, in **The Faerie Queene**, is served by a very clever sprite:

Him needed not instruct, which way were best
Himself to fashion likest Florimell,
Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest,
For he in counterfeisance did excell.

He likes deceit for its own sake, whereas Ariel loves mischief but not evil *per se*.

The fairies and elves of legend liked to harm human beings; they were unpleasant and terrifying. Spenser's sprites are, therefore, wicked, and they serve the powers of evil. Shakespeare established a wholly new precedent when he took away their vicious traits, making them merely mischievous and, at their worst, prone to lead people astray. They are not exactly friendly to man: they would rather go their own way, unmolested and unmolesting. They retain their traditional reluctance to submit to control; they will aid only someone who compels them, Prospero or Archimago:

"He that the stubborne Sprights can wisely tame."

When masquerading or playing tricks, they like their tasks; but they desire freedom above all things.

Ariel, then, is unlike any of Spenser's spirits in that he is not wicked; he is not good either, but is, rather, wholly amoral. Gratitude must be imposed upon him: he must constantly be reminded of his debt, because moral concepts have no real meaning to him. He lacks human emotions, too; he knows when a scene is pitiful, but he does not feel any pity. And in the end he is happily freed from association with the lives of human beings, with whom he can have no community of thought or emotion. The sprites in **The Faerie Queene**, sharing the fate of their evil masters to whom they are so closely akin, become fiends in hell. Several more motifs common in folk lore are found in both **The Tempest** and **The Faerie Queen**: concealed identity, the boat that moves without oars or sails, and the tasks imposed upon the heroine's suitor. These are, however, relatively unimportant, except as additional coincidences.

Such, then, are the specific points of contact between **The Tempest** and **The Faerie Queen**. In many cases, the correspondences are accompanied by divergences which depend upon an ever-present dissimilarity: the antithesis in the two poets' attitude toward good and evil.

Shakespeare, unlike Spenser, admitted that inconsistent traits existed in every character. Thus, Prospero, who is really a "good" man, neglects his duty to his kingdom and family, and Miranda disobeys her father when she reveals her name to Ferdinand. Caliban, as already suggested, has a "poetry of the senses"; Alfonso sincerely repents of his selfishness; even "the damn'd witch Sycorax" had her life spared for a single kind deed. Everyone in **The Tempest** feels the conflict of opposing inclinations. It is an understanding of the conflict in others, an acceptance of faults as well as virtues, that makes sympathy and love possible. The joy attending mercy and reconciliation is the great theme of **The Tempest**.

Spenser was a much more idealistic writer than Shakespeare. He thought that striving for perfection, even if one failed, was preferable to accepting any compromise possible within one's limited power. He expressed, in **The Faerie Queene**, his desire "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline"; he wanted to help other men approach this ideal, and he hoped to approach somewhat nearer himself. The perfect man, as he believed, should be built up of a few definite virtues; he should be free of all vices. No merging of right and wrong could be accepted.

These human characteristics are therefore made clearer than they seem in the disorder of real life and more recognizable in their full strength and implications. In the ordinary world they might appear as idiosyncrasies or, at most, as habits; Spenser shows them in their true importance, as virtues to be prized or as vices to be loathed.

Spenser really does give one a sense of moral conviction, pointing out the simple and undeniable fact that everyone desires the good. Having forced one to acknowledge what one knows is true, Spenser reveals how every separate personal quality and every action must be either good or bad and hence admirable or hateful. He hopes to show his readers how to fashion themselves into noble persons of virtuous and gentle discipline.

Shakespeare's method of composition is essentially intellectual: it consists of synthesis, that is, combining diverse qualities in complicated relationships. The characters therefore require intellect to be understood; and the entire play leads to a rational conclusion. This conclusion is that just as every person presents an "infinite variety" of conflicting tendencies and emotions, so life as a whole consists of irresolvable complexities. Imperfections exist that cannot be changed; evil cannot be wholly done away with. Nevertheless, Shakespeare shows that love, happiness, and peace are attainable, although perhaps they fall short of perfection; he describes the greatest good possible in the world as it actually is.

Spenser does not make demands upon his reader's intellect. He separates and simplifies so that everything he says is easily understood. He asks, instead, for faith and belief. Just as the fairy land of his imagination has its horizon far beyond mortal sight, so his ideal is beyond reach. Only the attempt to reach this impossible perfection can bring men happiness and glory.

Quick Rain

JEAN MORRILL, '39

IT WAS one of those unnatural evenings that are on you before you realize it and seem ever afterward a little different because of their strange beginning. You know what I mean,—long summer day with a hot sun and millions of bees in the clover, no wind in the meadow grass, and then, suddenly, in the late afternoon, before the sun has set, a quick piling up of clouds in the sky, quick rain, and the booming of thunder. Then the ever slowing drip, drip, drip, from the lilac bushes, the retreat of the clouds, and a last, far-spreading ray from the huge red sun, before it sinks.

We were gathered around the supper table, set in the garden as we always had it, our feet deep in the close wet grass. I had sat down first to let them know that Pigeon meant it when she said:

"Ah kin wait, Mrs. Blain, but dat omelet cain't and won't!"

Then John had come, swinging his long legs easily over the pasture gate. He had been talking to the hired man about our new calves and he was smiling, as he always did, at Andy's benevolent shrewdness and his Maine idiom.

Louise was busy picking something at the far end of the garden, but when John yodeled at her, she had come running with a lot of velvety pansies in her dirndl apron, and with Mammon yapping madly at her heels. She had held him off with an expert foot while she scooped the flowers out of her skirt and arranged them in the blue bowl in the center of the table. When one slid into the salad John stopped his meticulous quartering of the omelet and fished it out for her.

"Thank you," she said quietly as she took it from him and put it with the others.

When she had finished, and Pigeon had dragged the ubiquitous Mammon into the house, I settled down to enjoy my supper; but there was something electric in the atmosphere, and I was as uncomfortable as if lightning were snapping across the sky. The air was clear as it is after a summer rain, but there was an unrest in it that you could feel, although it was incorporeal.

John's smile had vanished as if it had been wiped off his face. Louise ate idly, tipping back in her chair to look at the sky, and picking bits of pansy leaves off her apron.

"I'm leaving tomorrow. Did you know?" she said suddenly. "Mother is stopping by on her way to Tommy's camp."

"But why didn't you tell us?" I said, with a good deal of exasperation, I'm afraid.

Louise is sometimes annoying with her airy superiority to any ordinary method of procedure. The Westons were expecting us for tea the day after, especially to meet her, although she did not know that, and her sudden departure would disappoint them.

The harsh cry of a crow overhead made me look up just then. As I looked down again my eyes passed over Louise's face, and I was surprised at what I saw there.

This was, then, not just another of her impulsive decisions, picked out of space and thrown on carelessly like a dress-up cloak. She was terribly pale, as if it had been an effort for her to speak, and she was biting a little at her lower lip. How suddenly she had changed. What an inexplicable person she was.

"Well, I'm terribly sorry," I said finally, "and John will be too. He was planning to take you out to the island in the Scout on Friday. I have to go to Bath with Mrs. Perry and we couldn't all miss the races."

The minute I had spoken I could have bitten my tongue out. I cursed the infernal habit of wives' speaking for their husbands.

John muttered something about being sorry too, and then put his fork viciously to his salad. I had never seen him look the way he did then, pitying, sympathetic, furious, and ashamed all in one, but still I was blind to what was happening.

Everything had gone suddenly wrong. The ends were dangling before my face, but somehow I could not take them up. Louise had stopped biting her lip and was eating a little, relaxed in her chair. She was still pale, but whatever uncertainty had been bothering her was settled now. She looked like someone who has dropped out of a race, and is resting.

John lifted up his head and shook it slightly, like a swimmer coming out of water. He raised his hand to brush a bug off his forehead.

I don't know what it was about that irritated, apologetic movement of his hand, but suddenly I saw what had happened. Why Louise sat there, saying nothing and looking as though she had had some narrow escape, and why John's face had changed so rapidly.

It was as if the whole world had melted around me in one moment, so small that it was beyond the measurement of time.

The only thing I could think of was to call Pigeon. She burst out of the back door as she always does, with a great show of haste, and then settled down to a gentle amble across the intervening lawn. It seemed to take her ages. And all the time the thing was hammering itself out in my mind like an absurd syllogism, with no end or beginning.

Pigeon slapped the metal tray down on the broad arm of my chair and began to pile up the dishes. It had grown quite dark and the wet grass was cold around my feet. It seemed the only thing to go indoors, so we picked up the cushions and started off toward the house,—a wierd little procession with Pigeon behind carrying a precarious tray. I wondered what we would say to each other when she had disappeared with it into the kitchen.

Forward from Liberalism

by Stephen Spender

MARY DIMOCK, '39

SPENDER has written his approach to Communism. He has stated the problems with which the individual is faced when criticizing Democracy and questioning change. Although the approach is essentially personal, the result is objective.

The work is an analysis of how the need for a philosophy of action has developed historically, its relation to the circumstances of the present, and the individual's questions as to whether action is really the need. The question of whether the book incites to action or not seems not the one to ask. Spender's desire to compel is incidental to the theme; he has simply explained the necessity for action and his answers to those who question it.

The individual whom Spender answers is the liberal who is unsure of everything except his desire to think honestly. His inability to decide defeats his desire for one outlook. He knows he is afraid of losing the right to express his individuality; he sees clearly the failures in Soviet Russia, the one example he can turn to; and he feels guilty when he realizes the degree to which they have materialized the principles he himself instinctively loves. His hatred, in principle, of the opportunities, the results of which he has seen paid for only by the actual sacrifice of all individuality in the present Fascist countries constantly weighs against his desire to act when inaction has done no good.

What Spender wants for the individual is a chance to carry on his ambi-

tions with all the help that civilization can give him. The individual's wants determine his action, and he can intelligently see as wrongs only those forces which unnecessarily keep him from receiving his wants.

The question that Spender asks and answers in a special section devoted to them, are not the most important questions the liberal (as defined above) asks. He has repeated badly what is implicit, when not actually said, in other passages in the book. This part which should maintain the impersonality of the other parts is unnecessarily personal. The glib truisms of some orthodox Marxists, which Spender condemns later in the book, occur here; and some of this part is written with the attitude that is seen so often in this same condemned group—the attitude of the man who applies his political code in every instance, even translating into it the subconscious workings of his opponents' mind.

The questions of the person who cannot decide upon a form of society for which he wants to work are at bottom one question: "What are the assumptions or truths which I must make or realize in order to see that the means and ends of the proposed political theory are nearer to what I want than is what I have?"

The so-called philosophy of action is not complete and therefore is inconclusive for the one who questions. It must be remembered that the particular individual who questions is the person who has principles which apply to a society that does not exist. And where a proposed society structure shows danger of slighting one of those principles, that person closes his eyes. This is because his principles do not fall into a pattern that is a society.

For the one who questions there is a gap between the means and ends in actuality and the means and ends in his instructive philosophy. This philosophy differs from the philosophy of means and ends of proposed action. But it also coincides, and the part of coincidence between the two philosophies is left in the theoretical realm, because the liberal is unable to determine the proportional values of the coincidence and the divergence. The justification of action lies inevitably in the understanding of these relative values.

I do not think that idealism or regard for objective truth or love of humanity are what determine in the last analysis whether action is justified. The total final decision is, of course, in relation to these instincts. But that marginal realization that determines the justification of action is not a philosophical assumption. It is a realization of fact. It is true that some ideals and concepts are common to different political and economic societies. But it is not for this reason that the questioning liberal cannot weigh ideals and concepts and

expect to decide from the weighing alone. It is because ideals and concepts do not command in the name of their validity.

The facts that make Spender a Communist are: that political freedom without economic freedom is not freedom; that economic waste is occurring unnecessarily; that such reform administrations as do occur under the present system cannot be final because of the power in a time of crisis (which may be conjured up) to retract those benefits. And so forth. He believes in the importance of action and immediate action because of the imperialist wars which will involve the world in worse destruction than a revolution; and because of the immediacy of Fascism.

One of the most important aspects of the book is the emphasis that Spender puts on the need that Communism has for criticism, and the place that it holds for the individual.

"In the last analysis, the only integrity is personal integrity. Therefore, whilst it is right to demand absolute loyalty from the individual to his group, it is wrong to try and transform his mind into a generalized, group mind.

If the individual accepts the basis of the classless society, one has the right to demand of him that he should realize through revolutionary activity those principles which are the center of his own life; it is stupid to insist that he should be cramped by a dogmatic dialectical materialism.

People whose lives are the mechanical and simple expressions of a party code are cyphers, and can be translated into terms of another code. The real leaders, the true loyalists stand above the party code.

The dogmatic orthodoxy which perhaps succeeds in forcing a revolution, expresses itself after the revolution in setting up a rigid censorship and a secret police. Suspicion and persecution become state departments.

It is far more important that people should have some standards by which they can criticize themselves, than a set of abstractions which they can apply always to approve their own conduct and despise that of others.

Book Review

The Years, by Virginia Woolf

O. SHEEP

VIRGINIA WOOLF'S new book, **The Years**, is disappointing. It is disappointing because until now every book that Mrs. Woolf has published has contributed something new to modern fiction in a formal sense; indeed **The Waves** was not only a completely new novel form, but it has in great part determined the structure of many distinguished novels written since that time. The steady improvement evident in each of Mrs. Woolf's preceding novels has led us to expect that **The Years** would also be a culmination, not only as a work of art, but as an influence upon the modern novel.

However excellent **The Years** may be in itself, it has not attained this hoped-for significance. The presentation of the material is more conventional than in any of Mrs. Woolf's previous books except, perhaps, her first, **The Voyage Out**. It deals with the Pargiter family, the lives of one generation from 1880 to the present day. At first the time element may seem minimized. Events are so chosen and presented as to give the impression that time passes suddenly; customs and opinions change, the characters alone represent a constant.

Mrs. Woolf makes selections from the lives of the characters which seem trivial, believing, and at moments convincing us, that the thoughts of a person shed most light on his character when seen in this way. Each character is treated with about the same degree of detail. No one of them is treated as thoroughly as Mrs. Dalloway or Peter Walsh, in the sense of a consistent presentation of inner continuity. Here the reader must eke out the personalities, add the totality of each individual to these snatches. Sometimes we have, in consequence, a feeling of superficiality, remembering and desiring again the skillfulness with which Mrs. Woolf has hitherto mastered the extremely difficult task of reproducing a living, vital stream of consciousness.

In **The Years** we feel that something more than a character study has been attempted. In Mrs. Woolf's other books, the characters mold the structure of the novels and give it unity. In **The Years**, it is difficult to say whether time dominates the characters or whether it is again the characters which give time its meaning. Time here is both that which brings change and is itself

unchangeable. The personalities are apparently untouched by forces other than time, but the impression we are expected to get from this contrast of character and time is not clear. For, as we have said, the characters seem to remain fairly constant.

This is time in the sense of a great, unalterable surge which swallows up year after year. Beside it the characters appear small, impotent. But, for the most part, they are neither aware nor oppressed by it. The contrast, however, remains and is suggested by the pettiness of the things that fill up the lives and thoughts of the people. "'If only Mr. Robinson doesn't build!' sighed Celia; and Eleanor remembered, they were the local scourge: rich people who threatened to build. 'I did my best to be polite to them at the bazaar today,' Celia continued. 'Some people won't ask them, but I say we must be polite to neighbors in the country.'"

On the other hand, time, in a lesser sense, the sense of small changes which affect people immediately, is part of the contrast to the greater time element. "She felt as if things were moving past her as she lay stretched on her bed under the single sheet. 'But it's not landscape any longer,' she thought, 'it's peoples' lives, their changing lives.'"

The general structure of this novel is, in the last analysis, dependent upon time contrast. The characters are but contributing parts to this. They do not change fundamentally and it can be seen now why their apparent inviolability weakens them, strengthens the power of time. For we see them, at the beginning of their lives, endeavoring to answer life. Then suddenly their lives are behind them and they have no answer.

Thus in **The Years**, time is externalized, placed in opposition to the characters whereas before time was sensed only through their minds; fluid, subservient to the desires of people. It is in emphasizing the lesser aspect of time and the power of changing, evolving personalities that we feel Mrs. Woolf's abilities best displayed. As she says, "These little snapshot pictures of people left much to be desired, these little surface pictures, that one made, like a fly crawling over a face."

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